

THE
HISTORY

OF

C., W.

Jack Connor.

12

VOLUME I.

THE SECOND EDITION, Corrected.

Whoever thinks a *faultless Piece* to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In ev'ry Work, regard the *Writer's End*,
Since none can compass more than they intend ;
And if the Means be *Just*, the Conduct *True*,
Applause, in Spite of trivial Faults, is due.

POPE.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. JOHNSTON, at the *Golden
Ball*, in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*.

M D C C L I I I .

THE
HISTORY

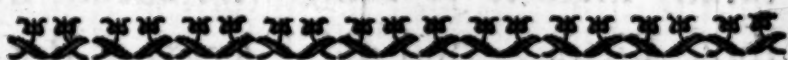
Jack Connor

VOLUME I



LONDON

Printed by J. G. & Co. 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.



To the Right Honourable

HENRY FOX, *Esq*;

His MAJESTY'S Secretary at WAR.

S I R,

THE Generality of Dedications are drawn like Bills of Exchange for full Value supposed to be given in Compliment and Encomium, but this Address expects no pecuniary Indulgence; neither does it beg a Protection which no Man can give from public Censure; neither does it seek your Favour to the Author, since he is already honoured therewith. The Performance which it introduces, is founded on the Principles of INTEGRITY and HONOUR, and na-

iv DEDICATION.

turally inclines to Him who excells in those Virtues; and did I know a Person who enjoys a larger Portion, you might probably have seen another Name at the Head of these Pages. If they afford Matter of Amusement to you, and Matter of Improvement to those who want it, they will answer every End that the Author proposes, while, by the Concealment of his Name, as well from you as from the Publick, he can, without Suspicion of Partiality to your Person or Virtues, have the secret Pleasure of declaring himself, with the justest Esteem and Regard,

Sir,

Your most obliged,

Asbburton,

1 July, 1751.

and most obedient

humble Servant,

W. C.



TO THE READER.

THE Historian is an absolute Stranger to most of the People of the present Age, therefore can never pretend to the Honour of satyrizing any Man, or any Body of Men.

HE has had a Bundle of Papers left him by a deceas'd Friend, who was infinitely more capable of putting them in Form, than he can pretend to, tho' the Recluseness of his Life afforded him abundant Leisure. These Papers contain'd a Variety of Observations, which, he thought, might be useful to Mankind. He has extended these Observations; he has, in some Measure, commented on them; he has dress'd them in the Garb of the Times; he has given them the Air of Romance, and he gives

vi To the READER.

to the Reader, the absolute Power of determining whether he has done RIGHT or WRONG.

THE Historian has this Advantage over most others, and this only, That the Trifle he now presents to the Publick, has a fair Chance of being impartially dealt with; for, as he is unknown, and will remain so, the critical Eye cannot condemn his Person, whatever it may his Work. His Scribbling may be abused, but he has taken Care to secure his Person from such Treatment, tho' he is not conscious that he has ever merited it.

IRONY, well managed, has ever been a successful Way to fix the Attention; and NOVEL and ROMANCE may be conducted to very laudable Purposes, and answer the End of more learned Writings. The Moral of the following History may correspond with an old physical Aphorism, which I apprehend may be found in the SCHOLA SALERNI, wrote in the Days of WILLIAM the Conqueror.

Qui

To the READER. vii

Qui medicas artes exercet, noscere partes
Debet ad ægrotum dandi mistum bene
potum.

Nam varium est herbis genus : hæc imple-
tur acerbis,

Illa salutaris succis ditescit amaris.

Horum quodque datum per se, vomitum
atque sreatum

Excitet, ast istis inerit sua gratia mistis.

Expedit ergo cato medico studere palato,
Ne stomacho turbas det, cum dedit, inscius,
herbas ;

Effectum et perdat, dum, sic quod præci-
pitur, dat.

Expedit et cautè præscribere, fallere lautè ;
Mollibus hoc verbis, hoc mitibus efficit
herbis.

Has monitas tu res et præceptas nisi cures;
Non Medici, Vir, te adpellem, sed nomine
Agyrtæ.

*PURE and elegant Latin is not to be
expected in Monkish Verses, and a classical
Nicety is too unreasonable a Request. Such as
they*

they are, they afford me a Conjecture, that the learned DOCTOR MEAD is oblig'd to them, at least for the Title of his new Book, Monita et Præcepta Medica. Be this at it will, I shall only beg Leave to give, to the English Reader, their Meaning in his own Language.

“ A skilful Physician will consult the Con-
“ stitution of his Patient, and not madly
“ pour down even the most salutary Medi-
“ cines. Some Herbs are fill'd with sour,
“ and some with bitter Juices, too disa-
“ greeable to be given singly. Physick,
“ like good Counsel, must be administer'd
“ with Caution, or the Stomach will re-
“ volt. The Patient must be decoy'd into
“ a Cure, and the unpalatable Drug must
“ be convey'd in the most innocent Vehicle
“ his Judgment can furnish. He who acts
“ otherwise, merits not the Title of a Phy-
“ sician, but of a Quack.”

THE



THE HISTORY

OF
Jack Connor.

CHAP. I.

*The Rise, the Progress, of the human Heart,
The real Honour, the Disguise of Art ;
The Wise, the Good, the Vicious ;—all I sing,
Oh Thou! from whom our ev'ry Actions
spring,*

*Not the poor Author, but the World inspire,
If not the Stile, the Moral to admire.*

*Learn from the Child, be places in your Sight,
To act with Justice, and to judge aright.*

ANONIMOUS.



THE Actions of Monarchs, the
Intrigues of Ministers, the Hi-
story of Battles and Slaughter,
and the Revolutions of King-
doms, are Subjects, that rather surprise and
astonish the Generality of Readers, than

VOL. I.

B

2 improve

2. *The HISTORY of*

improve or amend the Heart. A great, wicked, or virtuous Man, plung'd into the utmost Distress, must raise our Pity and Compassion: A Glorious and a Wise Prince, triumphing over Foreign or Domestic Enemies, and fixing his Crown in the Affections of his People, must warm the rational Mind, and give Delight and Pleasure; but what have the Bulk of Mankind to do with their Greatness? Their Misfortunes or Successes may make us cry out, 'Tis strange!—'Tis wondrous strange! But how can we make the Application to ourselves? The wide Difference in our Situations, almost renders it impossible, and, if by Chance, something like a Parallel should arise, it must be stript of all pompous Terms;—the Rubbish of State and Parade must be removed; and the Whole levell'd to the Sphere we act in.

PERHAPS, Reflections of this Nature, gave Rise to BIOGRAPHY. The Story of the *Calamities, or good Fortune of private Persons*, must sensibly affect every *private Reader*, and, as the Incidents are natural, and what *every Man* is subject to, he with Ease applies the Inferences, and, in some Measure, may be said to *read himself*.

THE *Papers and Memorandums*, committed to my Care, gave Rise to the following

ing Account of JOHN CONNOR.—I will not affirm that I have acted *impartially*, because I will not presume doing, what, I am afraid, no Historian *ever did*. If I assure my Readers I am quite *unbias'd*, yet I hope to be indulged, like the Rest of my Brethren, when I sometimes act *otherwise*. I cannot avoid saying, I have consulted the Ease of my Reader as much as possible, by not swelling this Work into *Twenty Volumes*. As a Proof of my Indulgence, I have shortened my Prefatory Discourse and this Introduction above *One Hundred Pages*, and shall proceed directly to the History.

JEREMIAH CONNOR, the Father of JOHN, whose Story I now write, had been a well made, athletic Man, and a Soldier in King WILLIAM's Army in the War in *Ireland*. When that Matter was settled, he quitted that Sort of Life, and passing through sundry Services, at last settled with Sir Roger Thornton, a Gentleman of great Honour and Fortune, in the County of *Limerick*, in *Ireland*. Here he lived, and his Warlike *Scars of Credit*, made him assume some Authority, and furnished a large Fund for Conversation. He found the Happiness of being Virtuous in the *Cause of Liberty* and *Common-Sense*. Though he was one of the

famous *Enniskilliners* that joyn'd King *William*, yet his Reward, like other great Men, was confined to the secret Pleasure of having done *his Duty*.

IN this Family liv'd DOLLY BRIGHT, who perform'd the Function of *Landry-Maid*; she was young and handsome; and *Ferry* observing, she had a docile and tractable Turn, he encourag'd her in it. Being himself a Man of *Learning*, he took some Pains to inculcate all his Knowledge, and taught her to *Read* and *Write*. The Fame of her Erudition a little heightened her Vanity, especially when *Sir Roger* examined her himself, and declaring her a very surprising Genius, gave her a Kiss and two *Guineas* to buy a Gown and Linnen.— This unfortunate Present, and a few more of the same Nature, at last alarm'd *Lady Thornton*, and brought on some Alteration, in which the Lady seem'd in the Right. All *Sir Roger's* Affirmations were of no Effect; my Lady most violently protested the impudent Slut should quit the House, or she would—. *Sir Roger* knew the World, and what's more, he knew himself and his Wife, which determin'd him to make all this easy. He told *Ferry Connor*, that if he would marry *Dolly Bright*, he would give him a Cabbin and five Acres of Ground

Ground at a small Rent, and compleat his Happiness, who had been so careful of her Education.

LADY THORNTON objected to this, but finding Sir Roger grow warm and somewhat peremptory, she acquiesced.— Though *Jerry Connor* was thirty Years older than *Dolly*, they willingly consented to the Match, and Peace was restor'd to the Family.

THUS *Jack's* Parents were fix'd in a Farm about twenty Miles from *Thornton Castle*. *Jerry* was Fifty-five and *Dolly* Twenty-four Years of Age. To compleat their Joy, the Hero of this History stepp'd forth, and was usher'd into the World the 15th Day of December 1720, just seven Months after their Nuptials, a fine healthy Boy, and the very Picture of *Jerry Connor*.

WHETHER it was from the frequent Visits Sir Roger paid them, or from some other Motive, my Lady Thornton never rested till she had persuaded him to remove his Family to *England*. This was a mighty Loss, and poor Connor felt it more and more every Day. They were much in Arrear, and as the Steward could no longer indulge them, they were put to vast Difficulties. This shagrin'd Mrs. Connor, and her Husband was sometimes peevish. Every Misfortune was imputed to one or the

other, consequently many bitter Invectives passed between them, and sometimes *Blows*. Mrs. Connor generally conquer'd, for an *old Wound* broke out in *his Knee* and lam'd him. The good Woman had always great *Spirits*, which rais'd itself on certain Occasions, to that noble Ardour, which the Vulgar call *Termagant*, in which her Neighbours and Husband gave her Opportunities to improve.

At last another Wound appear'd in *his Head*, and oblig'd him to have Recourse to the Surgeon of the next Town, though ill able to bear the Expence of, at least, a *Shilling a Day*. However, the Surgeon was a skillful Man, and so managed his Patient, that in a Month he brought a Humour into *his Eyes*, and in *six Weeks* he was quite Blind. The Surgeon declared his Sorrow for the Accident, but believed, that had it not providentially happen'd, it must have cost him *his Life*. The Wound at last heal'd, but Connor thought, and his Wife saw, they were ruin'd; which the Seizing their two remaining Cows, and a Barrel of Potatoes, completely finished; and next Night the good Woman threw Jack on her Back, took her blind Husband by the Hand, and march'd off, with about *six Shillings*, to seek better Fortune.

C H A P. II.*He tells us,*

“When one Sense is suppress’d,

“It but retires into the rest.”

*So Poverty, against the Will,**Gives Cunning to assuage the Ill.*

ANONIMOUS.

SULLEN and *silent* were their Travels all that Night, but when Day appeared, they determined to repose themselves at the first Inn that seem’d proper to entertain such Guests, mutually agreeing to postpone all Talk of Affairs, till their Bodies were a little refresh’d. At length a *Cabbin* appear’d, to which they bended their Steps, and, by the Information of a *Linnen Rag* over the Door, and a *Pipe* stuck in the *Thatch*, they boldly enter’d and call’d for *Milk* and *Bread*. Before this could be had, the Woman of the House demanded *three Half-pence*, and Mrs. Connor pulling out a Piece of an *old Glove*, which contained all her *Treasure*, paid for the approaching Breakfast.

At this Repast the *good Creature* seem’d very tender of Mrs. Connor, whose Eyes were swell’d with Crying. She ask’d many Questions, as, *Where they came from*, and

whither going; to which she received a melancholy Account of the past, but not of what they intended to do, being ignorant of it themselves. The poor Woman sympathiz'd with her Guest, who, by a Change of Fortune grew strangely humble, and was now all Humility and Meekness.—
God Almighty help you, said the Landlady,
' I'm sure you've Troubles enough;—I
' pray the sweet Jesus to comfort you, and
' send you safe in your Journey;—but my
' dear Sowle, added she, rocking herself, you
' must not set Grief too much about your
' Heart, for my poor dear Man in his
' Grave (God be with his Sowle) left me
' the Mother of three Children, and one in
' my Belly, and the Devil a Farthing to
' bless myself, but three Shillings and
' Five-pence in Silver and Brass. To be
' sure it was the Holy Virgin put it into my
' Head to speak to the Quality that tra-
' vell'd the Road, and by my own Sowle
' I got Pence enough, and bred my poor
' little Creturs to get their Bread as well
' as myself; for Tbady is a fine Boy, and a
' poor Scolard, and speaks his Latin, and
' brings home many a Happeny; sweet
' Jesus bless him! and send me once to
' hear him say Mass! for my dear Child
' will be nothing but a Priest, and Father
' O'Slough-

' O'Sloughbnesey will send him to *France* on
 ' his own Means; God's Blessing on the
 ' *sweet Man*.—Then my dear little *Terence*
 ' drives the *Cows* out and home for Mr.
 ' *Flaberty*, and brings me *broken Meat*,
 ' and a *Bottle of good Ale* when he finds
 ' it after the Servants; for the *Rogue* is as
 ' cunning as a *Fox*.—*Pray Jesus* I could
 ' see him a *Priest* too!—And my Daughter
 ' *Noragh*, poor Sowle, is always busy
 ' enough, and minds the *Hens* and the
 ' *Turf*, and digs the *Potatoes*, and serves
 ' the *Carriers* very well ever since *Father*
 ' O'Sloughbnesey got me this good House.'

SHE was going on, but finding Mr. Con-
 nor was more inclin'd to Sleep than Hear,
 she call'd to her Daughter *Noragh* to settle
 the *Straw* in the other Room, and advis'd
 the Travellers to rest for a few Hours;
 assuring them, that the *Cow* and the *Pigs*
 at one End of it, kept it *pure and warm*.
 Mrs. Connor conducted her Husband to the
 Apartment, where, in Spite of every Cala-
 mity, *Sleep* attended and diverted every
 anxious Thought.

'Twas about Twelve o'Clock at Noon
 when they join'd the Landlady. Mrs. Con-
 nor was putting her Hand in her Pocket to
 pay for her *Bed*, but the *kind Woman* held
 it fast and prevented her, swearing she

would not take a *Farthing*, and order'd *Noragh* to give them a large *Bowl of Milk*; then putting some *boil'd Potatoes* into her Apron, she fix'd the *Child* on her Back, and, with a *sweet Jesus be with you*, let them depart.

JERRY greatly prais'd the *Tenderness* of the poor Woman, and a Conversation ensu'd on their present Circumstances. 'To be sure, said his Wife, since *God Almighty* has made you *stone blind*, and given me this *helpless Infant*, you can't *Work*, nor can I go into Service, *God help me*; so, to be sure, *myself* can't find out a better Way than to speak to the *Quality* on the Road, as the *Landlady* did, though to be sure none of my *Kiff* or *Kin* ever did so before; but you know, *Jerry*, *God's Will* must be done,'—and then she cry'd heartily.

'Don't cry, said *Connor*, for what Good will that do us?—Though we never begg'd yet, 'tis a *Trade* soon learn'd, and *God knows*, our *Poverty* ought to make us set up very soon.—I formerly mimick'd an *old blind Man* for Sport, and now I must do it in Reality for Profit.—Take care of the *Child Dolly*, and don't leave your poor *Jerry*, and I warrant we shall

‘I shall eat and drink well enough,—and,
‘*what more can any body do?*’

THE *Transition* from an *Irish Cottager* to a *Beggar*, is very *natural* and common in the Country. The many Examples of that Sort, enabled the *poor Couple* to bear, and in some Measure *lighten’d* their Afflictions. —They now seriously determin’d to begin this new Occupation on the first *proper Object*, resolving with themselves, not to touch the *Capital Stock*, but at the last Extremity.

THEY had march’d about seven Miles without meeting any Passengers, but what seem’d as *poor* as themselves; at last she cry’d out, that a Gentleman in Scarlet appear’d, with two Servants well mounted. This put them into some Confusion, but Jerry, boldly raising his Spirits, assisted his Voice, and in the most pathetick Manner, begg’d *a little Charity to a poor blind, old Soldier, who once serv’d most faithfully his King and Country*.—His *Help-mate* was not *Eloquent* on this Occasion, but the Abundance of her *Tears* supply’d her want of Speech; and perhaps inclin’d the Gentleman to throw them a few *Half-pence*, which he did in a hasty Manner; and riding smartly on, was followed by a *Million of Blessings*: But how great was her
Surprise

Surprise and Joy, when she pick'd up *Three Half-pence*, and a *Shilling*? — She kiss'd the *Silver* a thousand Times, and in her Transport, as often kiss'd the *Child* and *Ferry*, who were now *squatted* in the *Ditch*. She talk'd of *Providence* and the *blessed Virgin*; and in Rapture concluded, *that please God they'd cheer their Hearts by a Pot of Ale, at the first House*. — The poor Man objected to this, and begg'd of her only to spend the *Brass*, but to put the *Shilling* in the *Glove* with the rest. — After much Dispute, and sundry Dissertations on *Extravagance* and *Stinginess*, she consented. — But, who can *paint* the *Wildness* of her Looks, and the *frantick* Motion of her Limbs, nor describe her dreadful *Scrieks* and *Exclamations*, when she neither found *Glove* nor *Pocket*? — They were fairly cut off. — *Heaven*, and *Hell*, and *Purgatory*, and all *Mankind*, were in an Instant engaged in her *Quarrel*, till *fatigu'd* and *tir'd* with the Violence of her *Passion*, she threw herself on the Ground, and in a Torrent of *Tears*, assuaged the *Storm* in her swelling Breast.

CONNOR bore this Misfortune with great *Patience*, and comforted his Wife out of the *Proverbs*. He gave her many on this Occasion; and concluded, that *Solomon, who was a wise Man, told us, that Riches made themselves*

themselves Wings and flew away.—‘Don’t tell me, *Ferry*, said *she*, of such Stuff. I say again and again, our poor Matter of Money would have been safe enough in my Pocket, if we had not slept at that cursed Inn; and as for your *Wings*, I’m sure they must have been in the old B——’s Fingers.’——‘Or, said *Ferry*, in her Daughter’s.—But hang it, ’tis gone——What can’t be cur’d must be endur’d.—A Pound of Sorrow never paid an Ounce of Debt.—I’ve heard a wise Man say, that when the worst has happen’d, we ought to be content, because we know the worst.—Many a cloudy Morning turns out a fine Day.—We are now Beggars, *Dolly*, and ’twould be a Sin to be Rich; for, sufficient to the Day is the Evil thereof,—and St. PAUL says—Hold your foolish Tongue, cry’d *Dolly*,—this is fine prating indeed!—Will your *Solomon* provide a Bed for us to Night? Or will St. PAUL pay for our Supper?—Not they by my Sowle;—They’ll talk and make a fine Story, but the Devil a bit will they give to fill a hungry Belly?—Come, come, said he, we have a Shilling still left; let us keep that and our Wits, and my Life for it, we shall pick up a pretty Living.’—So saying, Jack took his Post on his Mother’s

Mother's Back, and got safe to the next Village. They finish'd the Remainder of their *Potatoes*, had their Pint of *Ale*, and went to *Rest* pretty much as in the former Manner.



C H A P. III.

Begging is not so vile a Trade
As some imagine—some have made.
Vary the Stile, or change the Dress,
You'll find 'tis what we all profess;
The Diff'rence lies 'twixt Rich and Poor,
Some beg for little—Others more.

HUDIBRASTICK:

THE good People continued their daily Travels, and wander'd through many Counties, and greatly improv'd in the *Art* and *Mystery*, that was to furnish them with Bread; and indeed, every Day produc'd its Supply. Three Months past in this Manner, till the *old Man* complain'd of the Fatigue, and most ardently wish'd for a settled Habitation. They were now in the great Road, and within a few Miles of *Clonmel*, on a pretty Eminence that commanded a good Prospect. 'Twas agreed to fix here, and lodge about a Quarter of a Mile

a Mile from the Road; where was an *old Hut*, which a few Boughs cover'd well enough for the present.

THE Venerableness of *Jerry's* Beard, which no *Razor* was suffer'd to visit, had a very good Effect, and the *tatter'd* Condition of *Dolly's* Cloaths; Her *Hair* hanging about her *Eyes*, a *dirty Clout* on her Head, and *Face* and *Hands* almost of the same Colour, made her look near *as old* as her *Husband*, and procur'd the Charity of *well disposed Christians* so amply, that they had no Reason to repent of their Situation.—In a short Time, the Hut was better cover'd; and they provided themselves with *two Cadows*, a *small Pot*, *two wooden Platters*, *two Trenchers*, *one Knife*, and *two Horn Spoons*. However, this Abode being so distant from what they might call *their Shop*, made it very inconvenient, and lost them many *Customers*. This determin'd them to double Diligence, and to save as much as would build a *Cabin* by the Road Side, on the *Common*. A few *Shillings* compleated this Structure, and their Effects were soon removed.

THUS were they fix'd in a more comfortable Manner than could be imagined, from the Appearance of the *Hovel*. Business went on in a very prosperous Way; and,

and, as Money came in, they increas'd their Conveniencies and Utenfils; but every thing was added *externally* that gave an Idea of *Misery* and *Wretchedness*.—They often drank *Ale*, eat *Bread*, and sometimes *Meat*, which most Cottagers in the *Kingdom* are utter Strangers to. In short, they lived as happily as the Impetuosity of *Dolly's* Temper would admit, which at some Seasons vented itself on *Jerry*, in *old Rogue* and *old Scoundrel*, and such *affectionate* Epithets, which he bore with the Calmness of a *Philosopher*, seldom answering but in *Proverbs*.

SCARCELY had they been settled three Months before some of their Neighbours *smoak'd a Pipe* with *blind Connor* and *poor Doll*. Their great Knowledge surpriz'd them, particularly when they found *She* could *both Read and Write*. The *Priest* of the Parish, who was a young Man, being at last made acquainted with this *Prodigy*, determin'd to pay her a Visit. One Morning, when she was *cleaner* dress'd than usual, she was *sweetly singing* on the Ditch Side, and *his Reverence* surpriz'd her in the Act of *giving Suck*. As she knew him, she blush'd, and was going to cover her Neck, which the *holy Man* prevented with his Hand, saying, ' *God speed your Work, my*
' *dear*

‘ *dear Child.*—Don’t be ashamed at what
‘ *God has given you.*—I’m well enough us’d
‘ *to such Sights!*—Perhaps he was; but
Mrs. Connor had a *Skin* of such an whole-
some *Sanguineness*, and *Breasts* so prominent
and firm, as puzzled his *Reverence*, and made
his *Blood* rise in his *Face*, and his *Speech* to
falter.

As Mrs. Connor durst not disoblige the
Priest, she made all the fine Speeches in her
Power, and told him almost as much as
if she had been at *Confession*. His *Reverence*
spoke very compassionately on her unhappy
Circumstances, and, in a *tender Manner*,
insinuated the hard Fortune, that *so young*
and *well-spoken a Woman*, should be reduc’d
to *ask a Favour* of any *Man*; when if she
had *her due*, they ought to *ask Favours* of
her.—‘Not, my *dear Child*, said he, that
‘ I would be after finding Fault with your
‘ *Industry*, or putting *bad Thoughts* in your
‘ *Head*. No! no! God forbid! But as
‘ you are a *sensible Woman*, I may tell you,
‘ we ought to know *Good* as well as *Bad*,
‘ that we may avoid the *one* and follow the
‘ *other*: But when we make a *Slip*, as we
‘ are all *frail Mortals*, it must be great
‘ *Comfort* to a *good Catholick*, to have a
‘ *Holy Priest* to pray for, and *absolve us*.’
—At this, he put on a Countenance of
primitive

primitive Piety, or at least, so much of it, as his *Eyes* would permit, which still sparkled, and being fixed on the *beautiful Part* before-mention'd, spoke a Language *truly Catholick*.

JACK'S Mother was quite confounded at all these fine Words; and not perfectly understanding *Logical Distinctions*, was afraid the *Holy Father* was endeavouring to make her Proof against *good* or *bad Fortune*, not against *good* or *bad Morals*. *Father Kelly* soon solv'd her Doubts; for as the *Child* still continued at the *Breast*, he prais'd its *Beauty*, patted its *Cheeks*, and utter'd every *infantine Expression*, which Mothers are so naturally fond to hear.—'The sweet little
'Fellow, *said he*, it looks like an Angel,
'I must *kiss it*, were it but for the Sake
'of the Nurse.'—He kept his Word; but guiding his *Head* a little more on *one Side*, he feasted his Lips (as if by Accident) on *those Charms* his Eyes had been Witness of for half an Hour.

HIS Reverence recover'd himself at last, and—'I ask your Pardon, good Mrs. Con-
'nor, *said he*, for by my own Conscience I
'had no Harm in my Thoughts; but God
'forgive me! in troth I was going to t'other
'Side, for fear it would be jealous; tho'
'if I had, you know, there would be no
'Sin

‘ *Sin* in it neither; for what is a *Breast* but *Flesh*? and so is *your Hand*; and what *Sin*, my Dear, in touching a *Hand*? — This Reasoning was so strong that Conviction sat on Mrs. Connor’s Countenance; which the *good Man* perceiving, he very fervently transported his *Kisses* from *one Side* to *the other*.

SOME Travellers appearing, and *Jerry* being summon’d to his Post, the charitable *Priest* slippt Sixpence into her Hand, and gave the old Man a Yard of good Tobacco; so wishing them *good Luck*, added his *Benediction*, and promis’d to call in his Walks.

IT would be endless to point out the Virtues of this *good Man*. He visited frequently, and always left *something* behind him. He mention’d to *Dolly* the most charitable Families in the Country; and taught *Jerry* how to tell the weary Traveller the *Hour of the Day*. He repair’d the *first Hut*, where she always cook’d the Victuals when he honour’d them with his Company. He put a Door to it, and sent in good Store of *Whiskey* and *Straw*, with *two Cadows*. This serv’d *his Reverence* for a Country Retreat; and answered every End of a *Confessional*. His Conversation was *truly pious*, and his Pains were great to convert *Jerry* to the

Bosom

Bosom of that Church, out of which there is no Salvation. Sometimes, indeed, his Zeal was rather too great; for when Mr. Connor made strong Objections, he most charitably, and with a truly Christian Spirit, hurry'd poor Jerry's Soul to the Devil and all his Angels; in which Journey his Wife always added an hearty Amen.

ABOUT the Age of Five Years, JACK remembers his daily sitting on a Ditch with his *Father* and *Mother*, industriously employed in that *most antient* and *most noble* Profession of *Begging*. The Situation was well contriv'd, and three Roads terminated just at their Mansion, and, as it were, empty'd themselves into the *great one*. Besides the Beauty of the Prospect, I apprehend, *his Parents* had some *Regard* and *Love* to Society; for no Traveller could pass, but were attack'd with all the *Oratory* in their Power. Without Vanity I may say, few People of *their Distinction* enjoy'd that *Talent* to greater Perfection, especially *Mrs. Connor*. When she was determin'd to *extract* a Penny from a good *Christian*, she mounted the Ditch, and with Eyes rais'd to Heaven, and uplifted Hands, she bespoke his Favour: She saluted him with every *tender, moving* Expression. The *Tear* was ready; and sometimes she pleaded a

numerous

numerous Family of Orphans, and sometimes an antient helpless Husband.—Did his *hard Heart* pass by *untouch'd*, she followed him with her rais'd Voice, invoking every *Saint* to prosper his Journey, and to commiserate her *wretched Condition*.—Many a Time, and oft', has she compelled the most *obdurate Lawyer* or *Parson* to *Rein-back*, and fumble for *Fartbings*.

JERRY had his Excellence: He was really advanced in Years; was infirm and *blind*. The Loss of Sight, so dreadful to many, was to them of infinite Use. From this he drew the *Pity* of the *Good-natur'd*, and the *Compassion* of most Travellers; but his being an *old Soldier who had serv'd by Sea and Land*, afforded an Addition to his *Revenue*; to which a *red Coat* contributed not a little.

YOUNG as our *Hero* was, his Employment had its Use; for whilst his dear Parents were solacing themselves in *their Castle*, and enjoying the Comforts of *Ale, Tobacco*, and the Conversation of *Friends*, he was on the Watch for the Approach of Passengers; when his *Father* or *Mother*, and sometimes *both*, sally'd out, and he always attended to join in the Cry and pick up the *Copper* that Humanity threw them.

JACK

JACK now grew a sturdy Fellow, of Six Years old. As his Mother had been so good to teach him to *read*, he was a great Comfort to his *Father*, and entertained him out of *The whole Duty of Man*, which he took particular Care of, ever since Mrs. Connor had sold his *Bible*. The Child read so frequently, that at last he was very *expert*, and began to relish the Subject. One Day, he asked his Father, *If there was any more Books in the World, for he would read them all.* ‘God bless you, poor Child, said *Jerry*, and give you *Grace* to learn, and *practice* all good Things.’—Then, folding him in his Arms, with many Tears, and uplifted Hands, beseech’d the *Almighty* to succour his helpless *Age*, and guide his Steps, that he might live by *Honesty* and *Labour*.—Though *Jack* knew not what he meant, yet his Words made so great an Impression, that he cry’d most heartily.—In this Situation the Mother found them, which soon changed the Scene: She storm’d like a Fury, and swore he was sending the Boy to the Devil, as well as himself; ‘But,’ continued she, with all my Heart, an obstinate Bastard as he is; but I’ll take Care, I warrant, of your *damm’d Book*.’—She then curs’d herself most bitterly, for teaching

Jack

Jack to read; and mutter'd something of sending him far enough out of his Reach.

'No, *Dolly*, said her Husband, you need not do that; for *Father Kelly* and *You* will soon send me to my long Home!—'Tis too good News to be true,—said she.—Well, well, reply'd *Ferry*, I shan't trouble you long;—you may let me have a little Peace whilst I live.'—Some Passengers interrupted this Conversation; and the common Occurrences of the Day, gave *Ferry* some Respite till Dinner.—He said *Grace* as usual, but could not eat. At Supper 'twas the same Way; and in the Night a Fever came on which open'd his Wounds, and, for Want of proper Care, a Mortification ensued, and the fourth Day he slept with his Fathers.—The pious Priest was determined to have the better of the Argument at last, and make him a good Catholic, by performing the final Rites of the Church, before the Body was quite cold.

ON this melancholy Occasion, it must be confessed, the poor Widow behav'd as the most fashionable of her Sex.—She shrieked and wrung her Hands, and call'd on Death to ease her Misery.—She fainted, and fell into Fits; and the Neighbours with great Difficulty brought her to herself.—When recover'd, she bore her Fate with great

great *Resignation*, and gave Directions about the *Funeral* with much Composure of Mind, except when more Friends dropt in, which renewed her *Sorrows*; and then the whole Company sympathiz'd in the most *doleful Cadences*.

THE Deceased being stripped and washed, was laid out on some *Straw*, cover'd with a Sheet that was formerly white. On his *Breast* was a large Dish fill'd with Salt, which undoubtedly had its Use. The good People, three Miles round, flock'd to *blind Connor's Wake*, with Loads of *Whiskey* and *Tobacco*; *Pipers* were in Abundance; and sundry *Gentlemen* amused the Company with the *sweet Harmony* of their *Trumps* or *Jews-barps*.—When *Father Kelly* had declared that *Ferry Connor* died a *True Son of the Church*, being by him converted almost by a *Miracle*, a *Buzz* of Content ran thro' the whole Assembly, and he finished a few Prayers for the *Repose of his Soul*.

THE common *Irish* are chearful at a *Wedding*; but, at a *Wake*, their Joy and *Mirth* is seemingly *extravagant*. *Ill Nature*, and the Want of *Compassion* and *Tenderness*, are not placed amongst their *natural Vices*. If the Moral of this antient Custom be examined, and found to proceed from their Pleasure, in believing that their *Friend* or *Companion*

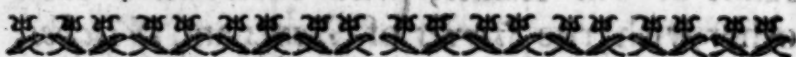
Companion has quitted all *human Infirmities*, and now enjoys a Fulness of *Bliss*, we cannot think the Practice *irrational* or *absurd*.

MIRTH in every Shape abounded; but *Jack* seem'd to drop all the romping Sporters. He listened with great Attention to a Knot of *Old Ladies*, who entertained each other with true *Stories* of *Giants* and *Witches*, and *Spirits*, and *Kings of Ireland*.—From these he went to another Cluster, who spoke of the Deceased, like the *Egyptian Priests*. They magnify'd his *supposed Virtues*, and gave him *Vices*, to which he was a *Stranger*.—*Scandal* and *Malice*, and *Envy*, were present! Some hinted, that *Dolly* was not *his Wife*; some called her his *Niece*, and some his *Daughter*; but *all* agreed, in wondering, what the *Devil Father Kelly* could see, to make him so *civil to her*.—I much fear many grand Societies are but *bumble Imitators* of this *equally polite Assembly*.

At last the *Funeral* set out, directing their Course to a *ruin'd Monastery*, about Six Miles distant. The March was solemn; and ever and anon a *Sacred Dirge* was rais'd, that shook the *Hills*, and eccho'd through the *Vales*. The Company still increas'd from the neighbouring Cabins, whose Inhabitants having walked two or three Miles, and rais'd their *Notes* of Con-

dolence with the rest; perhaps would at last find Time to ask, *who is dead?*

THE necessary Rites being finished, Mr. Kelly, with some of the Company, return'd to the *Hut*, where *Jack* soon found he wanted a *Father*, and had not a *Mother*.



CHAP. IV.

What, by this Name, then, shall be understood?

What? but the glorious Lust of doing good?

The Heart that finds it Happiness to please,

Can feel another's Pain, and taste his Ease.

The Cheek that with another's Joy can glow,

Turn pale, and sicken, with another's Woe,

Free from Contempt and Envy, he who

deems

Justly of Life's two opposite Extremes.

Who, to make all, and each Man, truly blest,

Does all he can, and wishes all the rest.

FIELDING on Good Nature.

I May with Truth affirm, that *Jack's* Parents, tho' Beggars, gave better Education to their Son, than most of their Neighbours; witness his reading at so tender

der an Age, when not one in a *Thousand* know a single Letter. His *Dress* was pretty much the same with *young Gentlemen* of his Years, or rather with almost *all* in the Parish. He had something on that resembled *Breeches*, and a Remnant of a *Rug* very artfully hung over his Shoulders, and fastened round his Waist by Pieces of *Wood* nicely carv'd, of the Size of a *Packer's Needle*.—A *Shirt* was an idle and *uncomfortable* Ornament; and *Shoes* and *Stockings* made Youth too *tender* and *delicate*. This *noble* and *manly Dress* is most carefully preserved; and scarcely has *Novelty* and *Fashion* found an Opportunity of making any *Variations*.—Tho' the *Romans* never visited *Ireland*, yet their *Dress* certainly did. Were our *Virtuosi* seriously to consider this, they might save the vast Expence they are at in purchasing a Piece of *Leaden*, or *Marble*, or *Copper Roman Figure* and *Drapery*; when, by stepping to *Ireland*, they may see *Thousands*, even at this Day, in the *Original Habit*, and whole *Groups* in the antient Manner, *eating on the Ground*.

PERHAPS I may be thought too free with so great a Name as *Locke*, when I say I imagine he borrows Part of his Treatise on *Education* from this People, to whom, I've been told, he was *no Stranger*. All

the World knew that the common *Romans* wore no *Shoes*; but Mr. *Locke* could not infer from thence, with all his *more than Human Understanding*, that going without *them*, or having the *Feet* constantly wet, was conducive to *Health* or *Vigour*, till he saw such numberless Examples.—But to return to the Family.

FATHER KELLY's Visits to the *Widow* were more frequent than usual, as she stood in Need of more frequent *Consolation*. From his *pious* Intentions the evil-minded of the Parish drew Conclusions no-way favourable to either, especially as Mrs. *Connor* dropt her former *Occupation*, and retir'd to the first *Hut*, where she suffer'd herself to be visited but by a few select Friends; and was never publicly seen but at *Mafs*.—How different! How chang'd in her Appearance! Her *Face* was wash'd;—her fine black Hair was comb'd, and nicely plaited;—her *Kercher* was clean, which passing under her Chin, was neatly ty'd at the back of her Neck;—her brown *Jacket* with red *Cuffs*;—her red *Petticoat*, and, above all, her yellow *Stockings* and new *Brogues* drew the Eyes of the whole Congregation; some to admire her real Comeliness, but more to whisper, *They wished she came honestly by them.*

WHATEVER

WHATEVER were their *private* Opinions, *Father Kelly* received many *publick* Marks of their Dis-esteem. The old Ladies, and the young, extreamly resented this *open* and *particular* Attachment, so injurious to their own Beauties and superior Merit. They wrought on their Husbands, their Brothers and Sweethearts; and the good and charitable *Priest* was condemn'd a Sacrifice to *Malice* and *Envy*.

WHETHER the People had just Cause to complain to the titular *Archbishop* of *Cashel*, or whether *Father Kelly* and *Mrs. Connor* were conscious of *Guilt*; or, whether they found the Current of *Slander* too strong to stem, I know not; neither can I tell the Resolution they took on this Occasion, but certain it is, they came to one very speedily.

MRS. CONNOR had converted the old *red Coat* into a Sort of Waistcoat for *Jack*, who having a Pocket, never failed carrying his *Book* in it. One Morning she called him up earlier than usual, and with more than common good Humour, wash'd his *Face* and comb'd his Head, and having put on something like a *Shirt*, she kiss'd him, saying, '*he was a charming pretty Boy.*' In Reality he was so.—'Come, *Jack*, says '*she*, now we'll walk to *Town* and see your

‘Aunt.’—Poor *Jack* was vastly pleas’d at going to Town, though he knew not where, and followed his *Mother* with great Cheerfulness. They had not walk’d above a Mile or two, when a Man overtook them, whom Mrs. *Connor* knew. Some Questions being ask’d, ‘I am going, *said she*, to leave *Jack* at my *Sister’s* for a Day or two, and must be back to *Squire Disney’s* to Night. —That’s too far, *said the Man*, to walk in one Day; go you to the *Squire’s*, and I shall take care of *Jack*.’—The *Child* cry’d, but his *Mother* coax’d, and prevail’d on him to go without Murmuring. She kiss’d, and promising to see him To-morrow, turn’d about, and *Jack* and the Stranger marched on.

NOTHING remarkable happened in this Journey, but *Jack* complain’d that the *Town* was a great ways off.—That he wish’d he was there;—that he was *Hungry*, or *Dry*, or *Sleepy*, and some childish Talk of that Sort, to which the Man gave Answers, and relieved all his Wants.—Many Days pass’d in small Journeys, till the Fellow found he was in the *County of Meath*. He fed the *Child* as well as he could, and having got a *Woman* to wash his Rags and clean him, march’d on till he came to a large fine House.—‘Now, *Jack*, *said he*,
‘we

‘ we shall soon see your Aunt; stay here,
 ‘ my good Child, a little, and I’ll be with
 ‘ you *by and by*; but be sure don’t go be-
 ‘ yond that *great Gate*.’ (Pointing to the
 Gate of the House.) The Man walk’d off,
 and *Jack* never saw him after.

THE poor Child waited a long Time for
 him with great Patience, till *Hunger* and
Night coming on, he *cry’d* till his little
 Heart was almost broke.—At last he ven-
 tured to walk to the Gate, and found it
 open. He went into a large Court-yard,
 and finding a House, which was a deserted
Dog-kennel, he boldly enter’d; and what
 with his Fatigues, and little Sorrows, he
 lay down and *sleep’d* soundly ’till next Morn-
 ing.—One of the *Grooms* going by, heard
 the Cries of the Boy, and relieved him
 from his Prison.—He was ask’d many
 Questions, to which he could give no An-
 swers; except that a Man was going with
 him to his *Aunt’s*, and that his Name was
Jack Connor.—The Groom ask’d him ‘ if
 ‘ he was *hungry*? Yes, said *Jack*, and very
 ‘ *dry* too, and my *Feet* are very *fore*.’—
 The Servant was good natur’d, and taking
 him into one of the Stables, gave him a
 Piece of Bread and some small Beer. He
 wash’d his little Feet with warm *Brand and*
Water, which was ready to be given to a

sick Horse, and laid him on some clean Straw. The poor Child went to Sleep, but waken'd so refresh'd, and so happy, that, on seeing the Groom, he *smil'd*, and utter'd every Expression, that shew'd the *Gratitude* of his Heart.

THUS was he fed for a Fortnight, and all Enquiry was made by the Servants about him, but in vain,—*Jack* grew quite well, and mightily pleas'd with his Situation, for *Providence* had directed him to the House of LORD TRUEGOOD, a Nobleman less remarkable for his *large Fortune*, than his *Humanity*, and extensive *Charity* to all Mankind.

MR. KINDLY, his Lordship's Domestic Steward, had heard something of this Story, and determined to see the Child.—He watch'd when the Servants were out, and stole privately into the *Stable*.—*Jack* was mounted in one of the Windows, with his *Book* in his Hand, but when he saw the Gentleman, he stuff'd it into his Pocket, and got on his Feet in an Instant. Mr. *Kindly*, with a Smile of good Nature, cry'd out—' Who have we got here?—Where ' did you come from, Child?—' Indeed, ' Sir, *reply'd Jack, almost in Tears*, I don't ' know.'—' Don't cry, my Dear, *said the* ' good Steward, I shall do you no Harm ; ' —Have

‘ —Have you a *Mother*, and where is she
‘ gone to?—I don’t know indeed Sir, *re-*
‘ *ply’d Jack*, but she gave me to a Man to
‘ see my Aunt, and he bid me stay at the
‘ Gate, and so I did, and so he did’nt
‘ come for me.’—‘ That’s my good Boy,
‘ *said Kindly*; come, now tell me all the
‘ rest.’—The poor Child was not at a
‘ Loss, but told as much of his Affairs as he
‘ possibly could know, and in so innocent a
‘ Manner, that greatly pleas’d the good Man.
‘ —‘ That’s my good Dear, *said he*; but
‘ what *Book* was it, you put in your Poc-
‘ ket? Let me see it my Man.’—*Jack* de-
‘ liver’d it, telling him, *his Father said it was*
‘ *a good Book, and would make every Body*
‘ *good.*—Mr. *Kindly* look’d at the Title, and
‘ was greatly surpriz’d.—‘ Your Father, *said*
‘ *he*, was a good Man, and you’ll be a
‘ very good Boy, when you can read it.’—
‘ Oh dear, *said Jack*, indeed, Sir, I can read
‘ it very well.’—‘ Can you so, *reply’d the*
‘ *Steward*, let me see.’—He opened the
‘ Book, where least mark’d, and *Jack* began,
‘ and pretty distinctly read.—“ So also for
‘ “ *the Calamities and Miseries that befall a*
‘ “ *Man, be it Want or Sickness, or whatever*
‘ “ *else, these also come by the Providence of*
‘ “ *God, who raiseth up and putteth down, as*
‘ “ *seems good to him, and it belongs not to us*

“ to judge what are the Motives to him to
 “ do so, as many do, who, upon any Affliction
 “ that befalls another, are presently conclu-
 “ ding, that sure it was some extraordinary
 “ Guilt, which puts this upon him, though
 “ they have no particular to lay to his
 “ Charge.” — As the Boy read, the Ten-
 derness of the good Man mounted to his
 Eyes. — ‘ That’s enough my Child, said
 ‘ he, — God bless you.’ — So quitting him
 in an Instant, got into the Yard, and gave
 vent to a few Tears. — Good God, cry’d he,
 how infinitely is thy loving Kindness, who,
 out of the Mouths of *Babes and Sucklings*,
 teacheth us our Duty.

MR. KINDLY walked to the House, and
 having call’d Mrs. *Mathews*, an elderly
 Servant, begg’d her to get him a Leg or
 a Wing of a Fowl, with a Piece of Bread,
 and some small Beer. ‘ Lord, dear Sir,
 ‘ said Mrs. *Mathews*, may hap your Morn-
 ‘ ing’s Walk has gotten you a Stomach;
 ‘ pray let me broil you a Pigeon, and give
 ‘ you a Glass of white Wine.’ — ‘ Thank
 ‘ you heartily, good Mrs. *Mathews*, re-
 ‘ ply’d the Steward, you know I seldom
 ‘ eat in a Morning, but I never drink.
 ‘ What I want is for a poor Stranger.’ —
 ‘ Lord bless you, dear Sir, said Mrs. *Ma-*
 ‘ *thews*, you are so good, all the Servants
 ‘ are

‘are bound to *pray for you.*’—She did not wait for a Reply, but ran to the Pantry, and soon returned, properly loaded. — ‘Thank you, my dear Friend, *said Mr. Kindly*, now I have a great Favour to beg of you; which is, to carry these to the farthest Stable, where you’ll find a poor little Boy. See him eat his Dinner, and take him to *John Long’s* Wife.’—‘Yes that I will, *said she.*’—‘The Lord preserve your good Heart.—I’m sure you’re always the poor Man’s Friend. — The Lord keep you your Health, for you’re too good for *this World.*’—‘We must assist one another, *said Kindly*, but pray go and help the Child, and I’ll walk on to *John Long’s.*’

MRS. MATHEWS thought there was some *Mystery* in this Affair, but resolved to *bear and see*, but say nothing. She determined to be as *secret* as could be expected from her *Sex* and *Station*; so, wisely took *Jenny* the House Maid to the Stable, to whom she communicated the Matter, with many notable Remarks.—‘You know, *Jenny*, *said she*, Mr. *Kindly* is a Man as well as another, and though he is *antient* or so, yet, let me tell you, ’tis an *old Rat* that won’t eat *Cheese.*—He’s a hearty Man, *Jenny*, and a good natur’d Man, and they
‘say

‘ say lives a Widower for the Sake of his
 ‘ Children ; now putting *Things* and *Things*
 ‘ together, who knows what may have
 ‘ happen’d ?—But *please* God it shall go no
 ‘ farther for me ;’—nor for me neither, *said*
 ‘ *Jenny*, for I would not hurt a Hair of
 ‘ his Head, *poor dear Man.*’

THEY got to the Stable and found *Jack*
 with the Groom.—So so, *said Mrs. Ma-*
thews, have I found you, young Spark.—
 ‘ Come, sit down my little fellow, and try
 ‘ how a bit will agree with you.’—‘ What
 ‘ *Jenny*, *said the Groom*, are you come too ?
 ‘ I’ll say that for you, you’ve as good a
 ‘ Nose at finding out a *pretty Boy*, as any
 ‘ Wench in the Parish ; I suppose he’s
 ‘ some Relation of your’s, *Eb, Jenny ?*—
 ‘ The Fellow’s a Fool, *said Mrs. Mathews*,
 ‘ tho’ may hap he may have as good Re-
 ‘ lations as any here.—Come, my brave
 ‘ Man, eat heartily, and much good may
 ‘ do you.—So—you say your Name is
 ‘ *Jack*,—‘ Yes, Madam, *said the Child*,
 ‘ my Name is *Jack Connor*.—Very well,
 ‘ *said the good Woman*, very well ; now
 ‘ come, my dear, and take a Walk with
 ‘ me, we’ll not go far, only to *John Long’s*.’
 —Then turning to the Groom, *said*, with a
 Wink, ‘ Mr. *Kindly* bid me fill his little
 ‘ Belly, and carry him to *John’s Wife.*’

THE

THE Groom was pleas'd, and the Ladies marched on. — ' *Jenny, said Mrs. Mathews, look at the little Fellow, how sturdily he walks, and for all the World, like good Mr. Kindly. Faith and troth,* ' said *Jenny*, and so he does, and his Name is *Jack* too.' ' *Faith, said Mrs. Mathews, I forgot that, and then the little Rogue has the very Smile of him.—Now I think on it Jenny, I'll be hang'd but I knew the Mother of him. Do you remember Bryan Connor the Miller, that lived at the Ford two Miles off.—Yes that I do, reply'd Jenny, and by the same Token, he had four Daughters and three Sons.—Very true, said Mrs. Mathews, and all the Neighbours believed Mr. Kindly was a great Help to the Family, for he went very often there. The old People died, and the Children went up and down, I don't know what became of them all; but Molly Connor was a pretty Hussey enough, but was no better than she should be, and about seven or eight Years ago, she contriv'd to get her Belly up, and then went to Dublin.—Goodness Sirs, said Jenny, how strangely Things comes about; so, to be sure this is her Child.* ' Ay, ay, said *Mathews*, as sure as I'm in this Spot alive. Murder will out, you know, ' but

‘but that’s none of our Business,—we
 ‘are only Servants, and must hold our
 ‘Tongues; so, before *Jenny*, said she, don’t
 ‘open your Lips about it, for it shan’t be
 ‘computed to me, for I hate *fending* and
 ‘*proving*, and wou’dnt be brought into
 ‘a *Primeiron* for all I’m worth in the
 ‘World.’

THE Steward and Mrs. Long were waiting at the Door till *Jack* arrived.—

‘There, Madam Long, said Mr. Kindly,
 ‘There’s a Boy for you; don’t you think
 ‘him very like me? Heaven knows, *re-*
 ‘ply’d Mrs. Long, for the poor little Face
 ‘of him is so dirty, ’tis impossible to tell
 ‘who he is like; but please God, I’ll know
 ‘more of him by To-morrow! Do so,
 ‘said Kindly, and in a little Time I hope
 ‘to see him look as well as my own Son.—
 ‘Then turning to Mrs. Mathews, thank’d
 ‘her for her Civilities, and promis’d her a
 ‘Present of some good *Bohea Tea*.’

THE Ladies made great haste Home, and by Mr. Kindly’s Words, they were more confirm’d in their first Conjectures, and in the Necessity of being very Secret.—No doubt they were mighty cautious, but on Mr. Kindly’s Return to *Bounty-Hall*, he found a strange Alteration in the Countenances of the Servants.—When he spoke, he



*There is a Lust in Man no Charm can tame,
Of loudly publishing his Neighbour's Shame :
On Eagles Wings immortal Scandals fly,
While virtuous Actions are but born and die.*

A SECRET, like many other Disorders, is *Epidemical* and *Contagious*, but in the whole History of Physick, none is more *Instant*, or whose Quality is more *Diffusive*.—Every Part of *human* Matter is immediately affected, and the first Symptom, most commonly

commonly appears on the *Tongue*. To curious Persons, this Malady would afford an Infinity of Observations.—Where a *Secret* takes its Rise from *Charity, Good-nature, Friendship, Benevolence*, or other remarkable Virtues, be assured the *Disorder* is not of long Continuance. It attacks us, and we must be a little sensible of its Power, but it soon flies off by the Operation of the *Lips*.—Some have been cured by saying, *I never thought him that Sort of Man.—He's a great Cheat, if what you say be true.—That may be, but to be sure, he had his Ends in it.—I find Miracles are not ceas'd.—I've a little of the THOMAS in me—and so on.—*Against this Sort of *Pestilence*, the *Bishop* need never order *public Prayers*; for when it happens, it seldom goes beyond the Neighbourhood, but never marches to the *next Parish*.

ON the other Hand, when the *Plague* of *Secrecy* has its Source from *Scandal, Malice, Envy*, and sometimes, *mere Ignorance*, the Effects are astonishing. Every Breast is inflam'd, and the Fire communicates itself like *Electricity*. The Heart swells, and the *Tongue*, with loud Clamour, utters Millions of *Falsehoods*.—The farther the Contagion spreads, the Disorder encreases its Force, nor does it stop, till it encounters some new *Frenzy* or *Secret*.

THOUGH

THOUGH the learned Dr. *Mead* has been silent on this Article, yet it certainly is of as subtil and poisonous a Nature, as any mentioned in *his History*.—Indeed it seldom carries its baneful Influence to the *Life* of the Person pointed at, but it violently attacks, and often *destroys* the *Reputation, the Bread, the Peace and Happiness* of whole Families. The *Doctor* may cure th'enraged *Mastiff's Bite*; but who can heal the *Wounds* that *Slanderers Tongues* have made?—Dr. *Monroe*, is a Stranger to this Species of *Madness*, nor did I ever hear that Mr. *Ward* has attempted to palliate it. If 'tis not in *Physick* to relieve this dreadful Malady, what *Prayers* should we not offer up, to avert the *Evil*!

Do thou therefore, *kind Reader*, give up thy Neighbour or thy Friend, who labours under this *Madness*.—Avoid him;—his Breath is *Infectious*, and the *Saliva* of his *Tongue*, will destroy thy *Peace*.—Listen not to his Words, neither repeat them.—Be firm in *Truth*, and the *Pest* may escape thee, and perhaps, in Time, the Name of the *Malady* may be lost.

BUT to return.—The mighty Secret was now in the Possession of every Servant, mounting by Degrees, till it arrived to Mrs. *Betty Tittle*, Lady *Truegood's* Woman; who,

who, like a good Christian, suffer'd not
the Sun to go down, till she imparted the
 valuable Discovery to her *Ladyship*.—*Tit-*
tle, said her Ladyship, I can't imagine what
 ' ails the Servants : Surely something must
 ' have vastly pleas'd them, they seem so
 ' merry!—*Tittle* put her Handkerchief to
 her Face to hide her Blushes.—*Pray,*
 ' *said my Lady*, what is the Matter?—I
 ' suppose some *Maid* has got a *Sweetheart*,
 ' or stolen a *Wedding*, or some such Thing.
 ' —*No indeed, Mem, said Tittle*, I af-
 ' sure your *Laship*, there's nothing like
 ' a *Wedding* in the Case.—*I hope, reply'd*
 ' *my Lady*, there is nothing worse, though
 ' you are all too apt to laugh at *Mischief*;
 ' but whatever it is, I insist *Mrs. Tittle*,
 ' you'll instantly tell me.—*Lord Mem,*
 ' *said Tittle*, I don't know how to speak of
 ' *naughty Things*, especially to your *Laship*;
 ' but all the Servants *knows* as well as I,
 ' for *Mrs. Mathews* and *Jenny* told me of
 ' it, and they went to see the *Child*.—
 ' *Child! cry'd my Lady*, greatly alarm'd,
 ' what Child.—I once more desire, and I
 ' lay my Commands on you, to tell me
 ' the whole Story this Moment.—*I hope,*
 ' *said Tittle*, your *Laship* won't be angry
 ' with me; but 'tis only, please your *La-*
 ' *ship*, that *Molly Connor*, the Miller's
 ' Daughter,

Daughter, made Mr. *Kindly* a Present of
 a *fine Boy* this Morning. The Nurse
 brought it Home, because Mr. *Kindly*
 would not pay for its Keeping this *four*
 or *five Years*, so the poor Man was forced
 to take the Child, and send it to *John*
Long's; and indeed, please your *Laship*,
 that's all, only they say, that the *Boy* is
seven or eight Years old, and as like Mr.
Kindly as *two Peas*; but they say *Mem.*—
 Hold your impertinent Tongue, *said my*
Lady, is this the Occasion of so much
 Giggle?—You are an ungrateful Pack.
 I am sure 'tis false, therefore I charge you
 all, not to appear before me with such
saucy Airs.—*Indeed Mem, said Tittle,*
 if I've said any thing to offend your
Laship.—Yes, Madam, *said my Lady*,
 you have very greatly offended me, and
 so you have all; but hold your scanda-
 lous Tongue, and leave me this Minute.'

POOR Mrs. *Tittle* was not only vastly
 disappointed, but greatly frighten'd, as she
 had never heard her *Ladyship* speak in such
 a Manner, or seem in such a *Passion.*—She
 inform'd the rest, of the Reception she
 met with; and the Faces of the Servants
 seem'd more compos'd at Supper. They
 were quite surpriz'd at the *Oddity* of her
Ladyship's Temper, and quoted many Ex-
 amples

amples diametrically opposite.' — 'I'm
 ' sure, said Mrs. Tittle, had I told as much
 ' to Squire Smart's Lady, we should have
 ' laugh'd together about it, the whole *live*
 ' long Night! — Ay, ay, said Mrs. Ma-
 ' thews, God bless the good Lady Malign.
 ' When I waited on her in *Yorkshire*, many
 ' a Gown and Petticoat, and Smock, have I
 ' gotten for telling her half as much; but
 ' to be sure some People think themselves
 ' wiser than all the World.' — 'Hold,
 ' hold, said Tom Blunt the Butler; ' Now
 ' d'ye see, if so be that as how, my Lady
 ' is wrong, she'll do you Right; and if
 ' my Lady is right, how like Fools and
 ' Ninni-hammers will you all look? So
 ' d'ye see, take a Fool's Advice, and go
 ' and sleep upon't. — Tom went to Bed,
 ' and as he left them no more to say, we
 ' may suppose they follow'd his Example.'

My Lord and Lady were now retir'd,
 when she reveal'd to him with an Air of
 Concern and Emotion, what Mrs. Tittle
 had told her, every now and then asking
 his Advice and Opinion. — 'My dear Betty,
 ' reply'd my Lord, don't be uneasy; I've
 ' heard of this Affair pretty much in the
 ' same Manner. I've privately examin'd
 ' into it, and have great Reason to applaud
 ' Mr. Kindly's Conduct. As you always
 ' judge

‘ judge right, I am not surpriz’d at your
 ‘ checking the *Tattling* of Servants, which,
 ‘ if once encourag’d, as ignorant People
 ‘ too frequently do, ’tis impossible to say
 ‘ where it may end; However, *continued*
 ‘ his Lordship, as trifling as this Affair is,
 ‘ I hope to make it useful. When I bring
 ‘ it on the *Carpet*; I must beg your Assist-
 ‘ ance.’—‘ My dear *Harry*, said my Lady,
 ‘ I shall not fail; but come to *Bed*, and if
 ‘ you think proper, tell me *then* all the
 ‘ rest.’

THE Curtains were drawn, but, as no-
 thing of the Conversation *transpir’d*, I can-
 not draw this Chapter to a greater Length,





C H A P. VI.

*Hail wedded Love ! mysterious Law ! true
Source*

*Of Human Off-spring ! sole Propriety
In Paradise, of all Things common else !
By thee adult'rous Lust was driv'n from
Man*

*Among the Bestial Herds to range : By thee,
Founded in Reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the Charities
Of Father, Son, and Brother, first were
known !*

MILTON.

AS the Reader must reside with *Lord* and *Lady Truegood* for some Time, perhaps they will be pleas'd at being properly acquainted with them. To those who know not their Persons, I can only introduce them to their *Personal Conduct*, and *Family Behaviour*. This may be as useful and entertaining, and rather less tedious, than a Description of their *Features*, their *Stature*, or other visible Marks of *Elegance*, *Beauty*, or *Deformity*.

HIS

His *Lordship* had about Five Thousand a Year in *Ireland*, and about Two Thousand in *England*, all in his own Power. Her *Ladyship* was the Daughter of Sir *William Templeton*, of *Lancashire*. She was Heiress to Two Thousand Pounds a Year in that County; and his *Lordship's* Estate lay contiguous to it. Miss *Templeton* was endow'd with all those Charms that *Men of Sense* admire, because they know they are *lasting*. Her *Wit* and *Knowledge* had that Sort of sprightly and solid Turn, that enliven'd, at the same Time, it pleas'd and improv'd her Hearers. Her many Virtues were more admir'd than imitated; and her Person, tho' not a *Beauty*, was so genteel and *elegantly neat*, that she rais'd *Desire* in every Breast, and commanded more than common Respect. They had been well acquainted when Children; and from the Intimacy of each Family, a Friendship, if not something stronger, insensibly grew up with them. His Collegiate Studies being over, and his Father dead, he was sent to finish the Accomplishments of a Gentleman by *Travel*. In this Time he constantly corresponded with Miss *Betty Templeton*, and the most agreeable and entertaining Letters pass'd, greatly to their Satisfaction and mutual Improvement. Mr. *Johnston*,
a Cler-

a Clergyman, and his Lordship's Tutor and Companion, vastly encourag'd these good Dispositions in his Pupil, foreseeing the *happy* Consequences that might arise from it.

At Twenty-four Years of Age, *his Lordship* return'd from his Travels, a *truly polite*, and *well-bred Man*.—He found Miss *Templeton*, now about Nineteen Years of Age, with every Qualification he could wish in a *Wife*.—He spoke to her, at some Distance, on that Head, and found her Answers sensible and just, and no-ways against his Views.—His *Lordship*, then, apply'd to Mrs. *Jordon*, a Widow Lady, and Aunt to Miss, who had bred her from a Child, and supply'd the Loss of a Mother. The good Lady was overjoy'd to put her dear Niece into the Hands of a Nobleman of such Fortune; and whose great Good-nature, and many Virtues, promis'd a Life of real Happiness and Content.

His Lordship now paid his Addresses publickly; every one agreeing, they were born for each other.—A Jointure was soon fix'd on; but the Settling his Estate was a Matter of some Difficulty, as his Notions on that Head were uncommon.—He always thought, that the Undutifulness of
Children

Children to their Parents, especially of the *Eldest Son*, proceeded often from a Knowledge of the Fortune they were entitled to, at their Father's Decease.—His Lordship convinced the young Lady of the *Absurdity* of placing Children out of the Power of Parents, either to *reward* some for their Goodness, or *chastise* others for their Misdeeds. At last he perswaded her Guardians, and Four Thousand Pounds a Year was settled on the Issue of the Marriage, in such Proportion, as my Lord thought proper to make by Will, or any future Deed or Gift, except an Estate of Five Hundred Pounds a Year, which should follow the Title: Two Thousand Pounds a Year, and Ten Thousand Pounds in Money, was settled on Miss *Templeton*; and my Lord reserv'd the Remainder as a Settlement on any future Wife, or to be disposed of, as he thought proper.—The young Lady was so weak, that she absolutely insisted, that *Pin*, or *Alimony*, should not be mentioned in any of the Writings.—All these Matters being regularly adjusted, the Day was fix'd, and Mr. *Johnston* joyn'd their Hands, and compleated the Happiness of this truly affectionate Pair.

My Lord and Lady stay'd above Two Years in *England*; but finding his Presence

quite necessary in *Ireland*, to settle his Fortune, which had somewhat suffer'd by the Death of his Father, and his own long Absence, he hasten'd over, and determin'd chiefly to reside there.—He took with him his two Sons, *Henry* and *William*, with my Lady's Aunt, *Mrs. Jordon*, and a numerous Retinue of Servants.—*Mr. Johnston* had been already there Twelve Months, and settled in a good Living, which my Lord had procured him.

BOUNTY-HALL, the Seat of Lord *Truegood*, was a regular, well-built House, tho' not altogether in the *Modern Taste*.—The Company, to congratulate my Lord and Lady on their safe Arrival, was very numerous and very gay. They seem'd free, and of chearful Dispositions, inviting my Lord and Family to their Houses, in such an hearty sincere Manner, as quite pleas'd and surpriz'd my Lady and *Mrs. Jordon*, who were not a little prejudiced against the *Irish*.—*Mrs. Jordon* could not avoid telling my Lord, she lik'd them extreamly, but wish'd they'd speak with another Tone of Voice.—My Lord laugh'd, and said, 'I assure you, one of the Ladies ask'd me, if all the *English* spoke in so strange a Manner as *Mrs. Jordon*? But she added, she believ'd you were a very good Lady, for all that.'

—My

—My Lady and her Aunt smil'd, and took this tender Rebuke in the proper Manner; acknowledging, that *Infant Prejudices* were difficult to remove, but hoped, Time would get the better of some of them.

MRS. JORDON took great Pains to reform the Pronunciation of the People. She made such Progress in transplanting the *Lancashire* Dialect, that on her Return to that County, she was heartily laugh'd at, and by her Friends was constantly called an *Irish Bog-Trotter*,—a *Brogue-a-neer*,—a *Teague*, and sundry other *endearing* Names. —But I must follow my Lord.

His first Care was to get out of the Hands of the *Lawyers*, for he had three *Chancery Suits*: Two of them he soon finished in an amicable Manner, but the Third was so glaring an Affront on his Understanding and his Right, that he would hear of no Composition, lest he might be tax'd with *Weakness*, and draw on himself *others*.—This determin'd him to prosecute the Suit with the utmost Vigour; and the *Expedition* of the *Law* was such, that the Cause was ripe for an Hearing, just as my Lord—*became a Grandfather*.

WHILST his Law Affairs were put in a Channel, he at the same Time settled with his different *Receivers*, two of whom he

discharged, as likewise his *Auditor*, taking that Branch into his own Management. He oblig'd his Receivers to return him Monthly Abstracts of their Receipts and Payments, by which he was enabled to settle each Tenant's Account, and at *one View*, knew their Arrear, and gave Orders for *Severity* or *Indulgence*, as the Circumstances required.

As my Lord's chief Residence was in the Country, he saw, with real Uneasiness, the *wretched Condition* of the poor Inhabitants. Their *Idleness* and *Sloth*, with the Swarms of *ignorant Priests*, and the Treatment of *some Landlords*, kept them in a constant *miserable* Situation, and even depriv'd them of sufficient Spirits to *wish* a Change of Condition. My Lord clearly saw, that such Dispositions could never improve the Face of the Country. He considered, that the People, however *poor* and *miserable*, were by Nature, strong; and, when set on by Example and Encouragement, were not the *least Docile* of all Nations. These Sort of Reflections, as a faithful and good Subject, engrossed his whole Thoughts. He knew, that the Strength of the Crown, was in the Number of faithful Inhabitants; and, to reclaim those who were otherwise, was a Duty

Duty worthy the Attention of every Man who lov'd the *King* or his *own Happiness*.

AT a Meeting of the Justices of the Peace for the County, his Lordship very pathetically laid before them, what *Popery* was productive of, in a *Protestant Government*; or, as it is elegantly express'd by the brightest Genius of the Age, * '*That the speculative Errors (of POPERY) would only deserve Pity, if their pernicious Influence upon CIVIL SOCIETY did not both REQUIRE and AUTHORIZE Restraint.*' That the *Laws* against *Papists*, tho' severe in the Letter, and tho' mostly taken from the *Edicts of France* against *Hugonots*, but greatly soften'd, were conniv'd at, and, in a great Measure, made useless.—That the Condition of the poorer Sort in *Ireland*, was a *Scandal* to a Nation who piqued themselves at being *Polite* and *Humane*, and almost compell'd the few *Strangers* who visited the Country, to imagine they were rather with the Natives of the *Cape of Good Hope*, than in a *civilized Kingdom*.—That as natural Justice and Tenderness obliged us to indulge them with a *Priest* in each Parish; yet Justice and Tenderness to ourselves,

D 3

ought

* *The EARL of CHESTERFIELD'S Speech to the PARLIAMENT of IRELAND.*

ought to oblige us to prosecute every *Interloper* who attempted to officiate.—He added, that he was so convinced of the Necessity of it, he was determin'd to begin in his own District, and wish'd every one present would concur with him.

MANY Debates arose: but the chief Opposition was from *tender Minds*, who fear'd such a Conduct would be call'd a *Persecution*. One of the Gentlemen answer'd, he did not doubt, but *Popery* would blacken it with every *odious* Name.—That whatever was the Practice of other Nations, he was far from *Oppressing* or *Forcing* the *Wills* or *Consciences* of Men in *religious Matters*.—That the present Debate was not so much levell'd at their Religion, as the preventing the Ignorant being deceived and impoverished by those who pretended to the *Name of it*—as in the Case of *Gypsies* and *Fortune-tellers*, who rob the Weak, where a Justice of the Peace may, and ought, to send them to the House of Correction, if not to the Plantations.—That the *Maxim* was perfectly true, in Regard to *Ireland*, that *Ignorance* was the *Mother of Devotion*; and that, were it possible to give the poor Natives a *little Learning*, they would be *Honest*, more *Industrious*, and in Time, find out how grossly they were deceived.

MUCH

MUCH more was said on the Occasion, and all agreed to do their utmost for the Relief of the *Poor*, in Respect to Supernumerary *Priests*, and in every other Way for the General Good.—A few Examples being made, obliged those *Holy Nufances* to shift their Abode, and fly to a County in the *West*, where *One* or *Two Hundred* extraordinary, were little regarded; and where *Fryaries* are common, and *Nunneries* more open, than at *Hammersmith* near *London*.

THAT the poorer Sort might not want Examples of Industry to spur them on, my Lord annually settled two or three poor *Lancashire* Families on the Home Estate. He built them decent Dwellings, and left them proper Farms. The more Children they had, his private Encouragement was the greater.

His happy Imagination suggested to him a *Scheme*, productive of more Good, than was at first thought on.—He gave out, that in Compassion to the Poor of the Parish, he would take and maintain *Ten Boys*, not older than *Twelve*, or younger than *Seven* Years of Age, and have them taught some *Trade* or *Business*, that they might earn their Bread in an honest Way. The poor People press'd their Children on him with such Eagerness, that he might have had an *Hundred*.

dred. His Number was fix'd for Boys; but he permitted my Lady to add *Ten Girls* to his Plan. For these he built a convenient House; maintain'd, and uniformly cloath'd, and fix'd a Protestant Family from the North, to teach them *two Hours* a Day to *Read*, and the Remainder, in such Branches of the *Linen Manufacture*, as their Age would admit of.

My Lord made Regulations as he saw convenient. The Progress they made gave him vast Pleasure, and her Ladyship a rational Amusement, as she frequently visited the Children, and heard them say their *Prayers* and *Catechism*, and encouraged them in their Work. In a little Time they were able to join in the *Psalms* on *Sundays*, and their Voices were a great Addition to the Service in a *Country Church*. Some few Attempts were made to pervert the Children, and make them return to their Parents, and consequently to *Sloth*, *Ignorance* and *Filth*, but the Actors were soon oblig'd to quit the Country, and they were found to be *Popish School-Masters*, who, generally speaking, are *Priests* in Disguise.

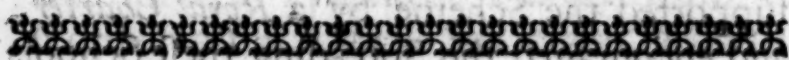
FROM this Hint, so self evidently advantageous to the Kingdom, and from the Bounty and infinite Labours of a truly
RIGHT REVEREND PRELATE, sprung those
Schools

Schools of Industry, now known by the Name of the *Incorporated Society, for promoting English Protestant Schools in Ireland*. The Application of the first Subscription had so good an Effect, that HIS MAJESTY supported the Scheme by a *Royal Charter*; and encouraged the Spreading these Schools over *Ireland*, by a Grant of *One Thousand Pounds* a Year. This, with the annual Bounties, and casual Legacies from both Kingdoms, have enabled the Trustees to extend their Views, and make the Charity more General. A Charity! where not a single Instance of Misapplication can be given. A Charity unparallel'd! and for which the next Generation must Bless the Promoters, as they must feel the happy Consequences.

FOR fuller Particulars of this *noble Charity*, I must refer my kind Readers to the annual Accounts publish'd in *Ireland*, and by their *Correspondent Society* in *London*. When they examine and seriously consider it, if they have Hearts, they must rejoice.

BUT to return to my Lord.—Though Part of his Time was given to the Publick; his private Affairs were not neglected. He employ'd the Poor, which is the best Sort of Charity, in draining and making good Land of some Bogs. He planted Trees of

all Sorts. He mended and shortened the Roads; and, in a Word, he contrived, and spared no Expence in executing, what he judg'd of Publick Utility.



C H A P. VII.

*Children like tender Oziers, take the Bow,
And as they first are fashion'd always grow:
For what we learn in Youth, to that alone
In Age we are by second Nature prone.*

DRYDEN.

THOUGH his Lordship had began and forwarded these great Works, he attended the *British Parliament* three Winters, as a Member of the House of Commons. He thought himself ill us'd at a new Election, and declined engaging too far, lest it might frustrate his future Views. In some Disgust at the Treatment he had met with, he return'd to *Ireland*.

His Son HENRY was now about Five, WILLIAM, Four, and his Daughter HARRIOT, Three Years of Age. These began to demand his particular Attention. Her Ladyship was an uncommon Mother, for she had not only taught them what their
Age

Age was capable of; but had most prudently prevented their being taught sundry bad Habits, which might never be thoroughly erased. Scarcely were any of her Children able to *walk*, when she took Opportunities of sending them into the next Room at Night *without a Candle*; and as they grew up, she found Reasons to oblige them to go over the *whole House* in the same Manner, neither did she ever permit a *Servant* to stay with them, or a *Candle* to burn in the Room, when they were put to Bed. No *Nurse* or *Domestick*, durst venture to mention a single *Word*, or *idle Story* that could inspire *Fear* into the Minds of the Children, except they chose their immediate Discharge, which happened twice or thrice.—By this Method they had no Notion of *imaginary Dangers*, which saved them many uneasy Hours in their Lives, which others feel for Want of such a *Management*.

THEIR little Learning was not inculcated by the common Means of *Obligation* and *Duty*. If my Lord gave them Halfpence, and they listen'd to the Story of a *poor Person*, and relieved him, he was in great Delight.—When he had mentioned all the Blessings attending a *Charitable* and *Compassionate* Temper; he'd turn to my Lady,
and

and say, ' My Dear, the Children have
 ' been very good, and I desire you will
 ' love and encourage them, and give them
 ' Leave to learn as much as they please.' —
 ' To this my Lady answer'd, ' Because
 ' they have so much Sense as to oblige you,
 ' I will take that Trouble on myself.'

ON the contrary, was any one of them
 guilty of a Fault, the highest *Correction* was,
 being depriv'd of their *Book*, refused being
 taught their Lesson, and not regarded in
 the usual Manner. On these Occasions, the
 poor Delinquent was oblig'd to make his
 Peace, and enter into Grace, by *Prayer*,
Repentance, and double Diligence; yet still,
 this Matter was so contrived, that no *Jealousy*
 could arise amongst them. The *Good*
 were suffered to pity the *Faulty*, and inter-
 cede for them; and, after the necessary Dif-
 ficulties, always succeeded. Often have they
 requested, and even supplicated her Lady-
 ship to teach them, and she often refus'd,
 as what gave her too much *Pain*, or, hav-
 ing other Matters to mind of *more Conse-*
quence: However, she commonly suffer'd
 herself to be prevail'd on at last.

WHATEVER some may imagine, there is
 certainly an Activity or Impulse in the Soul,
 that gives it a Desire and Longing for *those*
Things that are attainable but by *Difficulty*
 and

and *Labour*; and a Disregard, and sometimes, a Loathing even of our *real Happiness* or *Pleasure*, when, in a Manner, they are *forced on us*, or too *cheaply purchased*. Whether this arises from the Obstinacy or Perverseness of our Nature; or, is given to convince us, that the *Love of Freedom* is strongly implanted in our Breasts; or whether for the wise End of employing the Mind, in searching after, and *surmounting* Difficulties, and to raise in us the Spirit of *Emulation* and proper *Ambition*, so absolutely necessary to Mankind, I shall not determine, as it is out of my Province; but I can safely say, that whether this Principle springs from a *Defect* or *Perfection* in our Nature; these Parents chang'd the *strong Bias*, if the *First*, and *cultivated* and greatly *improved* it, if the *Latter*;—if a *Defect*, their Manner is still more Praise-worthy, as they made it answer all the Ends of a *Perfection*.—The same Scheme, varied in Proportion as Age open'd their Minds, was constantly pursued in their Education, and the *Lessons* and *Customs* that were sown, and had taken Root in their *Childhood*, grew up insensibly into *Habits* with their Years, and became *Constitutional*.

PRIDE, another Attendant on our Frame, was to be encounter'd and conquer'd by
my

my Lord.—As the little ones were, what is commonly call'd, *fine Children*, Care was taken to prevent their having *too good* an Opinion of their *Persons*.—The Servants had particular Instructions on that Head; nor could they, without greatly disobliging my Lord, praise a Child for its beautiful Face, Skin, or the like. Even the *Visitors* were privately requested to avoid any Applause of that Sort; but when some began to *extol*, my Lord or Lady always *drew back* the Flattery, by assuring the Person, that all the Merit *Harry* had, was his being a *good Boy*; did what he was *bid*, said his *Prayers*, and thank'd *God* that he had given him all his *Limbs*, and not made him *crooked* or *deform'd*, like many poor Children.

If my Lady caught *Miss* looking too frequently in the Glass, and seemingly admiring her *Features*, she order'd a beautiful *Cbina* Figure to be brought, and desiring her to observe its *Complexion*, its *Eyes*, its *Teeth*, &c. would add,—‘ Perhaps this *fine Lady* is as fond of her dear Person as *other Folks*, and indeed I think, with as *good Reason*; for, do you know, my *dear Harriot*, what this *pretty Thing* is made of?—I assure you, ’tis of *dirty Earth*, just like you or me; so you may
‘ well

‘ well imagine this *Lump of Clay* has great Reason to value itself, when in an Instant, if I think proper, I can brake it into a Thousand Pieces, and make it *Dirt* again.’—Here, *said she to a Servant*, ‘ take this *Thing* away, it seems too much pleas’d with *itself*, to please me, or any body else.’—There needed no more to persuade Miss *Harriot* to retire from the Mirror, ashamed of herself and of the Comparison.

WHEN the Business of their Book, which was always a voluntary Duty, or rather a Pleasure, was over, they were indulged in every Amusement, and not kept up in warm Rooms, to weaken their *Sinews* and enfeeble their *Constitutions*. The Boys were permitted to ramble in the Fields with a careful Servant or two, and use as much *Exercise* as they pleased, and their being dirty or wet on those Occasions, was never counted a Fault.—Sometimes my Lord and Lady were vastly amus’d, in entering into the *Spirit* of their Plays, and my Lord tumbled about the Room and join’d in their Mirth and Pastime. By this Means, the Children were never happier than when with them. They seem’d like *Companions* and *Friends* to each other; and, as they had no Secrets to hide, their Behaviour was

was *cheerful* and without *Restraint*. If sometimes, they were timorous, it was the Consequence of Love and Affection, and Fear of disobliging.

At their Meals my Lord and Lady instructed them without their perceiving their main Design; for they never directly applied to any one, or gave them Directions or Advice to *do this*, or *avoid that*.—Their Counsel was always given *obliquely*, by praising such a Gentleman's Son, 'who was so *extreamly good*; that, though no more than Five Years old, he read exceedingly well, had all the *Psalms* by heart, and wanted much to learn to *Write*.' Then my Lord would add, 'I have entreated his Father to *indulge* the Child, and have prevail'd.'—'I told you, *reply'd my Lady*, that *that Boy* would do well, for I have always found him fond of his *Book*.'—Sometimes my Lord much pity'd a Gentleman, who had spent a great deal of Money on his Son's Education. 'The Boy, *said he*, was such a *Fool* he would learn nothing, but was always with the *Servants*; so that now, the poor Man is obliged to bind him *Apprentice* to a Captain of a *dirty Ship*.'—'I am heartily sorry, *reply'd my Lady*, for the good Man, and for his *silly Son*; but since

‘ since the Boy would not be a *Gentleman*,
‘ I think his Father was in the Right to
‘ oblige him to live in *Dirt* and *Nastiness*,
‘ especially since he lov’d it.

Nor a Word of these Sort of Insinuations was lost to the Children. Their little Thoughts were set to work, and they never failed making the Application. They were very fond of *Gay’s Fables*, and always apply’d to my Lord and Lady for the just Meaning when in Doubt, and received Answers, not only satisfactory, but pleasant and entertaining. On these and every other Occasion, they were spoken to by their Parents and Tutor in *proper* and *elegant English*, and were set right if their Answers were not in the best Terms.

A severe Reprimand was scarcely ever used, but when they were guilty of some *Act*, that had the least Tendency to *Cruelty* or *Ill-nature*.—The *Torturing a Fly* or a *Sparrow*—a *pert Answer* to a poor Person or a Servant, were *Crimes*, that brought a *Rebuke* and a *Lesson* that ended in *Tears*, and an Acknowledgment of the Fault; but if they told an *Untruth*, or *prevaricated* on any Examination, no *Interest*, nor all the Promises they could make, were capable to prevent a *Chastisement* that made the Guilty and Innocent tremble. The Maxim
of

of my Lord was, never to punish in a *Passion*, and as seldom as possible; but when really necessary, to do it *effectually*; and not make it a *mere Ceremony*.

WITH regard to their *Servants*, they were look'd on, almost in the Light of *Children*, and had a natural Right to *Protection* and *Advice*. As *Servants*, they were obliged to a *Strictness* in their *Duty*, but as *Men*, they were treated with that *Humanity* and *Tenderness* every Creature is intitled to. They *obey'd* their Orders with *Alacrity* and *Cheerfulness*, because they were never given with *Haughtiness*, or in an *angry Manner*.

FOR a Nobleman, he had many uncommon and singular Notions. He had *Prayers* every Morning and Night, and all the Family assisted with great Decency. His Lordship thought, that the Duties of *Religion*, were of the utmost Consequence to *Society*, and the only Security for the *Faith* and *Confidence* of Man to Man.—He was surprized, how People could, with Justice, complain of the *Theft*, *Drunkennes*, and other Immoralities of their *Servants*, when they not only took no Care to persuade them of the Odiousness of such Practices, by ordering them to attend the Service of the

the *Church*, but too frequently gave Examples of *these Vices* themselves.

THOUGH I have mentioned *Theft* amongst the Vices of Gentlemen, surely those who run in *Debt* to Tradesmen, and suffer them to waste their *Time* in vain Enquiries after their *Property*, commit a *Robbery* of the blackest Kind, and deserve equal Punishment with those Wretches, who have openly ventur'd their Lives to maintain their Extravagancies, and sometimes to satisfy their *real Wants*.

THIS Sort of Conduct was unknown in the Family, where, on the Delivery of any Commodity, *the Value* was instantly paid. By this Means he was better serv'd, less impos'd on, and bought cheaper than most of his Neighbours. Few Things surpriz'd him more, than how a Man can live and pretend to *any Degree* of Comfort or Content, when *indebted* to Numbers, and for large Sums.—He imagined that the many Examples of the *fatal* Consequence of such absurd Management, ought to persuade them into an opposite Behaviour; but the Want of Thought or proper Reflection, plung'd them into Extravagance, then into Mortgages, Law-Suits, and Discredit.—If possible, they avail themselves of an infamous and scandalous Practice,

And

And fly from Bailiffs into Parliament.

Still the Evils accumulate, and often end in a *Gaol*, in the *Ruin* of their Families, and the Families of many of their *Creditors*.

My Lord was not only punctual and exact in his Dealings, but every one under him was almost compell'd to the like Conduct, for they knew his being a *Nobleman* gave them no *Authority* to commit, nor would protect them from the *Punishment* due to an *illegal* or *unjust* Action.

METHOD makes seeming Difficulties quite easy, and a prudent Conduct brings that Peace and Satisfaction of Mind, which we term *Happiness*. His Lordship's Felicity was not merely confin'd to the Prospect of his own regular Family; for he had the Pleasure to observe, that many of his Neighbours adopted some of his Rules, and that the *poorer Sort* began to practice a few. —If my Lord and his whole Family were constant at *Church*, the Gentry round, ceased to think it *ungenteel*, and were as constant as they. —If my Lord made *Responses* of the *Service*, or sung *Psalms* with an audible Voice, and was really *intent* on the *Duties* of the Place, the rest of the Congregation were brought to believe, that their assembling was for other Purposes than

than shewing their *Finery, Gigling, Laughing, Bowing*, and the like. The Prevalency of Example, ought to oblige us to a Rectitude of Conduct, for a *bad one* makes us, in some Measure, guilty of the Faults of *others*, as a *good one* adds to *their* Virtues, and *our own Merit*.

As my Lord and Lady were blessed with great Good-nature and Understanding, so were they happy in a sincere and mutual Affection. The World was not convinc'd of this from a *foolish idle Fondness*, when in Company; but by their *Cbearfulness, good Humour* and *Complacency* to each other, and all present.—My Lord knew of what *Human Nature* is compounded, and that, to keep up this Harmony, so essential to their *Happiness*, a little Management was sometimes necessary. He knew, that the most precious Cordials become *insipid*, if too frequently used, and that Nothing contributed more to preserve the true Relish of *Conjugal Felicity*, than a *Decency*, even to *Delicacy*.—They rose early in the Morning, and instantly retir'd to their own Apartments, and never appear'd to each other, but, if not *as fine*, at least *as clean*, as when going to *Court*. They were so exact in this Point, that they had *two Beds* in their Chamber, and frequently slept asunder. This gave a
Relish

Relish and a *Poignancy* to their most *refined Joys*, and brought with it that Sort of *Pleasure* that attends on *Novelty*, without the Assistance of *Variety*.

WERE I to be minute on the whole *Oeconomy* of the Family, this would rather be the *Memoirs* of Lord TRUEGOOD, than the History of JACK CONNOR.—The many Methods he practised to avoid *Drinking to Excess* himself, and preventing it in others; —His sundry Contrivances to convince the *Poor* of the Necessity of *Labour* and *Industry*; His successful Arts to abolish *profane Swearing* in his Family and Neighbourhood, and the many Schemes made use of, to persuade the Natives into *Justice* and *Honesty*, would fill a Volume.—What has already been said, are merely *Sketches*, and the *Out-lines* of the Picture: The nice Finishing of the *Features*, with the *Colouring* and *Drapery*, I must leave to the Management of the *skilful Reader*, whilst I pursue the Account of my little Friend.





C H A P. VIII.

*From Thomas Thumb to Thomas Jones,
You'll find some Diamonds and some Stones.
Read where you will, and all remark,
Much will be Light, but more be Dark.
If Judgment guides not your Intention,
The Poet loses his Invention.*

ANONIMOUS.

NEXT Morning Mr. Kindly found the Servants in the same merry Mood, and very chearfully agreed with them, but could by no Means guess the *real Cause*. He forgot not however, to send Mrs. Mathews to *John Long's*, to enquire after little *Jack*. She return'd in Raptures.—‘ Lord, Mr. Kindly, said she, I never saw so fine a Child in all my *born Days*; to be sure his Father was a healthy Man, and a good natur'd Man, for the little Fellow is as strong as *Hercles*, and his Complexion is as fine *White* and *Red*, as any *King's Son* in the Land; and he laughs and smiles, and is as happy as *any Thing*. God bless it!—Though I am a *Virgin*, as I may say, yet I *thinks* I should not blush, if he was
‘ my

‘ my own Son, and I am sure you need
 ‘ not be ashamed of him, for ‘tis no Harm
 ‘ for a Man.’—‘ How, how, *said Kindly*,
 ‘ so, Mrs. *Mathews*, you would infer that
 ‘ the Child is mine’—‘ Eh? Lord, Sir,
 ‘ *said she*, He’s so like’—She would have
 said more, but the *Muscles* of her Face
 took an involuntary Motion, and oblig’d
 her to run off in a loud Laugh.—‘ I be-
 ‘ lieve, *said he*, I have at last found out the
 ‘ Reason of so much Diversion in the Fa-
 ‘ mily. How apt are People to think *amiss*,
 ‘ and *invent* Scandal. They are happy,
 ‘ when they can indulge the Thought, that
 ‘ their Superiors do *wrong*; because, in
 ‘ some Sort, it brings them down to their
 ‘ own *Level*, and when we walk in the
 ‘ same Line, no wonder if our *Authority* is
 ‘ diminished.—I’m pleas’d however, they
 ‘ think no worse of me, for in this they
 ‘ will soon find their Error.’—He was go-
 ing on with many moral Reflections, and
 considering how to proceed, when the Bell
 summoned him to Dinner.

At Table, my Lady’s Woman was a
 little merry, and gave such Hints about *old*
Men and *young Girls*, that my Lord’s Gen-
 tleman could not forbear joyning in the Sa-
 tyr. He declar’d, that if venerable *Nestors*
 practis’d such Gambols in the Parish, he,
 and

and all the young Fellows would be obliged to run away for Shame.—‘ No, no, Mr.

‘ *Sympson*, cry’d *Mrs. Tittle*, You ought rather to stay, when you are sure of finding
‘ an *old Fellow* to Father your *Handy-work*.’

‘ —Very true indeed, Madam, said *Sympson*; but you know they say, an *old Cock*
‘ treads sure.’—At this witty Stroke *Mrs.*

Tittle laugh’d immoderately, and fix’d her Eyes on Mr. *Kindly*, but the *Butler* look’d grave, and having empty’d his Glass, said,

‘ Why lookee, Madam, *d’ye see*, when I am in Company, I love to understand
‘ what the Company say; so, *d’ye see*, be-

‘ cause *as how*, I don’t know what you and that Gentleman laugh at, mayhap it is at
‘ me. If so, out with it a God’s Name,

‘ for if it be *true*, I’ll own it, but if it be a *Lye*, as I suspect it is, keep it to your-

‘ selves, for I can’t scold with a *Gilflirt*, and I have something else to do, than
‘ knock down a *Butterfly*.’—Then clapping

his Hand on Madam the Governant’s Shoulder, who had not spoke a Word, cry’d,—
‘ What say you, Madam, to all this? You

‘ that know the very *Marrow* and *Quintessence* of good Manners. For my Part,
‘ *d’ye see*, I am for letting every *Tub* stand
‘ on its own Bottom.—That’s my Way,

‘ *Mamzell*.’

‘ Mon Dieu, Monsieur de *Butler*, said
 ‘ *Mademoiselle le Meagre*, I protes I am
 ‘ quite confus. *Mademoiselle Tittel*, she
 ‘ talk of *de Men*, and of *de Girl*, and laff
 ‘ so mouch, dat I assure you is ver mouch
 ‘ contre de *bien Séance*. Monsieur *Kindly*
 ‘ say noting, but Monsieur de *Sympson* he
 ‘ laff at one Monsieur *Nestor* and Monsieur
 ‘ *Oldcock*, but say noting *non plus*, and Mon-
 ‘ sieur *Butler*, he look serieux, and make a
 ‘ beau Discours on de *Gilfleur*, de *Papillon*
 ‘ and a *Tub*.—Bon Dieu! I understand not
 ‘ one *Syllabe*.’—‘ I protest, *Mademoiselle*,
 ‘ said Mr. *Kindly*, you are just on a Par
 ‘ with the Rest of the good Company;
 ‘ but People of *Wit* and *fine Teeth*, are apt
 ‘ to shew their Excellencies.’—In all Proba-
 bility Mrs. *Tittle* was going to make some
 very smart Answer, when a Servant en-
 tered, and told Mr. *Kindly*, that my Lord
 desired the Favour of his Company, which
 broke up the Party for this Time.

MR. CASSOCK, a young Clergyman,
 who was Tutor to the Children, constantly
 dined with my Lord, where Mr. *Kindly* was
 often sent for, as his Lordship particularly
 esteemed him; for he was most *careful* and
diligent in his Duty, of just Principles, and
 strong and nervous Understanding. Mr.
Kindly found only my Lord, my Lady and
 the

the Chaplain at Table: When two or three
 Glasses, and some common Chat had gone
 round, my Lady ask'd him when he heard
 from his Sons?—'Very lately, Madam;
 'said Mr. Kindly, thank God, and this
 'good Family, the Boys are in a Way of
 'advancing themselves; for they know
 'that their *Virtue* and *Industry* only can re-
 'commend them to his Lordship's Favour
 'and Protection.'—They shall not want
 'that, reply'd my Lord, my last Letters
 'mention your Son *Jack*, as the most di-
 'ligent Reader in the *Temple*. I was so
 'pleas'd with the Character they gave him,
 'that I have wrote to my Friend and Re-
 'lation, the *Lord Chancellor*, in his Favour;
 'so that, who knows but *Councillor Kindly*
 'may be imported into this Kingdom with
 'the next *Chancellor*?'—The good old Man
 could not refrain from Tears of Joy.—
 'You have not mentioned, said my Lady,
 'how my Favourite *Billy* is; he was al-
 'ways fond of going to *Church*, and Read-
 'ing *Prayers*; so, of Course he must be a
 '*Parson*.'—'Yes, Madam, said Kindly, he
 'was so inclin'd.—Thank God, he is in
 'good Health, and minds his Duty in the
 '*College*, but I fear he reads too much, for
 'I'm informed he intends to sit for the next
 '*Fellowship*, unknown to his Friends.'—

‘ Mr. *Kindly*, said my Lady, you are very
 ‘ happy in your Sons; and I assure you,
 ‘ your Daughter *Betty* has her Share of
 ‘ Merit. She is a very good Girl, and
 ‘ minds her Work with Mrs. *Le Meagre*
 ‘ extreamly well. In a Year or two she will
 ‘ be able to manage a *House*; so, Mr. *Kind-*
 ‘ *ly*, you must open your *Bags*, and I shall
 ‘ try and get her a good *Husband*.’ — ‘ I
 ‘ humbly thank your Ladyship, said *Kind-*
 ‘ *ly*; but a Child of Sixteen, bred up so
 ‘ much under your Ladyship’s good In-
 ‘ structions, I hope can’t entertain Thoughts
 ‘ of that Sort.’ — ‘ Who, reply’d my Lord,
 ‘ can tell the Thoughts of Girls! We must
 ‘ leave them to Time; but Mr. *Kindly*,
 ‘ since your *three Children* are in some Mea-
 ‘ sure *provided for*, I should be glad to
 ‘ know, if you have *any more*, that I could
 ‘ assist you in.’ — More, my Lord, said
 ‘ *Kindly*, I protest I don’t rightly com-
 ‘ prehend your Lordship.’ — ‘ Why,
 ‘ Mr. *Kindly*, said the Chaplain, you blush,
 ‘ and that is a sure Sign of your compre-
 ‘ hending; but since your *Memory* is so
 ‘ bad, permit me to rub it up, by asking
 ‘ you a single Question.’ — ‘ Sir, reply’d
 ‘ *Kindly*, you may ask as many as you
 ‘ please; but, as I am ignorant of any
 ‘ particular *Obligation*, I shall certainly on-
 ‘ ly

‘ly give you such Answers as I think proper.’—‘Guilty, guilty, my Lord, *cried the Parson*, ’tis plain by his Evasions.—‘Come, come, old Gentleman, to the Point, answer fairly, Have you not been *Flesh and Blood*?—Did not Temptation appear in the Shape of *Molly Connor*, the Miller’s Daughter;—And was not the Fruit of your Labour a—‘a Bastard,’ *said Kindly*, Is it not so you mean, Sir?’—‘Just so, indeed, Sir, *reply’d the Chaplain*, a fine chopping Boy.’

‘SINCE, *said Mr. Kindly*, my Lord and Lady are present at the heavy Charge laid on me by this *very young Gentleman*, I think myself bound in Duty to answer.—Your Lordship knows me incapable of *Falshood*, therefore I aver, in the most solemn Manner, there is not the least Foundation for so *malicious and scandalous* a Report. I am not ignorant of the Cause, and shall fully satisfy my Lord and Lady, but not before this worthy Gentleman, to whom I hope to be permitted to ask a Question or two, in my Turn.’—‘Undoubtedly, *said my Lady*, ’tis but fair and just.’—‘Stand fast, Mr. *Cassock*, *said my Lord*, or Old *Kindly* will be too many for you.’—‘Oh, my Lord, *answered Cassock*, I fear no one but an old Woman; if he

‘ will prove himself such, I shall run for it
‘ immediately.’—Very well, Sir, *said Kind-*
‘ ly, very well; will your Reverence per-
‘ mit me to ask, How would you have be-
‘ haved to me, if I vented on you the same
‘ Wit and Slander you were just now so
‘ good to bestow so liberally upon me?—I
‘ hope, Sir, *reply’d Cassack*, the Dignity of
‘ my *Function* makes a wide Difference be-
‘ tween me, and People in your Sphere.’—
‘ You mean, Sir, *said Kindly*, that it ought
‘ to make a wide Difference; but as you
‘ seem to want that Knowledge, I shall,
‘ with my Lord’s Permission, tell you
‘ wherein the Dignity consists.—When we,
‘ the poor Laity, who work for, and pay
‘ you, are Proud, Tyrannical, Envious, and
‘ the like, your *Function* obliges you to
‘ Meekness, Modesty, Love, and universal
‘ Charity, and Good-will to all Mankind,
‘ that we may see and admire the Charms of
‘ such a Conduct, and be almost compell’d
‘ to imitate it; ’tis then, and then only,
‘ that a real Dignity is added to your *Func-*
‘ tion; but when a Parson busies himself
‘ only about his Tythes, is immoral, too low-
‘ minded, or too full of Grandeur, to help
‘ or administer Comfort to his poor Pa-
‘ rishioners;—when he notoriously follows
‘ God for the Loaves and the Fishes;—when
‘ he

' he performs the *Offices of the Church*, with
 ' his *Eyes* wandering to every *Object*, and
 ' his *Hand* adjusting a new-acquir'd *Tippet*,
 ' or displaying a *Brilliant Ring*;—when he
 ' forgets the *Fervour of his Duty*, and
 ' seems to *Read* with a slighting *Indiffe-*
 ' *rence*;—when he takes *no Pains* to recon-
 ' cile the *Divisions* of his *Neighbours*, but
 ' foment little *Animosities*, and adds *Slan-*
 ' *der to Slander*, 'tis then, tho' his *Function*
 ' remains, his *Dignity* is lower'd even be-
 ' low the *Sexton's*.—Now, *Mr. Cassock*, if
 ' you know any of your *Brethren* who act
 ' in this *Manner*, tho' they *preach like An-*
 ' *gels*, you may assure them, the *ignorant*
 ' *Laity* will hold them, and *their Dignity*,
 ' in very *great Contempt*,—at least I promise
 ' you, *John Kindly* will.

' WELL said, old Gentleman, cry'd my
 ' *Lord*, upon my *Word* a notable *Dis-*
 ' *course*!—*Discourse*, said my *Lady*, I really
 ' think it a most admirable *Lesson*.—Why,
 ' *Mr. Cassock*, continued she, *Mr. Kindly* has
 ' furnish'd you with *Texts* enow for twenty
 ' *Sermons*.—Ay, ay, said my *Lord*, but I
 ' hope *Mr. Cassock's* good *Sense* will ra-
 ' ther incline him to apply the *Moral*,
 ' which will certainly add to my good *Opi-*
 ' *nion* of him.'

‘MR. CASSOCK blush’d, but answer’d,
‘I am not so vain as to believe myself
‘faultless; but perhaps I may be guilty of
‘some, that I have not properly attended
‘to. To shew your Lordship my Willing-
‘ness to amend, I am extreamly pleased at
‘Mr. *Kindly’s* plain Dealing, and shall en-
‘deavour to take the Hint.’—‘And I am,
‘*said my Lord*, as much pleas’d, you take
‘his *honest Freedom* in the true Light; for,
‘believe me, ’tis *less criminal* to commit a
‘Fault, than impatiently to bear a *gentle*
‘*Admonition*.’—‘Sir, *said Kindly to the*
‘*Chaplain*, since you are so good to forgive
‘me, I most heartily ask your Pardon, if
‘I have made Use of any unguarded Ex-
‘pressions.’—‘Why, *said my Lady*, this
‘Matter is settled just as it ought to be;—
‘but about this *Boy*, for a *Boy* there cer-
‘tainly is.’—‘Madam, *said Kindly*, if you
‘will permit me, I shall mention all I
‘know of this Affair.’—‘We can spare
‘you that Trouble, *said my Lord*, for my
‘Lady and I know it already; but let us
‘send for the young Stranger, for I long
‘to see him.’—‘I was, *said my Lady*, as
‘impatient as you, and have sent for him
‘already.’—She rung the Bell, and having
enquir’d of the Servant, was told, *John*
Long’s Wife had been in the Kitchen this
half

half Hour.—‘ Then, *said my Lady*, pray
 ‘ desire her, and her little Charge to come
 ‘ in.’—All the Servants had been admiring
 poor *Jack*, and mounted with him and *Mrs. Long*,
 almost into the Parlour. *Mrs. Long*
 made her profound Honours, and my Lady
 spoke very tenderly to her, and of her Fa-
 mily.—Mr. *Kindly* then presented *Jack*
Connor, saying, ‘ My Lord, this is my *little*
 ‘ *Boy*, who is much improv’d since Yester-
 ‘ day.’

Mrs. LONG had taken great Care to wash
 him well and clean, and comb his Head.
 His fine light-brown Hair hung in natural
 Curls, and his Complexion was remarkably
 good. He had clean Linen, and his own
red Waistcoat and *old Breeches*; but the good
 Woman had not yet given him a *Coat*, nor
Shoes nor *Stockings*.

My Lord and Lady seem’d charm’d
 with his Countenance, tho’ the poor Child
 was in the utmost Confusion and Astonish-
 ment.—My Lord’s two Sons now came in,
 and my Lady call’d them to her.—‘ My
 ‘ dear *Harry*, *said she*, here is a poor little
 ‘ Boy that has lost his Father and Mother,
 ‘ and was stripp’d of all his Cloaths. I
 ‘ believe he is a very good Child; so, you
 ‘ know, ’twould be a Sin to let him go
 ‘ quite naked, and starve.’—‘ O dear, *said*
 E 5 ‘ *Harry*,

‘ *Harry*, indeed I’ll give him my brown
 ‘ Coat and Breeches.’—‘ And indeed, Ma-
 ‘ dam, *said Billy*, I’ll give him a Shirt and
 ‘ a Pair of Stockings.’—‘ And I’m sure,
 ‘ *said Harry*, my Shoes will be large enough.’
 —They saw my Lady’s consenting Looks,
 and instantly ran to perform their Promise.
 All were pleas’d at the Tenderness and
 Good-nature of the Children; and whilst
 they were absent, Mr. *Kindly* ask’d *Jack*,
 where was his Book? The Boy could just
 say, ‘ *here, Sir,*’ and gave it him.—‘ This
 ‘ Book, my Lord, *said Kindly*, has greatly
 ‘ prejudiced me in Favour of this *poor*
 ‘ *Child*. I caught him reading in it, and
 ‘ I made him turn to another Part, which
 ‘ he distinctly read; and, by Accident, it
 ‘ was this Paragraph.’—Mr. *Kindly* gave
 the Book to Mr. *Cassock*, who read it, which
 affected my Lord, but brought Tears into
 my Lady Eyes.

‘ THERE seems to me, *said my Lord*,
 ‘ somewhat remarkable in the Story of this
 ‘ Child; I’ll try him a little.’ Then turn-
 ing to Mrs. *Long*, told her to leave the Boy
 with him. When Mrs. *Long* had retired,
 he took *Jack* between his Knees, and with
 great Fondness and Good-humour, ask’d
 him many Questions, and received short,
 but very proper Answers. He then shew’d
 him

him a *Guinea* and a *Shilling*, but the Child knew not what they were. At last he produc'd an *Halfpenny*, and Jack readily told the Name.—‘ Well, my Dear, *said my Lord*, ‘ what will you do with that *Halfpenny*? ‘ —I must, *reply'd Jack*, give it to my ‘ Mother, for I always give it to her.’— ‘ And which Way, *said my Lord*, do you ‘ get an *Halfpenny*?’—‘ I run, *said the ‘ Child*, after every Body in the Road, and ‘ they give me an *Hapenny* for the *Love of ‘ God*.’ ‘ That’s my good Child, *said my ‘ Lord*;’ and turning to Mr. *Kindly*, added, ‘ I can easily discover the Profession of his ‘ Parents, or those he was with; but his ‘ *Reading* and his *Accent*, I own, surprize ‘ me. However, since *Providence* has di- ‘ rected him to take *Sanctuary* in my House, ‘ I am determin’d to take Care of him.— ‘ I think, *continued he*, the saving an *Inno- ‘ cent* from Perdition, and breeding him up ‘ in *virtuous Principles*, is in Fact giving ‘ him a *new Birth*, and encreasing our own ‘ *Happiness*, in the same Degree we give it ‘ to others.’—‘ The Power, *said my Lady*, ‘ of doing Good, is certainly the highest ‘ Gratification a *rational Mind* is capable ‘ of receiving.’—‘ True, indeed Madam, ‘ *said Kindly*, your Power to do Good, is ‘ Great, but Heaven has added another ‘ Blessing

‘ Blessing to you both, in giving you *Hearts*
 ‘ and *Minds* ready and willing to exercise
 ‘ that *Power* on every proper *Object*.—In
 ‘ the Name of this poor tender Creature,
 ‘ I humbly thank your Lordship, and my
 ‘ good Lady; and I pray God he may live to
 ‘ shew his *Gratitude* to such bountiful Bene-
 ‘ factors.’

THE two Boys, by this Time, had got the Cloaths, and running with them into the Parlour, were going immediately to strip poor *Jack*, but my Lord stopp’d them, and kissing *Harry*, told him, ‘ He was so good and *charitable*, he would give him the prettiest little *Horse* he could get, and a Bridle and Saddle.’—‘ And because, *said my Lady*, my dear *Billy* follow’d his Brother’s good Example, I shall do as much for him.’—The Children were quite happy, and *Harry* ran, as my Lord bid him, for Mrs. *Long*.—‘ Here, Mrs. *Long*, *said my Lord*, take back your little Fellow for this Night. Dress him in these Cloaths, and be so good to come with him To-morrow, for we all intend to take some Care of *Jack*.’—His Lordship then put the *Boy* and *Half a Guinea* into her Hand, and she bless’d their Honours, and retir’d.—Before Mrs. *Long* quitted the House, Mr. *Kindly* desir’d her to pack
 up

up all the *old Rags* belonging to Jack, and bring them to him.



CHAP. IX.

*What can our Judgment or our Prudence do
If Chains of Accidents concur not too?
One happy Accident, One lucky Hit,
Out-ballances our Wisdom and our Wit.*

ANONIMOUS.

MR S. LONG found the Coat and other Things. fitted *Jack* very well, and had dress'd him with great Neatness. On his Arrival at my Lord's, the whole Family admir'd his *Strength* and his exact *Make*, but he seem'd more *awkward* than before, and was very uneasy with his Shoes. Mr. *Kindly* provided him with some Necessaries, and employ'd him in attending my Lord's Sons in their Amusements, and in cleaning their Shoes, and brushing their Coats. At leisure Times he heard him read in the *Bible*, or his own Book, and my Lord and Lady often did the same.

IN six Months the Boy was quite chang'd.
The chearful and happy Disposition in-
dulg'd him by Nature, shew'd itself on a
thousand

thousand Occasions; inſomuch, that he became a general Favourite, and was ſenſible of his Happineſs. Mr. *Kindly*, from Time to Time gave him ſuch Leſſons of *Duty* and *Gratitude*, as ſuited his Age, and Mr. *Caffock* taught him his *Prayers*, *Catechiſm*, and other Matters, equal with my Lord's Children.

ONE Day, as Mr. *Kindly* was writing in his Office, *Jack* approach'd him, and bluſhing, but with a modeſt Smile, look'd up, and ſeem'd as if he had a Favour to aſk. — 'Well *Jack*, ſaid the good Man, d'ye want another Book.' — 'No indeed, Sir,' reply'd the Child, 'I don't want a Book.' — 'Why, you Rogue, ſaid *Kindly*, I hope you are not tir'd of Reading?' 'Yes indeed, Sir, ſaid *Jack*.' 'O ho, ſaid the old Man, very well, ſince you will not read, and be a good Boy, I ſhall get you a Leather Coat and Cap, and you ſhall be a Poſtillion, and lie with the Horſes.' *Jack's* Countenance chang'd, his Eyes ſwell'd, and he burſt into a violent Fit of Crying. — Mr. *Kindly* was a long Time before he could dry his Tears, or get him to ſpeak and explain what he wanted. — 'Sir,' ſaid *Jack* at laſt, 'indeed and indeed, I am not tir'd of Reading, for if you pleaſe, I would be very good, and write as you do,

‘do, if you’d give me Pens and Paper.’
—The Tenderneſs of the old Gentleman was touch’d at the Child’s Requeſt.—‘Yes,’
‘ſaid he, my dear Jack, you ſhall have
‘Pens and Paper, and I will get you a
‘little Desk in the Office, and teach you to
‘write myſelf.’—Jack was quite delighted,
and the Novelty of the Employment di-
verted and pleaſed Mr. Kindly, particularly as
his Pupil was ſo apt a Scholar, that in eigh-
teen Months he wrote a very good Hand,
and perfectly underſtood the four firſt Rules
of Arithmetick.

He was now about Ten Years of Age,
and ſeem’d to have a Faculty in learning
whatever he undertook. In the Plays of
Children he was dexterous, and in the little
Occupations of the Family, he was Hand-
dy and Neat. He had a certain Manner of
doing Things, that Nature alone can give,
and what ſome can only imitate, even by
Labour and Pains. Another natural Gift
began at this Time to be remarkable, for
he had a fine Voice, and greatly diverted
the Maids with *Irish* Songs. Some were
of Humour, and requir’d a proper Ma-
nagement of Voice and Words to keep up
the Drollery. This he was a perfect Maſter
of.

The

The Boys were one Morning at Play in the Fields, and Mr. *Cassock*, who commonly attended them, was, by Accident, at a good Distance. Master *Harry* and *Jack* had some Words, and *Harry* gave him a Blow on the Face. *Jack* greatly resented this, and told him, if he was not my Lord's Son, he'd beat him heartily. *Harry*, fir'd at the Rebuke and Menace, pull'd off his Coat, and flew at him like a little Tiger. *Jack* defended himself without returning a Stroke, though his Hair was almost torn off his Head. At last he receiv'd a violent Cut which stunn'd him, and made his Nose bleed. He then cried out most bitterly, and run directly Home. The Tutor heard his Cries, and saw him running, and joining the Boys, Master *Billy* told him the real Truth. As *Jack* was entering the House, my Lord saw him from a Window in his Study, and order'd a Servant to bring him up. With some Difficulty he got the Story out of him, and Mr. *Cassock* and the two Boys entering with my Lady, my Lord was confirm'd in the Truth of what he said, and looking very *serious*, and in great Concern, sat down and took up his Book.

' I AM, said my Lady, quite surpriz'd and astonish'd, that *Harry* could behave
' in

‘ in so brutal a Manner to a poor Boy that
 ‘ loves him.—Come hither *Jack*, said *she*,
 ‘ —Do you think you could beat *Harry*, if
 ‘ you were to box and fight fairly?’ ‘ Yes
 ‘ indeed, please your Ladyship, said *Jack*,
 ‘ for Master *Harry* knows I’m stronger
 ‘ than him.’—‘ Very well, reply’d my Lady,
 ‘ I believe what you say, and now remem-
 ‘ ber, you have my Lord’s Leave and
 ‘ mine, to beat him soundly whenever he
 ‘ strikes you again.’—Then turning to a
 Servant, order’d *Jack* to be taken down and
 clean’d.—Poor *Harry* was in great Tribu-
 lation; but when my Lady, very gravely,
 directed *him* to go to the Kitchen, and dine
 with the Servants, he cry’d most dreadfully.
 —‘ Why, Sir, said my Lady, you are fit
 ‘ for no other Company; for, when a young
 ‘ Gentlemen will fight with his Servant,
 ‘ does he not make him his equal? But I
 ‘ suppose you think you may do what you
 ‘ please with *Jack*; but to convince you,
 ‘ Sir, you are no better than him, except
 ‘ you behave better, you shall wear *his*
 ‘ Cloaths, and he *yours*, and then I believe
 ‘ every Stranger will take him for Master
 ‘ *Harry*, and you for *Jack Connor*.’

HARRY begg’d and intreated, and gave
 many Promises of never doing the like a-
 gain.—‘ You see, said my Lady, when one
 ‘ does

‘ does a naughty Thing, no-body speaks in
 ‘ our Favour. I cannot forgive you, ex-
 ‘ cept my Lord does.’—Then turning a-
 bout, ‘ Will your Lordship, *said she*, par-
 ‘ don *Harry* this one Fault, he promises,
 ‘ and is penitent.’—‘ My Dear, *said my*
 ‘ Lord, what can I do in the Affair? If
 ‘ Master *Harry* was a Gentleman, and had
 ‘ beaten a Servant of mine, I should cer-
 ‘ tainly resent the Affront, except he begg’d,
 ‘ and obtain’d my Servant’s Pardon.’—
 ‘ That’s true indeed, *said my Lady*, so, my
 ‘ dear *Billy*, call up *Jack*, and I am sure
 ‘ *Harry* will beg his Pardon very sincerely.’
 —Mr. *Cassock*, who knew his Time, began
 now to intercede for Master *Harry*, and
 assur’d my Lord he never knew him do a
 Thing of that Sort, or put himself into so
 violent a Passion before; that, as it was the
first Fault, he begg’d my Lord to forgive
 him, and could almost promise it would be
 the last.

My Lord shak’d his Head, and the two
 Boys entering, my Lady spoke to *Harry*,
 who immediately went and kiss’d *Jack*, and
 very heartily ask’d his Pardon. *Jack*
 blush’d, but with a Smile bow’d, and kiss’d
 him again.—*Harry* then went to my Lord,
 and on his Knees begg’d his Forgiveness.
 My Lord rais’d him, saying, ‘ I forgive
 ‘ you,

‘ you, my Dear, this Fault, since you are
 ‘ sorry for committing it, but depend on
 ‘ *your Honour*, that you will keep your
 ‘ Word, and never vex your Papa again.
 ‘ Now go and beg my Lady’s Pardon, for
 ‘ you have greatly offended and fretted her.’
 —My Lady took him in her Arms, and
 the Affair ended much to the Satisfaction of
 all Parties.

Two Days after, the three Boys, the
 Chaplain, and a Servant with a Gun, went
 in the Morning to walk as usual. A small
 Rivulet run by one of the Fields, which
 they generally cross’d by the Help of large
 Stones, but an Abundance of Rain having
 fallen, it was rais’d above four Feet, and
 very rapid. This itopp’d their Progress;
 but, as they mounted the Brook to find an-
 other Passage, *Harry* saw a *Jack-daw* in a
 Tree on the opposite Side, and the Boys
 begg’d the Servant to fire at it, and they
 mounted the Ditch to see it fall. *Jack* went
 a little lower to get a convenient Stand, but
 scarcely had he been there a Moment, when,
 the Earth breaking under *Harry*’s Feet, he
 fell into the River.—His Brother shriek’d,
 but *Jack* instantly took Hold of a Bough
 of a Tree that fell near the Water, and
 stretching out as far as he was able, caught
Harry by the Hair, just as he rose, having
 been

been carry'd by the Stream about ten Yards, and held him fast.—*Billy* roar'd and stamp'd, and the poor Parson and Servant were frighten'd almost into *Stupidity*, till *Jack* call'd out *here—here*.—They got to him just in Time, for his whole Weight resting on his left Arm, his *little* Force was almost exhausted.—*Cassock* and the Servant jump'd in directly, and rescu'd *Harry*; but, not immediately attending to the Care of *Jack*, the poor Boy could not retire, but fell in between them. However, they divided their Labour, and brought the Children safely out.

Jack had only got a Ducking, but *Harry* was some Time before he could speak, but being laid on the Grass, he soon recovered. The Tenderness of the Boys is not to be express'd; they kiss'd him a thousand Times, and even cry'd with Joy. Mr. *Cassock*, fearing they might catch Cold, walk'd pretty smartly towards the House, near which they met my Lord, looking over some Improvements. He was greatly surpriz'd at the Condition they were all in, but much more so, when the Chaplain told him of the Accident, and particularly of *Jack's* ready Thought. My Lord was much mov'd, and most affectionately embracing the Children, carry'd them to my Lady, who

who waited their coming in to Breakfast. —As my Lord told her the Story, *Love*, *Tenderness*, *Surprise* and *Fear*, were visible in her Countenance. Her Heart seemed ready to leap from its Habitation, and the *whole Mother* rushing violently on her Spirits, she seiz'd *Harry* in her Arms, and would have fall'n with him, had not my Lord and Mr. *Cassock* supported her to her Chair, where she did not recover till her Tears were suffer'd to come to her Assistance.

THE Boys were put in warm Beds, and the Chaplain was advis'd to change his Cloaths. My Lord and the Women stayed with my Lady, and indeed she had great Occasion for them.—Mr. *Kindly* had been absent on Business; but when he return'd, and heard of the Affair, he trembled excessively; but Joy succeeding, he ran to my Lord, and Lady, then to the two Boys, whom he almost smother'd with Caresses, then to the Chaplain, and then to my Lord again. In a Word, the *poor Man* could think and speak of Nothing else, and even of that not very distinctly.

THE Hurry of the Family ceas'd by Degrees, and all Matters were set right by Dinner Time, and *Jack* took his Place behind the Boys, whom he always waited on.

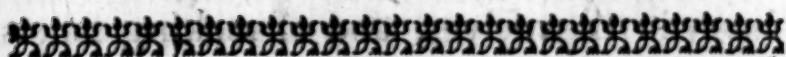
A Neighbouring Gentleman hearing of the Accident, came to felicitate my Lord on Master *Harry's* providential Escape.—At Dinner it was the particular Conversation, and Mr. *Cassock* was compell'd to repeat the Morning Adventure with all its Circumstances, which often oblig'd *Jack* to blush and hold down his Head.—My Lord bid him never to be ashamed at doing Good, and the Gentleman was very lavish of his Praises.—My Lady look'd at Master *Harry*, and hinting at the Quarrel, said,—‘ We
 ‘ may plainly see how much it is our In-
 ‘ terest to be Good and Friendly to, and a-
 ‘ void giving Offence to the poorest Crea-
 ‘ ture, since every Man, however low or
 ‘ mean, may, if he pleases, be of great Use,
 ‘ or do an irreparable Injury to the Greatest.
 ‘ Let what will be our Situations, we are
 ‘ born to help and assist each other, accord-
 ‘ ing to our Power and Abilities, and he,
 ‘ who does it not, destroys the End of his
 ‘ Creation.—This, said she, is a plain Truth,
 ‘ and I hope you and your Brother will re-
 ‘ member and practise it, as long as you
 ‘ live.’

THUS, out of every Accident, or the most common Occurences, did these wise Parents inculcate *Virtue* and *Humanity* in the Minds of their Children, and gave them

a moral Certainty of their being hereafter *happy* in themselves, and of making others *happy*.

IN the Evening the Gentleman took his Leave, and calling *Jack*, kiss'd him and put a Crown in his Hand, which he immediately deposited with Mr. *Kindly*. My Lord gave the Servant which had been with the Children, a Farm worth Ten Pounds a Year. Many poor neighbouring Families felt, on this Occasion, his Goodness and Liberality, and he added ten Children more to the Charity Scheme before-mentioned. The Chaplain was not forgot in my Lord's Thoughts, and my Lady order'd *Jack* new Cloaths from Head to Foot.

As the Family was extremely belov'd, no Wonder if all the Gentlemen round continued for some Time to visit and congratulate them on their good Fortune. Scarcely one quitted *Bounty-Hall*, without a Mark of Regard for *Jack*. These he always consign'd to Mr. *Kindly*, so that his Riches at last amounted to the mighty Sum of *Ten Pounds*.



C H A P. X.

*The Reason why so few Marriages are happy,
is, Because young Ladies spend their Time
in making Nets, and not in making Cages.*

SWIFT'S MAXIMS.

P E R H A P S my merry Readers are extremely angry at being so long detain'd in Company with *Boys*, whilst others of a more serious Turn are pleas'd with the Opening of the Heart, and the gradual Increase of Knowledge in the Minds of Children. Others again, reading only as a mere Amusement, and to *kill Time*, are in an actual State of Indifference, and provided the great End is answer'd, are equally charm'd with *Clarissa*, as *Tom Jones*. That these Classes may be gratified, I shall beg Leave to introduce a young Lady, by way of Episode; and because she is the Daughter of my good Friend Mr. *Kindly*.

MISS BETTY KINDLY, now turn'd of Twenty, was a most agreeable Girl, with good Sense and good Humour. Mr. *Cassock* had a small paternal Fortune, a good Allowance from my Lord, and forty Pounds

a Year, for officiating for the Minister of the Parish, who was about Fourscore Years of Age. This young Gentleman was not insensible of the Charms of Miss *Betty*, and of her more essential Qualifications; and knowing my Lord's Sons would soon be removed from *his Care*, determin'd to take the Advantage of the general Joy, and solicit my Lady's Interest. He suffer'd not the Time to elapse, but took the first Opportunity when my Lady was alone.—She rally'd him a little at first, on his being *in Love*, but assuring him of all her good Offices, added, —‘ I believe a *little* of my Interest will go a *great Way*, for I much doubt if you have not a powerful *Friend* already in the *Garrison*.’—Mr. *Cassock* blush'd, and, awkwardly thanking her Ladyship, retir'd.—It seems Mademoiselle *Le Meagre* had inform'd her of what pass'd in Miss *Betty*'s Heart, which she was convinced of, by some Observations on her late Conduct.

My Lord was extremely pleased at this Discovery, and declar'd it was what he had always wish'd. After Dinner he sent for Mr. *Kindly*, and the Chat at last fell on Jack Connor.—‘ I wish, my Lord, said Mr. *Kindly*, you would permit my instructing that poor Boy in the Duty of my Station. He

‘ is surprisingly *diligent, notable, and honest* ;
 ‘ and so expert at his Pen, that, young as
 ‘ he is, he has often assisted me.—I think
 ‘ I have been a faithful Servant to your
 ‘ Lordship, and your truly *noble Father*,
 ‘ who bred me from a Child ; and it would
 ‘ give me the greatest Joy to have almost
 ‘ a Certainty of leaving as just a one to
 ‘ succeed me.—Age, my Lord, steals on,
 ‘ and should Heaven indulge me with a
 ‘ few more Years of Strength and Abilities,
 ‘ I must then submit to our common De-
 ‘ stiny.’—My Lord wink’d at her *Lady-*
ship, and she at Mr. *Cassock*, who instantly
 withdrew, and my Lady soon follow’d.

‘ JACK, *said my Lord*, has sav’d my
 ‘ Son ; if I had no other Motive than that,
 ‘ you may be assur’d he is greatly in my
 ‘ Thoughts ; but I love the Boy for many
 ‘ Reasons, having notic’d particularly his
 ‘ Behaviour ; but as I am determin’d to
 ‘ send him with my Sons to Mr. *Johnston’s*,
 ‘ where he may learn a little more, we must
 ‘ postpone your Scheme till his Return.—
 ‘ Since you think, *continued my Lord*, so
 ‘ much of my *Jack*, give me Leave to
 ‘ think a little of *your Betty*.—The Girl is
 ‘ of Age, and you know young Wenches
 ‘ are *Flesh and Blood*.—In two Words,
 ‘ poor *Cassock* loves her ; and, if my Intel-
 ‘ ligence

‘ligence be right, *Betty* is far from dislik-
 ‘ing him; therefore, if you approve of
 ‘the Match, the *Parson* must have some
 ‘Money to buy a *new Gown*, and a fresh
 ‘Cargoe of *Sermons*.’—‘Does your Lord-
 ‘ship approve of it, *said Kindly*? ‘I do,
 ‘*said my Lord*.’—‘Then, *reply’d the old*
 ‘*Man*, I have no Will, but your Lord-
 ‘ship’s, and To-morrow, Sir, I shall put
 ‘into your Hands the Value of three hun-
 ‘dred Pounds, and submit my *dear Child*
 ‘to your Lordship’s Judgment, thinking
 ‘myself the happiest of Men, by the Fa-
 ‘vour and Indulgence of the *best of Mas-*
 ‘*ters*.’

‘I thank you, *said my Lord*, for your
 ‘Compliment, and to shew you how much
 ‘I approve of this Union, and that your
 ‘Daughter may be under your own Eye,
 ‘I intend to present Mr. *Cassock* to this Pa-
 ‘rish, on the Death of the present *Incum-*
 ‘*bent*. You know ’tis worth two hundred
 ‘Pounds a Year, and that Dr. *Canter* is
 ‘superannuated, and cannot last long.’—
Kindly, with uplifted Hands, was attempt-
 ‘ing to utter his Gratitude, but my Lord
 ‘stopp’d him, saying,—‘No more of that,
 ‘Mr. *Kindly*, I am now going to advance
 ‘this Matter,’ And retiring, left the happy
old Man but the Power of thanking *Provi-*
dence,

dence, and admiring the Goodness of my Lord.

IN a few Days Mr. *Cassock* was presented in Form to Miss *Kindly*. All the Conversation of the Family was on the approaching Wedding, which was fix'd at no longer a Distance than a Week, and some neighbouring Families were invited.

WERE I a *French* Memoir Writer, I should naturally embrace this Opportunity to extol the *Virgin Charms* of the Bride, and describe the Beauty and Propriety of every Part of her Dress without a slavish Regard to Truth. I should then have said,——

“ Scarcely were the Curtains drawn which
 “ permitted the Sun's Appearance, when
 “ Miss opened those Eyes, that alone could
 “ eclipse his *Brightness*. She sigh'd, and
 “ sometimes wish'd, and sometimes trem-
 “ bled at the Approach of the Time, when
 “ she was to be,—she knew not what,—she
 “ knew not where. Hope and Fear in-
 “ gross'd her whole Imagination till the
 “ Hour arriv'd, when she bid an eternal
 “ Adieu to that Bed, destin'd never more
 “ to embrace her *Virgin Innocence*. Made-
 “ moiselle *Le Meagre* and Mrs. *Tittle* as-
 “ sisted in adjusting her Dress, and her
 “ Ladyship deigned to give her Advice and
 “ Help. Her *Tresses* were of the finest
 “ Brown,

“ Brown, which hanging behind in small
 “ natural Ringlets, were nicely order’d to
 “ crown her Forehead, and touch her Ears
 “ which were ornamented with *Brilliants* ;
 “ and, though of the first Water, her
 “ *Charms* added a particular *Lustre* and *Re-*
 “ *fulgency* to. Diamonds likewise sparkled
 “ round her lovely *Neck*, and, a little above
 “ the heavenly *Orbs*, hung the glittering
 “ Cross,

Which JEWS might kiss and Infidels adore.

“ Her Stays discover’d a Shape the most
 “ exact and delicate, and the Robe that
 “ clos’d on it, was of the finest white Silk
 “ of *Padua*. A Bunch of *Jasmin*, *Hya-*
 “ *cintbs* and *Roses*, took their Place near
 “ her Neck, and seem’d to envy the Vici-
 “ nity of a *superior* Fragrancy. She de-
 “ scended to the Apartment where the
 “ Company, and her desiring Lover, im-
 “ patiently attended, and where a most mag-
 “ nificent and elegant Dinner was provided.
 “ The first Course consisted of ” — I hope
 the courteous Reader will excuse my not
 proceeding farther in *mere Sound*, and per-
 mit me to say in plain *English*, that the
 Wedding-Day at last came, and that Miss
Betty behav’d as Girls naturally do on the
 F 3 Occasion.

Occasion. My Lady had made her a Present of genteel *plain Cloaths*; and her good Complexion Shape and Size, made her a very desirable Object. Mr. *Cassock* look'd, and seem'd to think her a Subject *worth handling*.—When the Ceremony, and the usual Compliments were over, my Lord declar'd his Intention of giving the Parish to Mr. *Cassock*, on the Death of Doctor *Canter*.—This was a *Comment* on the *Text*, that Mr. *Cassock* had not known before; and, as it perfectly agreed with his Way of Thinking, he look'd on the *Author* as a very *learned* and *wise* Man.—The Truth is, he was so struck with my Lord's Bounty, that neither he nor his Bride could return their Thank but by their humble Obediences.

My Lord had still in Reserve what was to complete the Reward of Mr. *Kindly's* Fidelity.—He first bestow'd many Compliments on him before all the Company, and then added, —‘ When my Boys are settled at Mr. *Johnston's* School, my Lady and I purpose staying for some Time in *England*. You will then, Mr. *Kindly*, be so good to audit the Accounts of my Receivers, and take the Charge and Management of my *Charity Children*. You and the young Couple must keep this
‘ House

‘ House warm in my Absence; and, that
 ‘ the Roof may be always in good Order,
 ‘ and to defray the Expences attending
 ‘ your Increase of Business, I desire you
 ‘ will charge me with one-hundred Pounds
 ‘ a Year extraordinary; and now, Mr.
 ‘ Kindly, give me Leave to regard you as
 ‘ my *Companion* and my *Friend*.’

A PROFOUND Silence ensu’d, till the *old Man*, finding his Tongue, he pour’d out whatever his *grateful* Heart suggested, and ending in most fervent Prayers, retir’d in Haste, to give his Tears of Joy full Scope. —At Dinner he was pretty chearful; and *Mirth, Good-humour* and *Happiness* admir’d *Bounty-Hall*, and resided there.

As I am call’d another Way, it cannot be expected I should wait on this Company the whole Evening, much less pretend to conduct Mr. *Cassock* and his *Bride* to that *Theatre*, where we are suffer’d to see the *Actors*, but by the Reflection of *Fancy*. — Let it suffice to say, that the young Lady was next Morning Mrs. *Cassock*.

So much has been said of this *noble Family*, that I fear some will be apt to suspect my Veracity. — *Envy* will positively assert, that the Characters are *absurd, unnatural*, and without a *Precedent*. — *Ill-naure* will discover the *Sarcasm*, in placing in full

View, what the *Nobility* ought *truly* to be, in Opposition to what some *really* are.—The Thought, of such *scandalous* Insinuations, determines me to quit *Bounty-Hall*, and shift the Scene.

'Tis necessary to inform my Readers, that Mr. *Johnston*, who I am now going to visit, is the *Clergyman* that was a Companion to my Lord in his Travels.—During their Stay at *Paris*, Mr. *Johnston* became acquainted with Madam *Bonfoy*, the Widow of a Captain who had been kill'd in the Service. She had solicited for a Pension; but, being known to be a *Hugonot*, could never obtain it. As she had two thousand Livres a Year on the Town-House of *Paris*, and the Interest of some Money, she kept genteel Apartments, and liv'd in a very decent Manner with her Niece, who was about four Years old.

THE Temper of Madam *Bonfoy* was so like Mr. *Johnston's*, an Inclination for each other ensu'd, which *ended*, or rather *increas'd*, in Matrimony.—My Lord got him a good Living in the North of *Ireland*, but afterwards advis'd him to exchange for one of less Value near *Portarlinton*, in the *King's County*, inhabited mostly by *French Protestants*, and where little of any other Language was spoken. My Lord gave him
him

him the Plan of a *School*, which, by Mr. and Mrs. *Johnston's* good Management, could not fail of being extremely advantageous to them. Mr. *Johnston* had now been in that Situation near four Years, and met with great Approbation, as he had Talents peculiar to that Profession.

MASTER *Harry* was now twelve Years of Age, and all Things were preparing for the Journey of the three Boys. Every one in the Family began to dread the Loss of such Children, who, by a thousand little Pranks, were extremely dear to them. Miss *Harriot* began to pine and cry, that she was to lose her Brothers, and her Favourite little *Jack*. In short, it is impossible to express the silent Grief that reign'd in the House.

MR. KINDLY took up whole Days in preaching to *Jack*, and giving him good Advice.—‘ Perhaps, my dear Child, *said he*,
 ‘ I may never see you again; if so, mind
 ‘ my Words, and I shall be always present
 ‘ with you, and shield you from those E-
 ‘ vils the World is full of. If you *despise*
 ‘ and *neglect* them, depend upon it, *Cala-*
 ‘ *mity* and *Misfortunes* will attend you.
 ‘ That my Counsel may not be forgotten,
 ‘ I have wrote it down, and put it in your
 ‘ Trunk, that you may read, and get it by
 F 5 ‘ Heart.

Heart. They are the same Instructions I gave to my own Sons when they went from me, and, in general, will answer your Purposes. I have likewise, *continued* *he*, put up a good Store of Paper and Pens, and I insist on your Writing frequently to me, with a particular Account how the young Gentlemen behave, and how you employ your Time.'——*Jack* cry'd most heartily, and faithfully promis'd to obey all his Commands, and be a good Boy.——The Children took Leave of the Neighbours, but *Jack*, in a very tender and particular Manner, took *his* of Mrs. Long and the good-natur'd Groom.

THE Coach and Servants were prepared, and the young Travellers were to set out next Morning with my Lord and Mr. *Cassock*. Her Ladyship being with Child, prevented her being of the Party.

THE Morning came, and the Horses were ordered to be put too.——Mr. *Kindly* took *Jack* in his Hand to the Office, and, shewing him his little Effects in a small Trunk he had provided, put therein a Purse, saying,——' *Jack*, here is all your Money, with some Interest, amounting to Fifteen Guineas. I know you will take great Care and keep it, till you really want it. You are no Fool, my Dear, and
he

' he must be the greatest Fool that spends
 ' his Money idly.'——*Jack* gave him
 his Word, he should find it all when he
 came back.——' Yesterday, *said Mr. Kindly*,
 ' I told you I might never see you more.
 ' I have this small Box to give you as my
 ' last Legacy. It contains a Book, that in
 ' Time you may read ; but as I know you
 ' love Truth, I must have your Promise
 ' never to open it, but at the Time I di-
 ' rect.'——*Jack* fell on his Knees, and as-
 sur'd him, he would never open it, if he
 order'd.——' Then, *said the old Man*, mind
 ' what I say : I lay my Commands on you,
 ' never to open this Box, except you be
 ' reduced to the greatest Necessity, and al-
 ' most want Bread.'——So saying, he lock'd
 it in the Trunk, and gave *Jack* the Key.
 ——' Now *said Mr. Kindly*, I have but
 ' one Word more to say :——If God should
 ' prosper you in the World, and your Heart
 ' should swell with *Pride* and *Arrogance*,
 ' remember that *Drawer*, and correct those
 ' Vices.'--Pray, Sir, *said Jack*, what is in that
 Drawer?——' You shall see,' *said Kindly*,
 and, producing his *old red Waistcoat*, *tat-*
ter'd Shirt and *Breeches*, said,——' This,
 ' *Jack*, is your *Original*, so judge if *Pride*
 ' and *Haughtiness* will agree with such a
 ' Dress.'——The Boy blush'd, and embrac-
 ing

cing Mr. *Kindly's* Wait, assur'd him, he would always remember the *Drawer* and the *Dog-Kennel*.

THEY now join'd the Children, whom they found in Tears, having just quitted her Ladyship. *Jack* was sent in by my Lord, and on his Knees, most humbly thank'd her Ladyship for all her Goodness to him.—The parting with her Sons made her scarcely able to speak, but she bid him mind his Business, and *serve God*.—She could utter no more, but with a tender Embrace let him depart.

THE Servants had their Turn, and the Boys were almost hugg'd to Death.—With great Difficulty they quitted this moving Scene, and the Coach driving off, were followed by the Prayers and Blessings of a thousand of the poor Inhabitants.





CHAP. XI.

*Seek you to train your fav'rite Boy?
Each Caution, ev'ry Care employ;
And e'er you venture to confide,
Let his Preceptor's Heart be try'd;
Weigh well his Manners, Life and Scope,
On these depends thy future Hope.*

GAY.

THE Occurrences on the Road are not worth mentioning; but my Lord and Mr. *Cassock* gave the Lads a good Impression of their new Master, and explain'd the Rules and Customs of the School. Mr. *Johnston* was prepar'd for their Reception, and thank'd my Lord for the Honour he did him. After Supper, my Lord and Mr. *Cassock* went to private Lodgings. The two Brothers had a Chamber to themselves, and *Jack* had a small one near the Back-Stairs at the End of the Gallery.

BEFORE Eight next Morning, my Lord and Mr. *Cassock* went to Mr. *Johnston's*. All the Scholars had not yet made their Appearance; but the Bell ringing, the rest soon were in the School, where Mr. *Johnston* and the Family attended my Lord, when

when all were seated, one of the *Lads* mounted a Desk, and with great Reverence began the *Morning Service* of the *Church*; another read the *Lessons* of the Day; Mr. *Lilly*, the *Usher*, rais'd the *Psalms*, and the first Boy finish'd the *Prayers*, except the *Blessing*, which Mr. *Johnston* always pronounced.—This over, an Hour was employ'd in examining their Exercises, and giving others for the following Day, and then they retir'd to Breakfast.

My Lord was again conducted to School, when one of the most *ingenious* of the Gentlemen ascended the *Pulpit*, and made a *Latin Oration* on the *Rise of Nobility*. He very artfully insinuated, how happy some *Families* were, in always leaving Heirs to their *Virtues* as well as their *Titles*; and, that he could point out, even in these degenerate Days, a *living Example* of that *Blessing*, were he at Liberty to speak, without being suspected of *Flattery*; and concluded, that tho' many *Patricians* were a Scandal to their *own* and every *other Order*, yet some were always found who added a *Lustre* to the *Dignity*, as their Lives were an *Ornament* to human Nature, and their *Actions* the Glory of their *Fellow-Citizens*.

WHEN this Gentleman had finish'd, another mounted, and made a short Speech in
English,

English, on the *Happiness of a good Education*, which he compar'd to a *tender Plant*, under the Management of a skilful *Gardiner*, who not only made it bear *exquisite Fruit*, but gave the Branches such an *elegant Turn*, as added a *Beauty* to the Place, and a *Delight* to the Eye.

HIS Lordship was extremely pleas'd with this Entertainment, but particularly with the distinct, emphatical and graceful Manner in which they pronounced their Words. He was not wanting in returning his Thanks to the young Gentlemen, and, giving the Usher *Ten Guineas*, begg'd he would be so good to buy a Dozen *Bows and Arrows*, and erect two *Butts* in the next Field, which would not only agreeably entertain them, but be a most healthful Exercise.

HIS Lordship then gave some private Directions to Mr. *Johnston*, and recommending the Boys to the Care of his Wife, took a most tender Leave, and return'd to *Bounty-Hall*.

I MUST continue at *Portarlinton-School* above three Years. If my Reader pleases, I shall indulge his residing with me, and making all the Remarks and Applications his Understanding may suggest. Imagination must furnish him with the many *Pranks and Tricks* School-Boys are wont to play,

play, as I am not at Leisure, at present, to entertain him in that Manner. I shall confine myself to the narrow Compass of hinting at the Conduct of this School, as there is somewhat *peculiar* in it, and what I could wish every other had a *Part* of, if not, the *Whole*.

MR. JOHNSTON was a Gentleman of very extensive Knowledge, great Application and Temper, chearful and easy in Conversation, and, above all, knew *Mankind* and the *World* perfectly well. As he had Talents peculiar for *Instruction*, and delighted in it, so his *Virtue* and *Understanding* convinc'd him, that rearing up good and useful Members of Society, was the most honourable Employment of Man.

His House could hold but twenty-five Youths, and each paid *thirty Pounds* a Year. When his Conduct was known, it is not to be imagined what *Interest* was made by Gentlemen, to have their Sons admitted, on a Vacancy.

His first Care was the inculcating into his Pupils, the Principles of *true Religion*, as the surest Foundation on which to build the *moral Virtues*. His next, was the inspiring into them, a *certain* Proportion of *Ambition* and *temporal Happiness*, and demonstrating, that *Learning*, *Honour*, and
Integrity

Integrity were the most probable, if not the *only Way*, to attain them. For these Purposes, they constantly attended *Divine Service* at Church and at Home: He made them read the *Prayers* alternately, and, as Occasions requir'd, gave historical Accounts to explain or illustrate some Passages in the *Old or New Testament*.—He always treated them, not as Children, but as *Gentlemen*, which made them endeavour to act as such. If some were negligent of their Duty, he seem'd concern'd at it, and pity'd the *unhappy Youth*, that forgot himself so much as to undo, by a voluntary Neglect, all that his Ancestors had acquir'd by *Knowledge* and *Industry*.

He took great Pains to give them an early Habit of *Civility* and *Good Manners*; and, by his own Practice, convinc'd them how agreeable such a Conduct was to every Man. He always spoke with a *Bow*, and Marks of Respect, and encouraged them to act in the like Manner to each other. He shew'd them, by sundry *serious* and *comic* Examples, the Use and Beauty of *Politeness*, and the Absurdity and bad Consequences of a *clownish* and *brutish* Behaviour.

THE Mornings were given to School Learning, in which, by his Skillfulness and
Affiduity,

Affiduity, they made great Progress. As to fix'd *Holidays*, they were Strangers; but when all the Lads were perfect in their different Lessons, Mr. *Johnston* always return'd them Thanks, and then added,—
 ‘ This is very clever.—I find, Gentlemen,
 ‘ you have taken more than ordinary Pains;
 ‘ but I am so far from desiring too much
 ‘ Study, that, *please God*, if To morrow be
 ‘ a fine Day, we will take the Diversion of
 ‘ *Hunting* or *Fishing*,—just, Gentlemen, as
 ‘ you please.’—Thus they could always command a Day of Amusement; but that Lad pass'd his Time very *disagreeably*, who, by his *Idleness*, had stopp'd the Pleasure of the rest.

THE Evenings, in some Degree, were their own, either to study in their Chambers, or divert themselves in the large Yard or Field. If the Weather did not permit the latter, Mr. *Johnston* us'd to say,—
 ‘ Well, Gentlemen, how shall we pass our
 ‘ Time? I have a great Notion Mr. *Moore*
 ‘ can pronounce one of *Cicero's* Orations
 ‘ as well as Mr. *Stevenson*.’—Sometimes he pitch'd on one of *Atterbury's* or *Tillotson's* Sermons; sometimes on Speeches in *Tacitus* or *Livy*; sometimes on *Parliamentary Debates*, and sometimes on *Milton*, or on occasional Pieces of Poetry, of Beauty and Elegance.—

Elegance.—The Reader always mounted the Pulpit; but if he err'd from the *right* Pronunciation and *true* Meaning of the Author, or lessen'd the Sense by *false Action* or *too languid* a Delivery, Mr. *Johnston* begg'd his Pardon, and desir'd to be permitted to shew, wherein *he thought* it might be utter'd more to the Satisfaction of the Audience.—He then took his Place, and display'd the Orator.—His *determin'd* and *resolute* Voice, stirr'd their young Blood; but when he *softened* into *Pity* at some Distress, it caught the Lads, and their Countenances shew'd it.

HE thought it absolutely necessary that a young Man should be acquainted with the *History* of his *own Country*, at least as soon as that of *Egypt, Greece, or Rome*. This was a fix'd Entertainment twice a Week; and his Comments, Observations and Reflections on the different Parts, were adapted to those he made them to, and had always somewhat that shew'd the Value of *Liberty*, and the Danger in not putting *proper Bounds* to it.—The Effects of *Tyranny* and *Oppression*;—the Nature of *Laws* and *Government*;—the Obligation of a *King* to his *Subjects*, and his *Subjects* to him;—the Happiness of a *good Monarch*, with the *Infamy* and *Punishment* due to those,

those, who *wantonly* attempt to disturb the Peace of the *Crown*, and the Peace of the *People*.

On a chearful Evening Mr. *Johnston* has propos'd the Repetition of a good *Comedy*; but, as he did not conceive that acting a Play was of Use to Youth, he placed them in their Seats, and assign'd them their different Parts, which they read from different Copies. The Comedies he generally chose were *Steele's*, *Farquhar's*, and some of *Cibber's*, as they not only had Wit and Humour, but a certain *Moral* in them, not to be found in *Congreve*, *Wycherly*, *Dryden*, or *Vanbrugh*, but by wading through *Obscenity*.—If the Gentlemen chose a *Tragedy*, he made them carefully observe the Difference between a *passionate* Utterance, and *Ranting*, and between the *soft* and *tender* Manner of Expression, and the *Whining*, and gave them Examples himself.

BUT the most favourite Manner he had of entertaining them, because he had a Scheme in it, was giving short and pleasing Accounts of the *Lives* of *great Men* of all Nations.—The *Conqueror* and *Captive*.—The *Tyrant*, and the *Father* of his People.—The *Law giver* and the *Incendiary*.—The *Patriot*, and the *Pretenders* to Patriotism.—The *Orator* and the *Declaimer*.—The *Divine*.—The *Lawyer*.—The *moral* and *experimental*

perimental Philosopher.—The *Botanist.*—*Physician*, and the *Merchant.*—The many Professions that spring from these *Fountains*, were at different Times set in proper and clear Lights.—Their *Virtues* and *Uses* to Society, or the *Abuses* of Power and *Knowledge* were touch'd, so as not to descend too deeply into the *Sciences*; but to fix the Attention of the Lads, and give him an Opportunity of discovering the *Bent* of their Inclinations and Geniuses.

SUCH a Conduct, he thought as necessary a Part of the *Duty* of a Master, as teaching them *Latin* or *Greek*, and he never fail'd communicating his Discoveries to their Parents.

HAPPY had it been for many Gentlemen, if their Genius had been properly attended to in their Youth!—The many Absurdities in the World would be avoided, and each have the Rank the *Law of Nature* had assign'd them.—The *Martial Spirit* would not be compell'd to expose himself in a Pulpit.—The tender and meek Mind would not be drove to the Field of Bustle and Slaughter.—The Physician would not prescribe at the Bar, nor the Lawyer administer Physick by Act of Parliament.—Each would be in their just Point of View,
and

and each have a fair Opportunity of excelling.

As Nature gives not equal Talents to all, this good Master made proper Allowances: He was never displeas'd at one Gentleman's being less apt to learn than another, provided he found him equally diligent: On the contrary, he encourag'd and indulg'd him, and frequently stole into his Room at Night, and gave him half an Hour's private Instruction for the Business of next Day, but insisted on its being kept secret from the rest.

SELDOM was their Book an Occasion of Chastisement, but they never were excused for any vicious Act. When he found a Lad of an obstinate fullen Temper, who despis'd Learning, good Advice, or Correction, he sent him home to his Friends.—On such Occasions he always made a pathetic Speech to the School, and placed the unhappy Boy separate from the rest.—When he was to depart, Mr. *Johnston* walk'd with him to the Gate, and all the Gentlemen follow'd with profound Silence. Here he embrac'd him and took his Leave, praying God that this gentle Admonition might make him reflect in Time, and change his Conduct, so as to be an Honour, and not a Discredit to Society.—Then,
in

in a ceremonious Manner, all the rest took a melancholy Farewel.

AMONGST the many Advantages of this Seminary, Mrs. *Johnston*, and her Niece *Nannett* contributed in improving the Boys in *French*; and, as all the Inhabitants commonly spoke it, they acquired that Language with great Facility.—Some Evenings, when Mr. *Johnston* could not attend, his Wife has extremely diverted and amused them by *Molier's* Comedies, *Gil-Blas*, *Scaron*, and other Books of that Tendency.

THUS did this good Family look on themselves as Parents to the Children, and the Children regarded them as such.—Instruction and profitable Entertainment were so agreeably and nicely blended, that the one was never suffered to become tedious and irksome, nor the other to cloy or fill the Mind too much.





C H A P. XII.

*Persuasive Folly has strong Charms,
 To allure the Feeble to her Arms.
 Weakness and Vice go Hand in Hand,
 And seem united by one Band.
 Let Reason but assume her Seat,
 Folly and Vice will soon retreat.*

ANONIMOUS.

AS *Jack Connor* was not intended for a perfect Scholar, *Mr. Johnston's* Care on that Account was not so exact as to other Lads; but what regarded the moral and social Duties, he received in common with them. In the three Years at this School, he had acquir'd a good Share of *Latin* and some *Greek*, but his chief Pleasure was in Reading, and making Extracts of useful and entertaining Passages from History, Voyages, Poetry, and the like, of which *Mr. Johnston* had a good Collection always open to the Gentlemen. This improved him in Writing, made strong Impressions on his Mind, and gave him a Facility, and a genteel and easy Turn of Language, that much better Scholars are Strangers

gers to. He spoke *French* with great Fluency, for Mademoiselle *Nannett* took some Pains to perfect him in it, and as he had a charming Voice, she taught him many agreeable *French* Songs.

He was now in the Spring of Life, tall and well made. Health, Beauty, and Sprightliness were always present with him, and Mirth and Joy danc'd in his Eyes. These, and his little Accomplishments, made him caress'd by all, and were so remarkable, that even Madam *Johnston* has been frequently heard to say, 'Ma Foy, 'c'est un beau Garçon!—Voilà de quoi 'faire un Joli Homme!'—If *Nannett* was silent, she looked, and perhaps thought the more.—*The Dial spoke not, but it made shrewd Signs.*

THE Juice of the Grape is insipid, nor can yield a Spirit till *fermented*. In this State, the Vessel must be pierc'd, and a Vent given to the jarring Particles, or it will burst its Tenement.—The Hand of Experience knows when to stop this Chasm, —to fine it down, and give it the proper Time to acquire a Mellowness and Flavour that gladdens the Heart of Man, and adds Chearfulness and good Humour to every rational Company.—If Ignorance inter-

feres in the Management, the Wine will become sour, and of little or no Value.

Is there not somewhat of a fermenting Quality in human Nature? Or rather, is it not certain that there is?—Without this Fermentation, which the Passions only can give, Man would be but a moving Statue. 'Tis the *Passions* that open his Understanding.—They lay the Plan of all his Operations.—They conduct him first to Objects of Pleasure, and then branch out his Imagination to Glory—Honour—Riches. They polish him, and raise a Desire of loving, and of being loved.—In a Word, they alone, when justly guided, can make him a rational Creature.—If unheeded, and suffer'd to take an unnatural Bent, neither Fame nor Honour can result from them, and the Man becomes the Pest of Society instead of the Pleasure.

OUR little Hero was not form'd without these Passions. If from Inexperience, they sometimes hurry'd him into imprudent Acts, and brought him into dangerous Situations, he was the first to censure his own Conduct, and recur instantly to the Principles imbib'd in his Youth.—Of what Use these *Passions* and these *Principles* were to him, is too much a Part of this History, to be omitted in their proper Place.—

Since,

Since, therefore, it is impossible for me to act the impartial Historian, and omit the Consequences of these *Passions*, I hope the candid Reader will excuse the seeming *Levity* of this Chapter.—My *Hero* is not a perfect *Hero*.—He is young, and without Experience. He has the Seeds of *Man* in him, and consequently is faulty. Besides, as his whole Life turns on this Incident, I am compell'd to insert it, but hope the *Moral* will excuse the *Tale*.

THE Time was now come, when *Jack* was to be tempted, and unwaril'ly to yield. When he became *criminal*, he became *unhappy*.—Of late he took a particular Pleasure in *Nannett's* Company, and she, in Return, treated him with great Freedom, and with somewhat more than mere Complaisance. His Years prevented his seeing the secret Motives of her Kindness. He was happy, because she was fond of him; but her Fondness arose from a different Principle.—She lov'd.

How far this Passion will extend itself, few are unacquainted, and poor *Nannett* practis'd every female Wile to gain a Heart invincible to her Charms, only from Ignorance. Often has she told him, *be ought, at his Age, to avoid blushing when he spoke to her, and be more a Man, than to trem-*

ble at touching her Hand.—These and many other forcible Expressions she has reiterated, and sometimes even kiss'd him, but they only serv'd to give him a secret uneasy Pleasure, and a constant Desire of her Presence, without a Knowledge of the Meaning.—She remark'd his confus'd Behaviour, and found, she must either renounce all Shame, by speaking in direct Terms, or absolutely avoid him.—The Delicacy of her Sex as much forbid the one, as her violent Love did the other.

HER Invention was on the Rack, but at last she remember'd a certain *French Book*, where a Lady is placed exactly in her Situation. To this dear Volume she turn'd, and determin'd to try the Experiment. She found Opportunities to oblige *Jack* to read most Part of it to her, but defer'd the Lecture of the interesting Scene, till the first Day Mr. *Johnston* and the Lads went a Hunting. That Time soon came, and the Evening before she whisper'd him, to avoid being of the Party, and they would finish that charming Story. He with Eagerness consenting, she told him how inconvenient it would be to read in his little Room, 'but, *said she*, as soon as they are all gone, 'if you will promise to be very secret, 'and make no Noise, you may come to
my

‘ my Chamber, and we can read at our
‘ Ease.’—He promis’d, and this Conversation ended.

It was now *June*, and being fine Weather, all were ready for the Sport of the Field at Four in the Morning. *Jack* excus’d himself to Master *Harry*, on Account of a Book he was to finish, and a Letter to write to Mr. *Kindly*; and, sily slipping up into his Room, remain’d there till he saw them all at some Distance. With cautious Steps he quietly mounted the Back-Stairs, and found *Nannett*’s Chamber Door on a Jarr ready to admit him. His Treading was not so light, but her attentive Ear heard him, and putting the Curtain back, in a low Voice she cry’d,—‘ Lord blefs me,
‘ *Jack*! Who would have expected you so
‘ early?—I thought to have been up and
‘ dress’d, and now you surprise a-body in
‘ Bed. Indeed I am quite asham’d of my-
‘ self,—but—shut the Door, and sit down
‘ softly.’—She then open’d the Curtain a little more, and *Jack* sat at some Distance. A Silence ensu’d for some Minutes, till at last he ventur’d to say something of the Book.—‘ Well, said *Nannett*, look for it
‘ under my Pillow, and I’ll read.’—*Jack* search’d for some Time, but in vain; and, she calling him an awkward Fellow, rose

carelessly and soon found it.—Undoubtedly she had no Intention of exposing to his View her lovely Neck; for, no sooner had she caught his Eyes fix'd on that Part, and saw the Tumult it occasion'd in him, than with great Precipitation she cover'd it.—Her Head was once more laid on her Pillow, and the Book in her Hand.—‘ If, said she, you keep so far off, you can't hear me, and you had better come and sit on the Bed-side.’—The poor Boy, willing to oblige, carefully mov'd, but found her right Arm negligently thrown out. This Impediment he gently remov'd, but not before he had frequently kiss'd it. She call'd him a Fool, but her good Nature did not forbid this Sort of Folly.

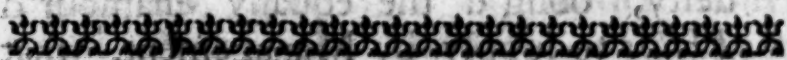
JACK's Spirits were up in Arms, so we must presume he was going to sit down improperly; otherwise she certainly would not have said—‘ Bless me!—Why sure you an't so mad as to lie on the Bed;—But—‘ if you are afraid your Shoes will make a Noise, and will absolutely do it, can't you pull them off?’—His Shoes vanish'd in an Instant, and he placed himself where before he had no Intention.—

‘ COME, come, said Nannett, let me make an End of my Story, but if you attempt to serve me, as *Amyntor* does his

‘ *Phillis*,

Phillis, positively I shan't endure you,—
but—here's one Kiss more to keep you
quiet.—She then fix'd on the Page and
began.—“ Thus situated were this happy
Pair. Silence and Secrecy reign'd, and
no Eyes to witness their Joys, but those
of laughing Cupids, who hover'd round
the enchanting Bower. *Amyntor* was all
Desire and Love, but his invincible Mo-
desty, oblig'd the equally enamour'd
Phillis to supply by Management, what
her Tongue could not utter. She in-
sensibly conducted him to the Beginning
of Charms, to which the Youth was an
absolute Stranger.”—*Nannett* continued
to read, and, with great Judgment, laid the
proper Emphasis on every Word; but at
every tender or delicate Period, as many
such there were, *Jack* became an exact Imitator,
and frequently interrupted the Narration.
She often wonder'd at his Assurance, and declar'd her Anger, but her
Countenance did not seem to imply that
Passion, and at last she was permitted to
continue.—“ Too pressing *Amyntor*, too
yielding *Phillis*!—The Time, the Place,
and every Opportunity conspir'd with
their mutual Inclinations.—A thousand
Dalliances interven'd, 'till Prudence,—
Virtue,—and *Phillis* were lost.”

NANNETT would have proceeded, but Jack, still faithful to his Copy, prevented it by acting *Amyntor*.—I hope the Reader will not insist on too nice a Description of this Scene, for I am permitted but to add, that at last, as Reading was become useless, she clos'd the Book, and—I must close this Chapter.



C H A P. XIII.

Ab thoughtless Mortals! ever blind to Fate!

Too soon dejected, and too soon elate!

Sudden these Honours shall be snatch'd away,

And curs'd for ever this victorious Day.

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

THE Clock struck Seven, which rous'd them from their Dream of Happiness, to think on their Safety. Nannett was unwilling to part; but Jack, now more prudent, took an hasty Kiss or two, and got to his Room unperceiv'd. He now began to reflect on his Conduct, and he judg'd himself greatly criminal. He now remember'd Mr. Kindly's Precepts, which had for some

some Time been neglected, and call'd to Mind his last Words of *Calamity* and *Misfortunes*, if he departed from *Virtue*. These Thoughts gave him extreme Uneasiness, but he found himself greatly reliev'd by resolving to be guilty no more, and to shun the Object. An unusual Gravity attended him the whole Day, which greatly disturb'd *Nannett*, as he gave her no Opportunity of inquiring into the Reason.

HE was extremely pleas'd with this Conquest over himself, but alas! he little knew his own Heart; and, as he was a Stranger to the Ways of *Men*, how could he possibly know that of *Women*?—*Nannett*, impatient to learn what pass'd in his Soul, waited in her Chamber till Two in the Morning, not doubting but *Jack* would find his Way there. The Disappointment extremely mortify'd her Pride; however, she determin'd at all Events, to have her Doubts *satisfied*, and resolutely ventur'd down, and got to his Bed-side. She prevented a Noise on his awaking, by telling her Name, and as she was undress'd, without more Ceremony slipp'd in, and took him in her Arms.

WHERE now were all his mighty Resolutions?—Where were all Mr. *Kindly*'s moral Lessons?—Vanish'd,—Lost in the Obscurity of the Night, and in the Arms of

Youth and Beauty!—She made him many tender Reproaches, but her Love forgave all.—His Reflections that Day were quite of another Complexion to the former, and he even thought himself a *Fool*, for being more timorous than a *Girl*. Besides, he argu'd the Impossibility of Danger, or being discover'd; and, that if it was a Crime, he, at most, was answerable but for *Half*; but the strongest Reason for continuing this Affair was, that he believed every Man would do the same, had he the same Opportunity.—Thus, his Understanding was quite defeated by, what he thought, good Reason.—How many are there, who, by such fallacious Arguments, persuade, or endeavour to persuade themselves into Evil, even contrary to their real Opinion? And how many are there, who are but too successful in their Attempts to deceive themselves?

His Amour went charmingly on for about six Weeks, nor could there be, in his Imagination, an happier Mortal.—He insensibly dropt all boyish Amusements, and was much less punctual and exact at School, than formerly. His Visage began to change, and the Roses in his Checks to fade; inso-much, that *Madam Johnston* really thought him out of Order, and very innocently directed

rected *Nannett* to take some Care of the poor Boy, and give him *something warm*, when he was in Bed. *Nannett* most punctually obey'd her Commands, but *Jack* grew paler notwithstanding.

MR. JOHNSTON, at last, observ'd an Alteration in *Jack*, and, for some Time, was of his Wife's Opinion; but, as Nothing could escape his Penetration, he perceiv'd that the Boy's Eyes sparkl'd, and his Face had an uncommon Glow, whenever *Nannett* enter'd the Room. He likewise remark'd a peculiar Pleasure in their Countenances, when they spoke to each other, and even when their Eyes chanc'd to meet, which they frequently did. — 'Tis a Question would puzzle *Monsieur de Morure*, Whether most Intrigues were began, or were discover'd by the Eyes? Certain it is, they are as apt to betray as seduce. If these faithless Companions have a Language to persuade us into secret Deeds, they have another to divulge it. — What Pity it is, they are placed in so conspicuous a Spot!

MR. JOHNSTON in his Youth was a Master of this Language, and read in their Hearts, what gave him extreme Pain. He was tortur'd with suspecting the worst, and reason'd himself into the Conduct he was to observe, should his Suspicions be well grounded.

grounded.—He knew, should his Resentment vent itself in Words, the *Reputation* of his *Niece* was lost, and the Character of his School would suffer a severe Wound.—To chastise the Boy, would answer but the same End.—To join them in Marriage was ridiculous, and, to suffer them to live peaceably in Iniquity was impossible.—For two Days was he thus agitated, before he could fix on a Scheme to save all Appearances, but particularly those that could affect his own Family.—When he had revolved his Plan, and taken a Resolution, his next Step was to satisfy his eager Doubts.

The third Morning, about Three o'Clock, he quietly stepp'd into *Jack's* Room. He examined the Bed, which he found un-ruffled and cold, and immediately concluded *Jack* was in a warmer Place. He paused for a few Minutes to stifle his Indignation, and let the Hurry of his Spirits subside, and then quietly mounted to his *Niece's* Apartment. He gently open'd the Curtain, and found the happy criminal Pair lock'd in each other's Arms, bidding Defiance to all worldly Cares, for they were fast asleep.—For some Time he gazed with Astonishment, and scarcely credited the Evidence of his Eyes.—At last he stirred *Nannett*, who wakened with a tender Expression to

Jack ;

Jack; but when she perceiv'd her *Uncle*, she was just going to scream out, when he put his his Hand on her Mouth, and conjured her to make no Noise, but lie still.—

Jack now opened his Eyes, but the Moment he beheld the *old Gentleman*, he hid himself under the Cloaths.

Poor *Nannett* put on a most supplicating Countenance, which her ready Tears greatly assisted. Mr. *Johnston*, with as much Coolness as he could collect, first desired her to pin her *Tucker*; and, ‘Now, said he, Child, though you have been very foolish, yet I promise you, if you will keep your own Counsel, I shall do the same, and it shall for ever be a Secret, even from your Aunt.’—So much Goodness gave her new Life, and she promised never more to transgress, and be all Obedience.—‘Dry your Eyes, my Dear, said he, you see I am not angry with you or *Jack*, so bid him get up and meet me in the Garden immediately; where we will consult how to manage this silly Affair.’—

When he was gone, *Jack* ventured to peep out, and was quite overjoyed to find Mr. *Johnston* in such good Humour, and much wonder'd at it. They were both extremely pleased, and imagined they even had his Consent to continue their agreeable Amusement.

ment.—*Jack* soon dressed himself, and taking a tender Leave of his dear *Nannett*, promised to meet earlier the following Night; but alas! that Meeting never happened.

JACK got to the Garden as directed, but trembled at Mr. *Jabustan's* Approach, who, assuming a Smile, gave the Boy not a little Courage.—‘Well, Sir, *said his Master*, it seems you have lately passed your Time very chearfully, and turned over other Leaves besides *Latin* and *Græck*; however, I am not now here to upbraid you with Ingratitude, or with the Breach of all Laws, Human and Divine; neither shall I now correct you, or send you to Prison, and have you hang’d, as the Laws direct; but, as I shall always have it in my Power, so I shall certainly put it in Practice, except you will give me your most sacred Promise, to do whatever I shall order,’—‘Sir, *said Jack*, with great Confusion, I really don’t know how to appear before God or you, after my Transgressions; but I hope my sincere Repentance, with my most solemn Vow to obey all your Directions, will atone for my Crimes’—‘I know, reply’d Mr. *Jabustan*, you abhor a Lye, therefore I will trust you. The last Letters I received from my Lord particularly mention you, about a Project

‘ I had of sending you to *London*, of which
‘ he has approved. Now, *Jack*, if you
‘ will set out this Day, in the Manner I
‘ shall direct, I will pardon all, and put
‘ you in a Way of making your Fortune.’

— ‘ Sir, reply’d *Jack*, (who was fired at
‘ going to *London*) I have already given
‘ you my Oath to obey, and, to convince
‘ you of my Readiness, I am willing to set
‘ out this Minute.’

‘ In the first Place, said Mr. *Johnston*, I
‘ must insist on your not speaking a Syllable
‘ to *Nannett*, on any Account whatever,
‘ nor to any Person in the Family about
‘ what has happened. In the next Place,
‘ I desire you will press me this Morning
‘ for Leave to visit Mr. *Wilson*’s Family,
‘ who have so often invited you.—Go that
‘ Road about a Mile, and then turn back
‘ through the Fields, which you know will,
‘ in about an Hour, lead you into the great
‘ Road to DUBLIN. On this Side the
‘ Windmill you will find my Man *John*
‘ with a Carr, who will have particular Or-
‘ ders to take Care of you, and you will
‘ follow his Directions. As I know you
‘ will believe me, I give you my Word
‘ and Honour, that I intend only your own
‘ Good; but it is absolutely necessary for
‘ your Peace and mine, that you promise
‘ punctually

‘ punctually to obey my Orders, and that
‘ on no Account you will ever write your-
‘ self, or cause any other Person to write to
‘ my Lord, Mr. *Kindly*, or me. These are
‘ the Conditions on which my Pardon is
‘ founded: If you transgress, be assur’d my
‘ utmost Rensentment will follow.’

JACK threw himself on his Knees, and
most solemnly vow’d, in the Presence of
God, religiously to observe all his Directi-
ons; and rising, ask’d his Master what he
intended to do with his Shirts, Books, and
his other little Effects? But being assur’d
he should find them all safe in *Dublin*, was
quite easy on that Account.—‘ Now, said
‘ Mr. *Johnston*, I am satisfy’d, and I hope
‘ you will have Reason to be content. Lest
‘ you may want Money on the Road, here
‘ is a Guinea, and more will be given you
‘ in Town.’

As they walk’d towards the House, Mr.
Johnston gave him many good Lessons for
his future Conduct.—He very earnestly re-
commended a modest, sober, and religious
Life, as what only could give him true Joy
and real Happiness.—He told him, that
God sometimes permitted Good to come
out of Evil, and pray’d it might be so in
the present Case; but, that no Man ought
to depend that such a Grace would at all

Times

Times be bestowed on us;—that, as the Mercy of God was great, so was his Jealousy; equally capable of forgiving young rash Sinners, as of punishing obstinate and unrepenting Offenders.

MUCH more was said on this Subject, and in so tender a Manner, as greatly to affect the Boy, and make a strong Impression on his Mind. Mr. Johnston concluded, with saying, ‘ You have not much of the common *Irish* Manner of speaking, but let me advise you to forget the little you have, and endeavour to speak like the People you live with, which will prevent your being often laugh’d at, and ridicul’d by the Ignorant and Vulgar, and none other can do it.——Your Name is quite *Irish*, but I shall call you JOHN CONYERS, in my Letters, and henceforward let that be your Name. And now, Mr. Conyers, I think we have fully settled this Matter; therefore go in, and behave as usual; but remember your Promise.’

THEY got to the House before any of the Servants were up, so their Meeting was a Secret.——When Jack was alone, he began very seriously to reflect on his Situation. He was conscious of deserving very severe Punishment, and thank’d God Mr. Johnston had treated him so well.—On the other Hand,

Hand, he regretted parting with his dear *Nannett*, especially in the Manner he had promis'd, and had a violent Inclination to take one tender Farewel, but his Vow prevented him. The Injunctions laid on him, he thought very extraordinary; but the Dread of Punishment and Shame, and the Anger of my Lord and Mr. *Kindly*, made him acquiesce with Patience to these hard Terms. Besides, as he really had an entire Confidence in, and a Love for Mr. *Johnston*, he doubted not but he had good Reasons for what he ordered.

THO' his Effects were to meet him in *Dublin*, he had the wise Precaution of putting on two Shirts, and taking his Purse, which now contained but eleven Guineas. He likewise put in his Coat Pocket the little Box and Instructions given him by Mr. *Kindly*, and all the little Manuscripts he had. Thus dress'd, and fix'd in his Resolutions, he waited on Mr. *Johnston*, and begged his Leave to visit Mr. *Wilson*, who lived about four Miles to the West.—Mr. *Johnston* hesitated for some Time, but his Wife interceding, she obtained Permission, provided he promised to go Half a Mile round, and not cross the Ford which was sometimes dangerous.

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 139

It seems Mr. *Johnston* had given Orders to *John* to go that Morning with a Carr to *Dublin* for an Hoghead of Wine; and, as he was an old faithful Servant, was the only Person he trusted with the Secret. He gave him his Instructions, and a Letter to his Brother, who was a Merchant of that City.—*John* had set out about Eight o'Clock, and *Jack* took a different Road about Nine.—He went off with tolerable Spirits; but, when he came to the appointed Turn, his Heart swelled, and the Thoughts of parting with *Nannett*, Master *Harry*, *Billy*, and all his dear Friends for ever, almost made him distracted, and obliged him to sit down and give Way to a Torrent of Tears.—At last the Thoughts of seeing DUBLIN and LONDON, and the Hopes of making his *Fortune*, throwing his Situation into a more favourable Light, he found Strength to proceed, and joyned old *John* about Eleven o'Clock.—The Man was prepared for him; and, under the Pretence of keeping him from the Sun, seated him on a Bundle of Straw on the Carr, and cover'd him with a Sort of Awning, so close, that no Passengers could see him, and then march'd on to *Dublin*, where he was well received by the Merchant.

PER-

PERHAPS the good-natured Reader may be desirous of knowing what passed at *Port-arlington* when *Jack* was milled, and how *Nannett* and the Family behaved on this melancholy Occasion; and sorry I am, that it is not in my Power to gratify so reasonable a Curiosity. He may, if he pleases, suppose with me, that they sent next Day to Mr. *Wilson's*, and that their Surprise was great, when inform'd they had not seen or heard of him. No doubt, many were their Conjectures; some, I imagine, thought he had run away; but I apprehend the most probable and general Surmise was, that in crossing the Ford he was drown'd.

BE this as it will, I must, tho' with some Regret, leave this good Family, and follow my Friend JACK CONYERS through Scenes of a much different Nature.—The calm, tranquil Life he has hitherto led, must give Place to the *Hurry* and *Bustle* of the World.—*Deceit*, *Craft*, *Flattery* and *Vice*, must succeed to Lessons of *Honour*, *Probity* and *Virtue*.



C H A P. XIV.

*Take sound Advice proceeding from the Heart,
Sincerely your's and free from fraudulent Art.*

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

HAPPY that Being, who sometimes permits himself to think seriously; who suffers his Imagination deliberately to reflect on external Objects, and internally apply those Lessons of Morality, and Instruction that may be drawn from every Action of Man—*Vice* trails with it those Marks, that shew us its *Odiousness*, as some poisonous Animals carry their Antidote.—Affluence and Plenty are not generally productive of such Thoughts; for, in that Situation, we are apt to look no farther than ourselves, nor conceive the Possibility of being wretched and unhappy, till we have experienced some of its Bitters.—There is a pleasing and a useful Sensation, in the Soul, at viewing and commiserating the Distresses of the Unfortunate. The more we have pitied and raised our *Tenderness* and *Charity* to others, the happier we find ourselves, should *Distress* and *Penury*, visit us
in

in its Rounds—Independent of the Christian Duty of *Compassion*, this Consideration alone, makes it *good to have been in Trouble*.

JACK, tho' tenderly treated by the Merchant, and now in a large City where Variety of unaccustom'd Objects presented themselves to his View, yet melancholy Ideas fill'd his Mind. To abandon and be a bandon'd by those Friends he had so sincerely loved—To live amongst Strangers in a distant Country, and to begin to labour and work for the Bread he was to eat, were to him most dreadful Vicissitudes of Fortune; and what he imagin'd, were peculiar to himself. In these gloomy Reflections, he acknowledged his manifold Offences, and in his fervent Prayers, which had lately been neglected, most heartily begg'd Forgiveness. He read Mr. *Kindly's* Instructions to his Son, over and over, and made the properest Observations on them in his Power.

As I have now some spare Time, it cannot be better employ'd, than laying before my Reader the Instructions so often mention'd.——Should he be wise enough not to stand in Need of these Precepts, I beg he will pass them over, and skip on to the mere Narration.

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 143

To my Son John Kindly.

Bounty Hall.

“ My dear Child,

“ **W**HEN you reflect on the Relation
“ I bare to you, and on my Ten-
“ derness and Affection, you must be con-
“ vinc'd that all my Care and Pains is to
“ endeavour to make, and perhaps see you
“ an happy and a worthy Man.—You
“ are now to begin a new Scene of Life,
“ where, instead of the Guardianship of a
“ fond Father you must be guided and di-
“ rected by so dangerous a Tutor as your-
“ self—Tho' you must be far remov'd
“ from my Presence, yet, I conjure you
“ by every sacred Tye, to think on your
“ Father and the Advice he now gives you.
“ Be careful in observing every Duty
“ of RELIGION. You will find it the
“ surest, and perhaps the only Way to
“ keep Peace and Content in your Heart,
“ and a Serenity and Chearfulness in your
“ Countenance—By being a Man, be not
“ asham'd of being a Christian.

“ CANDOUR, Integrity and Gratitude,
“ are some of the strongest Links that
“ bind Men to each other. When these
“ are

“are absent, Suspicion, Fraud and De-
 “ceit, will fill each Breast, and make us
 “rather Companions for the wild Inhabi-
 “tants of the Forest, than Associates to
 “Animals, who boast superior Reason.

“You are to live in the World.—You
 “are to study the large Volume of Man-
 “kind.—Whilst thus employ’d, forget
 “not that Mankind are studying you.—
 “Nature has given you an easy flexible
 “Temper, therefore guard against the
 “Charms of *Flattery*.—I know you will
 “avoid the *Profligate* and *Prophane*: Shun
 “likewise the *Demure*, the *Precise*, and the
 “*Very Godly*.—Experience demonstrates
 “that *Hypocrisy*, *Cunning* and *Deceit*, ge-
 “nerally lurk under it, and that the
 “*Righteous overmuch*, have other Schemes
 “to *work out*, besides their Salvation.

“WITH *Virtue*, *Truth* and *Justice*,
 “which I trust you will preserve, there
 “are Duties of Society that give Beauty
 “and Harmony, and therefore must not
 “be neglected.

“A TENDERNESS for our Fellow-Crea-
 “tures, a compassionate Turn for their
 “Misfortunes, and Pity for their Weak-
 “nesses, are what we owe ourselves and
 “them.—By not paying this Debt, we
 “renounce our Claim to Humanity.

“POLITE

JACK CONNOR, *now* CONYERS. 145

“ POLITE Behaviour and Complacency
“ of Manners places every Action in the
“ most advantageous Light, and adds ir-
“ resistible Grace to every Word and every
“ Motion.—Be sincere in such a Conduct,
“ and suffer not your Lips to give the Lye
“ to your Heart.—There is a Medium to
“ be followed even to Persons we have an
“ ill Opinion of.

“ As a general good Behaviour is neces-
“ sary to, and required by all, you cannot
“ fail of being remarkably so to some par-
“ ticulars; but avoid making Friendships,
“ till by Time you are convinced they de-
“ serve your’s.—When you have found a
“ Friend, detest the old and false Maxim
“ of *living with him as tho’ he may become*
“ *an Enemy.*

“ Go not into the Way of Temptation;
“ for, believe me, it will but too often
“ fall in your’s. Resolution is strong;
“ but the strongest is lodg’d in a *frail*
“ *Body*, therefore depend not too much
“ upon it, but, rather owe your Safety to
“ a timely Flight.

“ In your Dress, avoid as much as pos-
“ sible the Gaudy and Fluttering, but in
“ the Neat and Clean, endeavour to be re-
“ markable. A Carefulness in properly
“ setting off the Person, is commendable

“ and useful. It argues a Desire of plea-
 “ sing, and gratifies the Eye of every Be-
 “ holder. A Propriety in Dress, and a
 “ certain Sobriety of Deportment, free
 “ from Affectation and Formality, will
 “ always add Weight to your Conversa-
 “ tion, and make it sought after.

“ COMPANY and Chearfulness are ne-
 “ cessary, and of infinite Use; but a con-
 “ stant Jollity and Mirth betrays such a
 “ Levity in the Mind, that your Presence
 “ will never be desir’d but merely to *divert*
 “ others, whose Regard ceases the Instant
 “ the Laughter is over.—Should your
 “ Wit offend, be assured of an Enemy for
 “ ever.

“ As your Inclinations lead you to the
 “ Study of the Laws, you will soon per-
 “ ceive the Strength of the Foundation on
 “ which the *British* Constitution is built.—
 “ You will soon observe the Happiness of
 “ that Kingdom, where the different
 “ Ranks of Men have their different Ope-
 “ rations, all coinciding and centering in
 “ the Preservation of the Whole.—Let
 “ your Heart and your Hand be always
 “ ready to support this Structure.—It has
 “ often been in Danger, and suffered
 “ mighty-Revolutions; but, as it is now
 “ fully repaired by a PROTESTANT AR-
 “ CHITECT,

“ CHITECT, be it your Care, as much as
 “ in you lies, to defend it from every Fo-
 “ reign *Politital*, and from every Dome-
 “ stick *wicked* Attempt.

“ AMBITION and Pride are Crimes of
 “ the most dangerous Tendency, yet, like
 “ Opiates, a small Quantity is sometimes
 “ necessary, as a large one gives the Pa-
 “ tient up to Frenzy and Madness, and,
 “ in the End, destroys him.—To have
 “ these in a just Degree, will raise a De-
 “ sire of excellling, and prevent a Mean-
 “ ness of Conduct.

“ A POET says, ‘ *There is a Pleasure in*
 “ *being mad, which none but mad Men*
 “ *know.*’—Be it so, but desire not to ex-
 “ perience it. Rather try what Pleasure
 “ *Common Sense* will afford.—*She* will in-
 “ struct you in *CEconomy*, and in that
 “ proper Management of your Fortune,
 “ that will bid Defiance to a Goal, and
 “ make your Sleep truly a Blessing.—*She*
 “ will teach you the right Use of Learn-
 “ ing, and shew the Folly of being im-
 “ pertinent with it.—*She* will hold a Mir-
 “ ror to your Person, and point out the
 “ Absurdity of being vain of it.—*She*
 “ will advise, direct, and shew you the
 “ World in its true and genuine Colours,
 “ and give you that Taste, which *Ignor-*

“ *rance, Pride and Folly*, will ever be
 “ Strangers to.

“ LEARN, if possible, to be content
 “ with the Station Heaven has allotted you,
 “ and endeavour to attain that Sort of
 “ Philosophy which gives *Patience and Re-*
 “ *signation* in all Sorts of Calamities.—
 “ The happiest of Beings not only are sub-
 “ ject to them, but almost daily feel them
 “ in different Shapes.—To be a Master
 “ of this truly noble Science, believe me,
 “ the Heart must be unconscious of *Guilt*,
 “ and a Rectitude of Thought must dwell
 “ in it.—In a Word, let your Intentions
 “ and your Schemes of Life be always
 “ founded in *Virtue* and *Honour*; but,
 “ whilst human and prudential Means are
 “ pursu’d, submit the Issue, with all Hu-
 “ mility, unto that BEING, who is in-
 “ capable of Error or Falshood, and into
 “ whose Hands I cheerfully submit you.

“ JOHN KINDLY.”

As often as *Jack* read over these Lessons,
 he found his Cares to lighten, and received
 such Strength to support himself, as made
 him determine to pursue them as exactly
 as he could.—He had now been in *Dublin*
 about a Month, and had received all the
 Effects he left in *Portarlington*. The Mer-
 chant

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 149

chant having prepared all Things for his Expedition, and equipp'd him tolerably well in Cloaths, gave him Five Guineas, and a Letter to his Correspondent Mr. *Joshua Strong*, of *Throgmorton-Street*, and embark'd him on board the *Hibernia*, bound for *London*.

I HOPE it will not be expected I should furnish my Readers with the Adventures of this Voyage of ten Days, as there happen'd but the common Occurrences on such Occasions; but I am strongly inclin'd to present them, according to the Practice of other *wise Authors*, with a most extraordinary and surprising Dream *Jack* had the first Night.—He dream'd—But I beg Pardon, for I find myself at this Instant so drowsy, that I must request my kind Reader will follow my Example, and by taking a Nap, dream the Remainder of this Chapter.





C H A P. XV.

*When Pleasure stumbles in our Way,
Our best Resolves too oft' decay.
Frail Nature prompts, and giddy Youth
Falls into Crimes, in spite of Truth.*

ANONIMOUS.

MR. STRONG had by Post received a full Account of *Jack*, and what he was destin'd for, so that when he appear'd with his Letter, he was received with a Sort of Civility that gave him some Uneasiness. Mr. *Strong*, was at Dinner, and having asked him a few trifling Questions, desir'd him to go to the Kitchen and get some Victuals. He bore this Indignity tolerably well, for his Appetite did not permit his quarrelling with Punctilios. In the Evening some more Questions were put to him, and was told he should be taken next Morning where he was to live. It seems Mr. *Strong* had had Time to prepare Matters.

THIS was not the pleasantest Night *Jack* pass'd in his Life, but the Morning at last came that was to solve some Doubts. Mr.

Strong

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 151

Strong took his Hat and Cane, and desir'd *Jack* to follow him. As they walk'd he told him they were going to Mr. *Champignon's* the Weaver in *Spittle Fields*, with whom he had agreed to bind him Apprentice. ' You
' may, said Mr. *Strong*, stay seven or eight
' Months on Trial; but I dare say you
' will like your Situation so well, that you
' will have Reason to thank your Friends.'
—*Jack*, though not quite pleas'd, was glad to find Matters no worse, and with more Chearfulness continued his March to the Weaver's.

MR. STRONG entering, cry'd, ' Well,
' Monsieur, here is the Boy I spoke to you
' about; take him, and be sure dont keep
' him idle.'—' Ha hah, said *Champignon*,
' Parbleau he be a ver pritty Garçon,
' and I sure you muste workè ver well,
' for be gar si he no Travail he fall avè de
' ver good Soupe-maigre!—' That's right,
' said Mr. *Strong*, no Work, no Meat; but
' I hope he'll prove a good Boy, so, Mon-
' sieur, your Servant,—I'll call on you
' as I go by.'—' Serviteur, Serviteur,
' Monsieur de *Strang*, cry'd *Champignon*,
' as you please call en pèssant.'—*Jack* eye'd
his new Master, and could scarcely forbear
laughing at the Oddity of his Figure. He
was about Sixty-five or Seventy Years of

Age, tall and very thin. His swarthy Skin did not seem to belong to what it cover'd, and his Cheek-Bones; in particular, discover'd a violent Inclination to escape through. He had on an old greasy Stuff Gown, and a double mill'd Cap, that perhaps was formerly Scarlet. In short, *Jack* thought he was bound Apprentice to a Skeleton, but a certain good natur'd Smile, and an agreeable Vivacity in the old Man, gave him some Prospect of being better than he imagin'd.

MONSIEUR *Champignon*, was one of the Million whom the Religious Wisdom of LEWIS the *Fourteenth* compell'd to visit *England* and other Protestant Countries, and who brought with them many useful Arts and Manufactures. He was a Man of great Application and Industry, which, with great *Saving* for a Course of Years, made him worth about Twenty Thousand Pounds. He had a Gaiety in his Temper, and such a Fund of natural good Understanding, that his Company was extremely agreeable to many eminent Merchants. His Wife was a good Sort of old Woman; but his only Child Mademoiselle TONTON, was a most lively and pritty Girl of Twenty-four Years of Age. Her Complexion was not of the brightest, but her sparkling Eyes,

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 153

Eyes, and her good Shape, made her a very desirable Object. Her Father, from the Stinginess of his Temper, had disappointed her of two very good Matches, and the scandalous Chronicle of the Neighbourhood said, she had taken a proper Revenge.

CHAMPIGNON was so whimsical, that he scarcely ever spoke *French*, and his *English* was such a Medley, as to occasion frequent Laughter. When he was ask'd, Why he spoke not better *English*, he always answer'd,——‘ De par tout les Diables ! — ‘ How you avè me speak so better Englis ? ‘ Sacre Chien ! I avè live dans Londres no ‘ more as Forty Year, but avec de Time, ‘ me sal avè de Conversation, Piff—Paff— ‘ so well as Monsieur me lor Merè.’

JACK was employ'd in the usual Business of a junior Apprentice, and in weaving Ribbons, which he did tolerably well, but found he had not a natural Call to be ty'd to a Loom.

It would be impertinent to attempt to entertain the Reader with the many arch Tricks Jack play'd his new Master, or with the Mirth Monsieur Champignon's English afforded. He was extremely passionate, and often call'd Jack a *Jean Fou-re*, an *Irland fou-ma-biche*, and many other

whimsical Names that always excited Laughter.

He had now liv'd with Mr. *Champignon* above Twelve Months, and was pretty well reconciled to the Family, whose Love he had got by Songs, and a thousand *Irish* Stories. Miss, in particular, was greatly diverted with his agreeable Chat, and he overheard her one Morning, tell her Maid; 'That considering *Conyers* was *Irish*, he 'was the prettiest young Fellow she ever 'saw in her Life.'—Though his Manner of speaking was greatly improved, yet there remained enough of his Country to be severely banter'd by Miss *Tonton*. She often insisted on his making Bulls and Blunders. She laugh'd at the Words, *Unwell*——*Big Coat*,——*E're Yesterday*, and the like.—*Jack*, who was now become pretty free, ask'd her, if she understood him when he spoke.—'Yes, said she, I comprehend your Meaning well enough; but you have such unaccountable Phrases, one had need of an *Irish* Expositor.'—'I'm glad, Madam, said *Jack*, you are pleas'd to allow I speak so as to be comprehended, but a Gentleman, the other Day, in our Warehouse cry'd out, "Did no body see any body take up never a Hat."—'I beg, Madam,

‘dam, you will be so good to explain this
‘*English* Phrase; for, upon my Sowl, I
‘cannot.’—‘Upon my Sowl! *said she*, and
‘laugh’d violently at his Tone, without
‘answering his Question.’

SUCH Sort of Conversation happen’d frequently, and was equally amusing, but as he artfully suffer’d her to have the Superiority in every Argument, and even ask’d her Advice and Instruction, she conceived a vast Opinion of his uncultivated *Genius*, and his natural good Parts.—These Sort of Beginnings, generally lead to, and are but the Forerunners of Thoughts, not so proper to be plainly set down.—These impertinent Thoughts but too often occur’d,—*Jack* had them not,—Guess who then?

MISS TONTON was one Morning at her Toilet very judiciously adjusting her Head-dress before she fix’d her Stays. Young *Conyers*, passing her Chamber, was perceiv’d by the Reflection of her Glass, and calling him in a great Hurry, begg’d he’d look down her back for a Flea that teaz’d her immoderately. *Jack*, very innocently, examin’d the Part, and declar’d he saw nothing.—‘Lord, *said Tonton*, you’re such
‘an unhandy Booby, you’ll let the Creature escape, but look sharp, *Jack*, I beg
‘of you.’—*Jack* look’d, but his Imagination

tion being warm'd by the Touch, his Understanding became the clearer.—' Now, ' cry'd he, I see it.—There it hops, faith ' 'tis a Swinger.'—He then vigourously pursu'd the flying Animal, which, traversing the whole Plain of her Back, took its Course to the Eminencies in Front, where it afforded a most delightful Chase. It skip'd from Hill to Hill, practis'd all the Craft of the Hare, but *Jack* was so keen a Sportsman, that he rested not till he had fairly caught it.

ASSOCIATES in Amusements become Intimates, and frequently form Friendships. 'Twas so in the present Case. *Tonton* began to be extremely fond of *Jack's* Company, and found so many Opportunities to hunt, that one would imagine she had collected all the Fleas in the Parish, to afford him Diversion. Her Maid *Bersbeba*, who was old and ugly, prevented many an Evening's Sport, so she was oblig'd to make Use of her as a Whipper-in, or as a Groom to hold the Horses. By this notable Contrivance, *Jack* was frequently introduc'd when the Family were in Bed, and stay'd till they were near rising, when he quietly retir'd through the old Maid's Room, whose *Hey-day of the Blood* was not over, but sometimes mutiny'd in the *Matron's* Bones.—

Bones.—It seems poor *Bersheba* was likewise subject to Fleas, and the Hunting them became not a little troublesome to *Jack*. It chagreen'd him much, and made *Tonton* very uneasy.—At last he obtain'd a long Respite, but not in the Manner he chose, for he was taken extremely ill, and a violent Fever ensu'd. No doubt he wanted not proper Care, and in Six Weeks he began to return to his Senses, and a little to recover.

THE first Use he made of his Reason, was to confess the Justice of the Punishment for his repeated Crimes.—*Bounty-Hall, Portarlington*, his Friends, and all their good Advice, now came rushing into his Thoughts with such Force, that he relapsed, and had like never to have given me the Opportunity of writing his History. His Youth and good Constitution at length prevail'd, and all Danger was over, except what might proceed from his extreme Weakness, or falling into a Consumption. He recover'd so slowly, that the Doctor, like his Brethren, when they know not what else to do, advis'd a Change of Air for a Month or two. *Champignon* was one of the few *Frenchmen* of Substance, who had not a Country House, and to take Lodgings and maintain *Jack*, would be attended

tended with an Expence he by no means could bring himself to think of.

MR. VILLENEUF, a very eminent Merchant in *Black-Fryars*, was an intimate Friend, and had frequently diverted himself with *Jack*, whose pertinent Answers and good Understanding, made him a Sort of Favourite.—‘*Champignon*, said he one Day, Why don’t you send poor *Conyers* to the Country?—The Lad will die here, and his Funeral will cost you more than a Month’s Lodging.’—‘Ha, Ha, said *Champignon*, I do no such a-ting.—*Parbleu* I send *Jean* to de Diable—to Monsieur de *Strang*.—Dat Gentilman he never come say, *Champignon*, how *Jean Conyer* do?—Monsieur de *Strang* say noting, do noting—Poor *Champignon* muste do tout.—*Ventrebleu*! Je crois dat de Monde tink me diablement richè!—I tellê you, Monsieur *Villeneuf*, poor *Champignon* fall dye, alors you will see, you will regardé all my pauvre Richesse.’—‘A d’autres, said *Villeneuf*, I know you better. Besides, if Mr. *Strong* be a *Brute*, I hope my Friend *Champignon* is not?—But I shall make this Matter easy, and honest *Conyers* shall not be lost.—Send him Tomorrow to my House at *Greenwich*, where he may be a Companion for my *sober*

‘*melancholy*

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 159

'*melancholy Son*, and perhaps do each other 'good.'—*Champignon* was not averse to this Proposal, and *Jack*, with his Trunk, were put into a Coach, and sent off next Day.

MR. VILLENEUF, the Son, was a Gentleman of Twenty-four Years of Age. He passionately lov'd *Reading* and *Retirement*, was extremely good natur'd and *charitable*; but had a *Gloominess* in his Temper, that made him averse to much Company and Mirth. His Father, who had no other Child, was oblig'd to indulge him in his Humour, and supply him liberally with Money to gratify his *generous Spirit*. His large Fortune could very well afford this Expence.

JACK was as happy as his disturb'd Thoughts would permit, which were ever reflecting on his past Conduct, and upbraiding him with Actions of which he dreaded the Consequence.—*Repentance*, he thought, might avert a further Punishment, and set himself seriously to think of it.—He knew, that *truly to repent*, he must lead a *new Life*, and avoid his *former*, and *all other Crimes*.—But how difficult! what Struggles had he to forget *Nannett* and *Tonton*! he could not avoid *remembering* the very Thing he wanted to be *blotted* from his

his *Memory*; then how could he say *he would forget them?*—No, but as he could not prevent the Intrusion of *Thought*, he was determin'd to refrain from *actual Evil*. As this was the utmost he could bring himself to, he rested satisfy'd that this *Resolution* would hold firm.

THE first Week at *Greenwich* was not extremely pleasant, as young Mr. *Villeneuve*, seldom spoke to, or seem'd to regard him, but as the Apprentice of a Weaver, for whom his Father had some Value. Jack perceived the Reason of this Coolness, and by Degrees stole in a *Latin Sentence*; and some *judicious* Observations, but in such Language and Accent (for he had quite lost the *Irish* Tone) that surpriz'd the young Gentleman, and made him desirous of a more intimate Acquaintance. This he easily accomplished, and as Jack's Health and Spirits encreas'd, he made great Progress in the Affections of Mr. *Villeneuve*.

THE old Gentleman had determin'd to send his Son to *Paris* for a Year or two, that by Travel, and a different Climate and Company, he might be brought insensibly to act like other Men. He found his Son was much pleas'd with Jack, and propos'd his going with him as a kind of *Servant*, of whom he might at Times make a *Companion*.

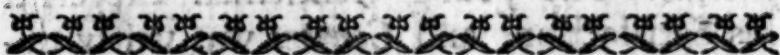
JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 161

panion. The young Gentleman express'd his Satisfaction, and *Conyers* was vastly delighted at seeing a little more of the World, and not be oblig'd to return to the *perpetual Motion of the Shuttle.*

I must leave the Management of *Monsieur Champignon* to the old Gentleman, and bid adieu to *Spittle-Fields*, *Tonton* and *Bersheba*, for in three Months Mr. *Villeneuve* and *Conyers* found themselves in the Capital of *France.*



C H A P.



C H A P. XVI.

*The Learned, full of inward Pride,
 The Fops of Outward show Deride;
 The Fop, with Learning at Defiance,
 Scoffs at the Pedant, and the Science:
 The Don, a formal, solemn Strutter,
 Despises Monsieur's Airs and Flutter;
 While Monsieur mocks the formal Fool
 Who looks, and speaks, and walks by Rule.
 Britain, a Medley of the Twain,
 As pert as France, as grave as Spain,
 In Fancy wiser than the Rest,
 Laughs at them both,—*

GAY.

JACK was now in his Ninteenth Year, of a good Stature, good Complexion, and, when dress'd, was a very genteel and handsome Fellow. His Eyes were black and sprightly; he had a most agreeable Smile, and something so easy in his Manner, that he prepossessed every one in his Favour, almost at first Sight. When he spoke, it was with great Modesty, but his Learning and good Sense made him heard with Pleasure. He had found out the
grand

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 163

grand Secret of Conversation, which was to speak seldom, but to the Purpose, and he had likewise learn'd to get the better in an Argument, by sometimes giving it up.

His fix'd Allowance from Mr. Villeneuve was but small, but he equipp'd him with decent Cloaths, ruffled Shirts, and from Time to Time with Money sufficient to dine at a good Ordinary, and be always clean and neat. Mr. Villeneuve generally went out about Ten in the Morning, and return'd to his Lodgings about Five in the Evening, except he went to the Comedy, but never expected Conyers till about Eight or Nine o'Clock. Jack always attended when he was dressing, but was of little Use, as a French Footman performed all that Operation.

MR. VILLENEUF had a *Fencing* and a *Dancing* Master, rather because it was the *Fashion*, and that his Father insisted on it, than for any Use they might be of to him. The Gentlemen constantly attended, but Conyers principally received the Benefit of their Instructions. He likewise was very diligent at a Neighbouring Academy for Riding. This was of infinite Advantage, as it strengthened his Limbs, and gave him a Carriage that still added to the Gracefulness of his Person. When his Curiosity was

was pretty much gratify'd, he applied closely to the best *French* Authors, making their *History* and *Language* familiar to him. He examined and enquired, as far as he was able, into their *Laws*, their *Customs* and *Manners*; and made such Observations, that more learned Travellers need not have been ashamed of. He had a Genius for Figures, and made himself a tolerable Master of some Branches in *Mathematicks*. In a Word, he took Care to be fully employ'd.

His young Master, or rather his *Friend*, had Books enough, and in Conversation gave him many Hints which he improv'd. One Night at Supper, *Villeneuve* told him, he wonder'd at his staying so much in the House; and that he ought to go more into the *World*! 'You are always *said* *be*, porring over Books, and advising me against what you practise yourself.' — 'I confess, Sir, *said* *Conyers*, it is but too true. I am necessitated to act like the *Gascoin*; for, not having it in my Power to read the *Great*, I must content myself with the *small World*, as I find it in Books.' — 'Pray, *said* *Mr. Villeneuve*, how did the *Gascoin* manage? — 'Why, Sir, *replied* *Conyers*, the *Gascoin* was just as poor a Fellow as I am, but he took it into his Head to be *industrious*, and amuse himself
' with

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 165

‘ with selling Water in *Paris*. An old
 ‘ Friend met him and his Pitchers, and was
 ‘ vastly surpriz’d that a *Gentleman* of his
 ‘ *Noble Blood*, could so demean himself, as
 ‘ to follow *so low* an Occupation. Lord!
 ‘ reply’d the *Gascoin*, you quite mistake the
 ‘ Matter, for I am a Man of *great Import-*
 ‘ *tance*, and such a Favourite at Court, that
 ‘ the *King* has granted me *the Waters of the*
 ‘ *Sein*, but, as I have not found a *Chap* to
 ‘ buy the *Whole* at once, you see I am ob-
 ‘ lig’d to *retail it*.——‘ So, said *Villeneuve*,
 ‘ the Moral of the Story is, that your *Po-*
 ‘ *verty* prevents your following my Ad-
 ‘ vice; but henceforward, that shall be no
 ‘ Obstacle. My Appointment is more than
 ‘ I possibly know how to spend, and must
 ‘ desire your Assistance in the Management
 ‘ of Part of it. To begin, take these *Fif-*
 ‘ *ty Pieces*, and command more when they
 ‘ are gone.’——Sir, said *Conyers*, I own I
 ‘ meant to beg a little Money, but could
 ‘ never imagine your *Generosity* and *Good-*
 ‘ *ness*, extensive and great as they are, could
 ‘ lead you into such an Act, that my poor
 ‘ Services can *never repay*.’

CONYERS, like *Numps* in the Comedy,
 was quite another Creature with *Money* in
 his Pocket, and so elate, that he could not
 avoid imparting his good Fortune to *Madam*
Commode,

Commode, the Milliner where they lodg'd. She rejoic'd exceedingly, and extoll'd Mr. *Villeneuve's* Generosity to the Skies, but still insinuated, that *the Bounty was vastly lessen'd, when the Worth and Value of the Receiver was consider'd.*—Many were the Compliments and Encomiums bestow'd on him by the good *Woman* and her fair Daughter, *Mademoiselle MADELAIN*. This young Lady was bless'd with peculiar *Eloquence*, and such a Fluency of Speech, that *Conyers* press'd her Acceptance of a Couple of *Lewis d'Ors*, which, by some accidental Words, he found she stood in Need of. With great Difficulty she consented, but assur'd him, *it was owing to his irresistible Politeness.*—He imagin'd sometimes, she was troubled with *Fleas*, but he found those of *Paris* more nimble than those he had before hunted; for, though he often attempted, yet he never could catch one of *Madelain's*.

He din'd most commonly at a neighbouring Hotel frequented by very good Company, where he had the Honour of hearing the *English* pretty severely handled, particularly by *Monsieur MAQUEREAU*, and the *Chevalier FANFARON*.—‘I can’t conceive, said *Maquereau*, how *London* maintains itself, for most of the Inhabitants
‘ transport

‘ transport themselves to *Paris*.’—‘ True,
‘ cry’d *Fanfaron*, those *English* of some Un-
‘ derstanding, know they can never improve
‘ but by our *Company*.’—‘ I can’t blame
‘ them, reply’d the other, for it shews some
‘ Glimmering of a good *Taste*. The *Eng-*
‘ lish, continued he, have that *plodding Turn*,
‘ and that Sort of *blunt Stupidity*, that en-
‘ ables them to *make Money*, and as foolish-
‘ ly to *throw it away*. Were it not for
‘ their *Guineas*, their *Company* would be
‘ insupportable.’——‘ It must be confess’d,
‘ said the *Chevalier*, that their *Purse* is the
‘ best furnish’d Part about them. They are
‘ awkward and clumsy, and have not the
‘ least Spark of *French Politeness*.’—‘ I’m
‘ sure, said *Maquereau*, (raising his Shoul-
‘ ders) we take great Pains to make them
‘ reasonable *Animals*, by sending such a
‘ constant Provision of *Cooks, Milliners,*
‘ *Tailors, Footmen, Silks, Embroideries*, and
‘ a Million of other useful Ingredients in
‘ the Composition of a *fine Gentleman* or
‘ *Lady*; and so *ungrateful* are the Creatures,
‘ that they send us *nothing* in Return.’——
‘ Fo——re, cry’d the *Chevalier*, what the
‘ Devil have they to send us? So *Monsieur*
‘ *BALLANCE* comes in *Person* to return their
‘ Thanks.’—Many more *vain* and *imper-*
‘ tinent Remarks pass’d between them; and
the

the *Chevalier* concluded, by saying, ‘ It
‘ must be allowed, France is the Nation in
‘ the World, where People see good Manners
‘ and true Politeness.

CONYERS was very uneasy at this Con-
versation; but *Monsieur DE PENSE*, an
elderly Gentleman, took a Glass of Wine,
and said to him, ‘ Mr. *Englishman*, I have
‘ the Honour to drink your Health. ’Tis
‘ the *English Fashion*, and I love it the
‘ better. I have great Obligations to the
‘ *English*, and regard them as a brave and
‘ generous People. As for their Politeness,
‘ I swear they have more than what you
‘ have seen this Day at Table.’—‘ Sir, said
‘ Conyers, I am very glad to find so much
‘ in one Gentleman, and am disappointed
‘ at not discovering the same in all.’—
‘ How, Sir! cry’d the *Chevalier*, in an half
‘ Angry Tone.—Sir, reply’d Jack very brisk-
‘ ly, you’ll be so good to indulge me two
‘ Words, before your Warmth encreases.
‘ Gentlemen, continued he, I am in Paris
‘ by Command; therefore, am not one of
‘ those who come meerly to learn Fashions.
‘ All Nations have Fools in Abundance.—
‘ *English Fools* go Abroad, because they
‘ have Money, and perhaps the Fools of
‘ this Country stay at Home, because they
‘ have none. I frequently meet them, and
‘ some-

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 169

‘ sometimes *dine* with them, and, if you
 ‘ will take their Words, they are Men of
 ‘ *Taste* and *Politeness*; and, to convince
 ‘ you of it, they will tell you the *English*
 ‘ are *stupid* and *barbarous*. They’ll say the
 ‘ *rudest* Expressions with the most *respectful*
 ‘ Bow, and call it *Good Manners*. I own,
 ‘ Gentlemen, my Ignorance cannot com-
 ‘ prehend the vast *Politeness* of such a Con-
 ‘ duct, but my little Experience has taught
 ‘ me not to judge of a whole Nation, by
 ‘ a few recent *bad Samples*.’ — *Fanfaron* and
Maquereau swell’d with *Choler*, but *Pensé*,
 in a Sort of peremptory Manner, desir’d
 them to be easy, and added,—‘ I am a-
 ‘ sham’d of all this. Every one here knew
 ‘ this young Gentleman was *English*, and
 ‘ every one of us ought to strive who could
 ‘ most oblige him. If Gentlemen will
 ‘ strike the *Ball*, they must expect it will
 ‘ rebound, and I doubt not but the young
 ‘ *Englishman* is as capable of handling a
 ‘ *Racket* as either of you; but by G— he
 ‘ that offends him, by Design, offends me.’
 —‘ I offend the Gentleman? *cry’d the Che-*
 ‘ *valier*, I hope I have more good Man-
 ‘ ners.’—‘ I am truly sorry, *said Maque-*
 ‘ *reau*, any Pleasantry of mine should of-
 ‘ fend a Stranger, much more one of so
 ‘ *respectable* a Nation as *England*, and I
 VOL. I. I hope

‘hope the Gentleman will be so good to
 ‘grant me his Pardon.’—‘Sir, said the
 ‘Chevalier to Jack, I ask the same with the
 ‘utmost Sincerity, and flatter myself the
 ‘Good Nature, so peculiar to the *English*
 ‘Nation, will demonstrate itself on this un-
 ‘happy Occasion; for, be assur’d, Sir, we
 ‘had not the least Intention of *affronting*
 ‘you, or our dear Friend *Monsieur de Pensé*.’
 —Mutual Compliments having pass’d, the
 Affair was finally adjusted, but Mr. *Pensé*
 begg’d a further Acquaintance with *Con-*
yers, for he was vastly satisfy’d with his
 Conduct.

At Supper, *Jack* acquainted Mr. *Ville-*
neuf with his Adventure, who seem’d ex-
 tremely pleas’d he had come off so well.—
 ‘That idle Partiality to *our Country*, and
 ‘the *despising* all others, said Mr. *Villeneuve*,
 ‘gives Rise to a thousand Quarrels. Do
 ‘not our vulgar Countrymen most heartily
 ‘abuse the *French*, and all other Nations?
 ‘And I believe many of our Great-ones do
 ‘the same.’—‘In this, Sir, said *Jack*, you
 ‘may very justly say,

The Great Vulgar, and the Small,
Differ in little,—if at all.

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 171

‘ The *highest* and *lowest* Class only vary in
 ‘ their *Vices*, by the Manner of committing
 ‘ them. They have their *Amours*, and are
 ‘ equally gratified.—One may drink *Cham-*
 ‘ *paign* or *Burgundy* to Excess, and the o-
 ‘ ther be as happily drunk with *Beer* or
 ‘ *Gin*.—One may *game* for a Thousand
 ‘ Pounds, and *the others* be as eager, and
 ‘ *cheat* as much in Play for Two-pence.’
 —‘ But, *said Mr. Villeneuf*, in *Swearing*,
 ‘ and *Curfing*, as their Capacities are *equal*,
 ‘ they are equal in every Part.’ —‘ In a-
 ‘ busing the *French*, *said Conyers*, they may
 ‘ have a Shadow of Reason, because they
 ‘ are always *publick* or *private* Enemies;
 ‘ but what can be said, Sir, when they a-
 ‘ *buse* and *insult* a whole Kingdom, govern’d
 ‘ by the *same Monarch*, the *same Laws*,
 ‘ and *inhabited* by the *same People*, as them-
 ‘ selves?’ —‘ I suppose, *said Villeneuf*, you
 ‘ mean the People of IRELAND, for I know
 ‘ you have a warm Side to it.’ —‘ Sir, *said*
 ‘ *Conyers*, I shall not deny it, neither do I
 ‘ think it a *criminal Warmth*; for he who
 ‘ wishes well to a *Part* of his Majesty’s
 ‘ faithful Subjects, ought to do so to the
 ‘ *Remainder*.’ —‘ Not only so, *reply’d Vil-*
 ‘ *leneuf*, but is bound in *Duty* to wish well,
 ‘ that is, to endeavour to convert the *bad*
 ‘ *ones*. Your Observation on the *Insults*
 I 2 ‘ offer’d

' offer'd the *Irish*, is, I think, rather too
 ' general, and holds true; but, with Re-
 ' gard to what you term the *great* and
 ' *small Vulgar*, Gentlemen of a *certain E-*
 ' *ducation*, think differently, and are not
 ' Slaves to *old Popular Errors* and *Prejudi-*
 ' *ces*. However, I believe you will con-
 ' fess, that the *infamous* Practices of some
 ' of the *Irish*, don't much contribute to
 ' remove the *Partiality*.'——' 'Tis too
 ' true, Sir, *said Conyers*, and many pay
 ' for their Pranks with their Lives, and
 ' die suddenly in *Tyburn Road*. If a poor
 ' Wretch has, or takes on himself a Name,
 ' something like the *common Irish*, every
 ' *News-Paper* charges him to the Account
 ' of *Ireland*, when perhaps some other
 ' Part was intitled to the *Honour*. This
 ' has often made me wish, that the *Hiber-*
 ' *nians* had a *Gallows* erected for their own
 ' proper Use, as they have here for the
 ' *Normans*; and, who knows, but a *cer-*
 ' *tain Shame* might operate more forcibly
 ' than the *Severity* of *Laws*.'

' Well, well, *cry'd Villeneuf*, I am for
 ' the *Ford*, let it fit whom it will. As for
 ' the *Abuse* and *Banter* bestow'd in general
 ' on the *Irish Tone*, or Manner of Speak-
 ' ing, I think it falls only on *those* who
 ' give it; but as you seem to interest your-
 ' self

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 173

‘ self about *them*, and I believe know little
‘ of the *Conduct* of *England*, with Regard
‘ to that *Kingdom*, I shall give you, some
‘ Time or another, a short Tract on that
‘ Subject, which I have chiefly collected
‘ from the Observations of my *Father*.’ —
Conyers return’d him many Thanks, and
Mr. *Villeneuve* desiring him to keep up his
Acquaintance with *Monsieur Pensé*, retir’d
to his Chamber.



C H A P. XVII.

*Of all the Follies we can boast,
None, sure, can be so strong,
As pay a Fool to rule the Roast,
And guide our Children wrong.
What Man, who plows the fertile Soil,
And hopes Reward for Cares,
Will call the Crows to reap his Toil,
And be content with Tares?*

ANONIMOUS.

NEXT Morning Conyers paid a Visit
to *Monsieur Pensé*, and was genteely
received. The usual Compliments being
over, I doubt not, Sir, *said he*, but you
‘ were greatly shock’d, Yesterday, at the

‘ Impertinencies of the *two Scoundrels*;
‘ but, as you very justly said, that you
‘ would not brand a *whole Nation* for the
‘ Faults of a *few*, I believe I can streng-
‘ then your good Sense, by informing you
‘ who those Men are.’ — ‘ I am sure, Sir,
‘ *said Conyers*, they are Persons of low
‘ Minds, which made my Resentment fall
‘ the lighter; but I must own my Obliga-
‘ tions to you, for extricating me from an
‘ Affair that might have been as trouble-
‘ some as necessary.’ — ‘ I promise you, *said*
‘ *Pense*, you owe me nothing, and you will
‘ be convinc’d of it, when I have the Plea-
‘ sure of being better known to you. At
‘ present, permit me to give you a short
‘ Account of those Gentlemen who gave
‘ themselves so many *Airs*.

‘ FANFARON was very early dubb’d a
‘ Knight of the famous and ancient Order of
‘ INDUSTRY. It is impossible to inform
‘ you of his many Exploits in *France, Ita-*
‘ *ly*, and in *England*, where I had the Ho-
‘ nour of meeting him and *Maquereau* at
‘ a Gaming-Table, and detected them of
‘ using loaded Dice: *Fanfaron* fell to my
‘ Share, and *Maquereau* to a Friend. The
‘ Discipline of the Cane and Kicking lasted
‘ a full half Hour, and was so entertaining,
‘ that

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 175

‘ that they have ever since done me the Ho-
‘ nour of being extremely complaisant.

‘ THE *Chevalier* got acquainted in Lon-
‘ don with Mrs. *Smith*, the Wife of an Ita-
‘ lian Merchant. She was a most charm-
‘ ing Woman, and her Husband was ex-
‘ tremely fond. His Business calling him
‘ to *Leghorn*, he prudently settled his Af-
‘ fairs, and made his *dear Wife* sole Execu-
‘ trix, and divided his Fortune between
‘ her and a Child. Poor Mr. *Smith* went
‘ off, and his tender Consort would have
‘ been inconsolable, had not the good-na-
‘ tur’d *Fanfaron* comforted her in her Af-
‘ flictions.

‘ At last the *Chevalier* persuaded her in-
‘ to a Scheme to make their Joys more
‘ compleat, and not so liable to be inter-
‘ rupted by the Curiosity of a *Husband*.
‘ He very dexterously forg’d a Letter from
‘ the Correspondent at *Leghorn* to Mrs.
‘ *Smith*, full of kind Expressions and Friend-
‘ ship, and the great Difficulty he was un-
‘ der, by being oblig’d to mention the *Loss*
‘ of so *worthy* and good a Man as Mr.
‘ *Smith*, who took a *Fever*, and, in Spite
‘ of all Assistance, and the Skill of Phyfi-
‘ cians, died in his Arms the Ninth Day,
‘ confirming a *Testament* made in *England*.

‘ MRS. SMITH was now a *Widow*, and
 ‘ acted that Part to such Perfection, that
 ‘ her Relations thought she could not long
 ‘ survive.’—‘ Good Heaven! cry’d Con-
 ‘ yers, I shudder at the Consequences.’—
 ‘ Well, Sir, said *Pense*, notwithstanding
 ‘ her mighty Grief, her *Weeds* and *Admini-*
 ‘ *string* to the Will were not forgotten. In
 ‘ fine, she call’d in the Debts, sold off the
 ‘ Stock in Trade, the House, and every
 ‘ Thing belonging to it, and finding her-
 ‘ self in Possession of *Six Thousand Pounds*
 ‘ in Cash, very fairly bid *Adieu* to her
 ‘ *Husband*, her *Child*, her *Father*, and all
 ‘ her Relations, and flew with her beloved
 ‘ *Fanfaron* to this famous City.

‘ POOR Mr. *Smith* return’d soon after to
 ‘ *England*. If his Pleasure was great at the
 ‘ Thoughts of meeting his *dearest Wife*,
 ‘ what were the Torments he endur’d,
 ‘ when he found he had not only lost *her*,
 ‘ but was reduc’d to *Beggary*? Words can-
 ‘ not express his melancholy Situation, and
 ‘ the Manner of it afflicted him more than
 ‘ had he been depriv’d of all, by any other
 ‘ Accident. His Friends did all in their
 ‘ Power to assuage his Woes; and, as he
 ‘ had an extream good Character, and was
 ‘ really an honest Man, the *Merchants of*
 ‘ *London* acting like themselves, supported
 ‘ his

‘ his Credit abroad, advanc’d him Money,
‘ and set him so fairly in the World, that
‘ I left him greatly recover’d in his Spirits
‘ and Fortune.’

‘ DEAR Sir, *said Conyers*, you give me
‘ great Joy, but I am curious to know, if
‘ possible, what became of Mrs. Smith.’—
‘ Her Fate, *reply’d Pensé*, was dreadful e-
‘ nough. *Fanfaron*, for some Time, liv’d
‘ a gay and splendid Life. *Constancy* and
‘ *Humanity* were not amongst his Virues or
‘ Vices; so that in about Twelve Months,
‘ *Madam* was sent to *Graze on the Common*,
‘ till at last, having run through every
‘ Scene of Misery, attended by a guilty
‘ Conscience, she finish’d her Days in the
‘ Hospital of *La Charité*.’

TEARS stood in *Conyers*’s Eyes; but
when he a little recover’d, ‘ poor Wretch,
‘ *said he*, as the Hand of Providence is so
‘ visible, I shall not pretend to arraign its
‘ Justice or Mercy.—I presume, *continued*
‘ *he*, Monsieur *Fanfaron* enjoys the Re-
‘ mainder of her Fortune with vast Com-
‘ fort and Satisfaction, and doubt not, but
‘ he will some Day or other, have the
‘ Honour of entertaining a Crowd at the
‘ *Greve*;—‘ and very likely, *added Pensé*,
‘ attended by his Friend *Maquereau*.—This
‘ other fine Gentleman, *continued he*, was a

• Footman in *Paris*, and went to *London*
 • with an *English* Lord. Had he had com-
 • mon Honesty, he might have made a
 • Fortune, for he don't want Sense. He
 • pass'd through many Services, and was
 • remarkably dextrous in the *nice* Conduct
 • of an Affair, which in *Italy* is managed
 • by a *Secretario de Amore*, and what in
 • *England* is term'd *Pimping*. The Mo-
 • ney he got by this Branch of Business,
 • was all laid out at the *Gaming-Table*.
 • However, I found him in *Paris* a few
 • Years ago, with an *Equipage*, but by
 • some Circumstances that then happen'd,
 • I have Reason to believe his last Master
 • was not the richer for him.—But let us
 • drop these Fellows, for they are not
 • worth our Thoughts, tho' we are com-
 • pell'd sometimes to *dine* with, and be
 • civil to them.

• I OBSERV'D, said *Conyers*, an *English-*
 • man, at Table Yesterday with a young
 • Lad, and what surpriz'd me was, they
 • never open'd their Mouths, but to *eat*
 • and *drink*.—O, reply'd *Pensé* with a
 • Laugh, the Gentleman you mention, is
 • a BEAR-LEADER.—A BEAR-LEADER,
 • cry'd *Conyers*, In the Name of Wonder,
 • what Profession is that? Why, Sir, an-
 • swer'd *Pensé*, A Bear-leader is a Man

who

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 179

who understands *Latin* and *Greek*, and is well paid by a rich Father, to take his *Child* and *expose* him through every great Town in *Europe*.’ — ‘I suppose, said Conyers, you mean a Governor to a young Gentleman in his Travels.’ — ‘You may give it, reply’d the other, what Name you please in *England*, but I am sure they here give it the proper Appellation; for the Boys that generally follow these *Leaders*, may very justly be call’d *Cubs*.’ — Conyers smil’d, and the Conversation continued on various Subjects till they withdrew to Dinner.

In the Evening, Jack gave Mr. Villeneuve some Account of his Visit, and did not forget the Description of a *Bear-leader*.

— ‘Certain it is, said Villeneuve, nothing improves the Mind of a young Man like prudent Travel. We are sensible of this in *England*, but few know how to conduct it. — We generally take a *Lad* from the *University*, where, tho’ he has acquir’d some Learning, yet he is as ignorant of the *World* as his *Bed-maker*, and at once *Case* him up in fine Cloaths, and let him *Run* a Winter or two in *London*. He is then taken up and saddled with a Governor, who Races him round *Europe*, and in two or three Years he returns

‘ turns to his *dear Parents* loaded with the
 ‘ *Bawbles and Vices* of each Country. —
 ‘ And is this, Sir, said *Conyers*, the mighty
 ‘ *Uses of Travelling?* — ‘ ’Tis but too
 ‘ frequently so, reply’d *Villeneuve*, but when
 ‘ a Youth of Education, improved by
 ‘ good Company, travels with a Gentle-
 ‘ man of *Sense* for his Companion, his
 ‘ Friends may expect the *Harvest* of a tho-
 ‘ rough Accomplishment. This Youth
 ‘ will remark on the *Strength and Weakness*
 ‘ of different Countries; on the *Usefulness*
 ‘ of different *Manufactures*, and endeavour
 ‘ to *transplant* those Sciences that may ad-
 ‘ vantage his Country, and improve it.
 ‘ This I call *travelling*, and not *riding Post*;
 ‘ but to send a Boy of Sixteen or Seven-
 ‘ teen Years of Age, who knows nothing
 ‘ of his own Country, with a *Pedant* as
 ‘ ignorant as himself, is truly, what your
 ‘ Friend calls *exposing both* to the *Ridicule*
 ‘ and *Imposition* of Foreigners, and brings
 ‘ a Contempt on our Country. — One will
 ‘ improve by the *good Customs and Manners*,
 ‘ and the *other* as certainly catch the *Follies*
 ‘ and *Impertinences* of every Nation they
 ‘ travel through; and every Nation have
 ‘ some of *one*, and too much of the *other*.’
 ‘ SIR, said *Conyers*, tho’ I do not pre-
 ‘ tend to be a Traveller, yet I cannot help
 ‘ observing,

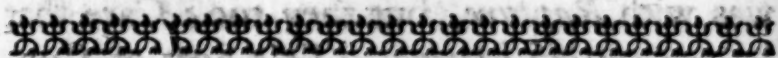
JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 181

observing, that the *Courtesy* of this Coun-
 try is not of *the right Breed*. Their Ci-
 vilities, or, as they call it, *their Polite-
 ness*, seems to me rather an Habit, and
 a *Jingle of Words*, than to carry a Mean-
 ing significant of what they express.—
 Sometimes, said Villeneuf, it is so; yet,
 when I find myself deceived, their Man-
 ner of doing it, prevents my finding
 Fault, and even pleases. 'Tis *this Sort*
 of Manner that makes a Stranger *pass his*
Time, more agreeably in *France*, than in
 most other Countries, and what I wish
 our People had a little more of.—I be-
 lieve, Sir, answered Conyers, if our *English*
 want that *Manner*, they make it fully
 up by their *Sincerity*.—So we say, reply'd
 Villeneuf, but suppose it Fact, What have
 I to do with the *Sincerity* of a People
 with whom I mean to pass but a short
 Time; to contract no particular *Friend-
 ships*; and to keep myself in that neutral
 civil *Stile* which every Man has a Title
 to? Believe me, Conyers, Men of For-
 tune will be naturally drawn to *that Place*
 where they can purchase most *Pleasure*,
 and receive most *Honour*. You may, if
 you please, call it *Flattery*; but since we
 choose to *swallow*, they are in the Right
 to administer *the Dose*.—I wonder, said
 Conyers,

‘*Conyers*, that so much of it don’t turn
 ‘ the Stomach.’ — Just the contrary, re-
 ‘ ply’d *Villeneuf*, for the Stomach is so ac-
 ‘ custom’d to it, that it becomes a real Nu-
 ‘ triment, and a Nutriment, that many
 ‘ Courts in Europe are so fond of, that they
 ‘ will purchase it, tho’ their *Liberties* may
 ‘ be the Price. — I have often heard, said
 ‘ *Conyers*, that the French have always aim-
 ‘ ed at *Universal Monarchy*, but I should
 ‘ imagine, that the Fate of the *Romans*
 ‘ who fell by their own Weight, would
 ‘ deter them from such a Project; but
 ‘ *Ambition* and *Glory* have no Bounds.’ —
 ‘ If, said *Villeneuf*, they have such Notions,
 ‘ they may manage in another Manner.
 ‘ By the Conversation I have frequently
 ‘ had with some Gentlemen of Understand-
 ‘ ing, I have laid down a Plan of *French*
 ‘ *Politics* by Way of *Hypothesis*, and not
 ‘ as *Truth*, which is very difficult to come
 ‘ at. If my Conjectures are right, their
 ‘ System is short, and far from impractica-
 ‘ ble. — But it is now late, so take it, and
 ‘ examine it at your Leisure.’

WHEN both were retir’d, *Conyers* read,
 and copied, as he always did, the Obser-
 vations of Mr. *Villeneuf*. He now began,
 from the Study of *Books*, to examine the
Truth from the Study of *Man*, and com-
 pare

pare them together. — The Reflections of Mr. *Villeneuve*, and the Additions made by *Conyers*, according to the Time he had occasion to mention them, must be left to that Time to discover ; for he is now going to Bed, and so am I.



C H A P. XVIII.

*'Tis an Old Maxim in the Schools,
That Flatt'ry is the Food of Fools ;
Yet now and then your Men of Wit
Will condescend to take a Bit.*

SWIFT.

CONYERS constantly visited Monsieur *Pensé* and was much improv'd by his Company. Mr. *Villeneuve* was so extreamly pleas'd, that he suppl'd him very liberally with Money ; but whatever good Sense *Jack* possessed, he by no Means understood the Uses of that Commodity. His Landlady and the fair *Madelain* were determined to enjoy an equal Share of it, at the small Expence of a little Flattery, and the nice tickling the String of *Vanity* and *Self-Opinion*, so common in Youth, and what Age

Age and Experience are not always Proof against.

THESE Ladies had engaged the Esteem of *Conyers*, by a thousand winning Ways; but now, his *Person* and his vast Accomplishments were the Theme of every Hour. When they spoke of him to Strangers, it was with *Rapture*, but they took Care that he was *within hearing*. This Sort of Conduct not only produced frequent *Plays*, *Operas* and Parties of Pleasure; but often extracted *half a dozen* Pieces for some pretended Emergency, which were repaid by *Madelain* in *Caresses*, and by every Freedom except *the last*.

THEY often wished that *Conyers* had a Fortune agreeable to his Merit, and insinuated, that perhaps they might be of Service to him. — ‘It is not, said *Madame Commode*, a New or Uncommon Thing for *Ladies* of Fortune to make themselves Happy with a young Gentleman of your Figure and Understanding.’ — ‘And I know, said *Madelain*, a most beautiful Lady with *half a Million of Livres*; that, I believe, sees *Monsieur Conyer* oftener than he imagines.’ — ‘In a Word, cry’d *Madame*, since my Girl has blabbed out so much, I must tell you a little more. The Daughter of a rich Banker of *Paris*,
‘ has

JACK CONNOR, *now* CONYERS. 185

‘ has seen you, and is actually in *Love*.
‘ Her Companion sups with me this Even-
‘ ing, and you must be of the Party.’—
‘ Lord, Madame, *cry’d Madelain*, what a
‘ charming Couple they will be! how de-
‘ *lightfully* will they live!—What a *superbe*
‘ Equipage, and *magnificent* Hotel! Good
‘ God! What cannot *Youth, Beauty, and*
‘ *Riches* do together.’—‘ Hold, hold, *said*
‘ *her Mother*, not so fast if you please.
‘ Fair and softly :—This must be a Work
‘ of some Time, and managed with *great*
‘ *Address*, or we shall stumble on many
‘ Difficulties.’—*Conyers* blush’d, and gave
many Thanks for the good Opinion she
was pleased to entertain of him—that he
would study to deserve her Favour, and
would be entirely guided by her.—‘ Leave
‘ it to me, *reply’d Madame*, and I will en-
‘ gage to make something of it.—I need
‘ not desire you to be chearful and free
‘ with the *Lady* to Night, but don’t think
‘ of making her any *Presents* till you be-
‘ come a little more intimate, which I hope
‘ will be about the third Visit.—*Presents*
‘ must be made, but let them be *genteel*
‘ and *frequent*.—They *pave* the Way, and
‘ *oyl* the Hinges,—*You understand me*.’—
‘ Extremely well, *reply’d Conyers*, and as
‘ I know

‘ I know they are absolutely necessary they shall not be wanting.’

CONYERS provided some excellent *Burgundy* and *Champaign*, and in the Evening was presented with great Form and Encomiums, to the *amiable* Companion of the *Fair unknown*. At Supper he was extremely Gay and polite, and, at her Request, sung several new Songs in an elegant Taste.—*Mademoiselle FARDE* was highly delighted with his agreeable Company, and gave many Proofs of it.—*Madame Commode* and *Madelain* were very lavish in their Praises, and the Night concluded with mutual Marks of Esteem and Respect.

A SECOND and a Third Evening past pretty much like the First, except that *Mademoiselle Fardé* and *Conyers* were very intimate and free; *Madame Commode*, by Accident shewing some fine new fashioned Caps and Ruffles, *Conyers* embraced the lucky Opportunity of presenting *Mademoiselle Fardé* with what she seemed to like most. The Gift was a Trifle of about Twelve *Lewis d’Or’s*; and, with great Entreaty, was accepted. That Night the good Lady of the House brought on the proper Subject, and with some Hesitation *Mademoiselle Fardé* acknowledged that *Monsieur Conyer* was not indifferent to the Lady
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JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 187

she had the *Honour* to live with.—*Conyers* bow'd and assured her he was in *Love* with the Description of that *beautiful Angel*, and with many Apologies, begged she would convey a small *Billet* to her fair Hands. *Mademoiselle Fardé* objected to such a Procedure, and would have absolutely refused it, had not *Madame Commode* and *Madelain* most artfully pleaded his Cause.—He had a *Letter* prepared, which he most respectfully gave her.—She was equally ready, and, with a wink, slipped a *Note* into his Hand.

WHEN all were retired he read his *Billet* which contained these Words, “*I have my Reasons. Let me see you To-morrow Evening at Six o’Clock in the Tuilleries.—Keep this a profound Secret. Adieu.*” —*Conyers* was punctual, and *Fardé* was exact.—She told him, ’twas impossible to meet so often at *Madame Commode*’s without being observed, and to take him to the *Lady*’s House was impossible; that to be of Service to both, she had taken a *private Lodging*, where they could settle Matters, and where the *Lady* would certainly meet him, were it in her Power. She then added, ‘We may be observed even here, let us retire.’ — *Conyers* attended, and was conducted to a little Lane, and a very *indifferent* Chamber of which she had the Key.—

Key.—Here she informed him of many Particulars with Regard to the *young Lady*, and gave him Hopes of bringing Matters to bear, and promised her utmost Assistance. — So much Goodness naturally claimed a *grateful* Return, and at last she was prevailed on to accept *Ten Pieces*. His *Generosity* charmed her, nor could she forbear answering his tender *Embraces*, which by Degrees became more *Fervent*, so that — *you will permit a Continuance of this History.*

He had now compleatly fixed *Mademoiselle Fardé* on his Side, yet they met at his Lodgings as usual, but more frequently in this. — The *young Lady* answered his Billets in a proper and polite Manner, and permitted him to *Hope*. He reply'd as politely, and the Correspondence went on in the most agreeable Manner, though he sometimes thought that *the Postage was rather too expensive*; however, as he was sure of the *Lady's Affections*, he judg'd it well bestowed, and waited for the Issue with great Patience for above Four Months.

ONE Morning as he was going out, he found a Letter to *Madame Commode*, which had been dropt by Accident, and he read,

‘ Dear

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 189

‘ Dear Commode,

‘ **Y**OU have afforded me infinite Plea-
‘ sure by the Company of the *English*
‘ *Man*. Were he *richer*, our *Profit* would
‘ be greater; however, I shall do my Part
‘ to ease the *poor Devil* of what he don’t
‘ know the Value of. I send you back the
‘ embroidered Petticoat, which the *Fool*
‘ gave me last Night, so give the Bearer
‘ *Six Lewis d’Or’s*. I shall call on you
‘ To-morrow, and think I have a Scheme
‘ to keep the *silly Fellow’s* Hopes alive, at
‘ least *three Months* longer. Adieu.

‘ FARDE.’

No *London* Citizen look’d so much
Aggast,

At the dread Shock of first or second
Earthquake;

Nor *Broughton*, famous Bruiser! felt
such Pangs

When *Slack*, the Pupil of his Iron
Hands,

Rais’d his tough *Fists*, and with a mighty
Stroke

Bury’d those *Eyes* that saw to aim so
well;

As look’d and felt, the *Poor*, the *bubbl’d*
Conyers.

He

He stared and read, but at last cry'd out,
 ' I am an *English Man*—I am a *poor Devil*,
 ' a *Fool*, and *silly Fellow*, but——*Art to*
 ' *Art*, '—and then he left the Letter just
 ' where he found it.

HE recover'd his usual Sprightliness, and
 went to find Mr. *Pensé*, to whom he com-
 municated the Beginning of this Affair in
 a very serious Manner; but *Pensé* had no
 sooner heard *Madame Commode* named, than
 he bid him, *have a Care*.——' I am sur-
 ' prized, *said he*, that a young Fellow of
 ' your Understanding, has not found out
 ' that *that Lady* is but of the middling
 ' Order of *Bawds*.——You are her *Dupe*,
 ' her *Cully*, and give me but Permission,
 ' and I shall demonstrate it to you.'——
 ' Permit me, *said Conyers*, to thank and
 ' save you the Trouble, for I know it per-
 ' fectly well, but my Knowledge is not
 ' Three Hours old.'——He then told him
 the Remainder of the Story, and begged
 his Advice, which *Pensé* gave, with an Ad-
 dition of good Instructions.

CONYERS found Means to persuade *Vil-
 leneuf* to change Lodgings, and on various
 Pretences to borrow a few *Louis* from *Ma-
 dame Commode*, and even from *Mademoiselle*
Fardé.——At last he contrived a Letter as
 from *London* to a Merchant in *Paris*,
 wherein,

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JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 191

wherein, among many Particulars, he expressed his Surprise, *that Mr. Conyers would choose to live in the Manner he did with Mr. Villeneuf, when a large Estate waited his Orders, by the Death of his Father.* A Gentleman delivered to Mrs. Commode this Letter open with Directions where he lived, but that he would have the Honour of waiting on Mr. Conyers, in a few Days.

'Tis not easy to conceive the Impression this Letter made on the Mother and Daughter. They gave it to Conyers with prodigious Respect, and formed Projects infinitely more *extensive* than the first.—He told them he knew of this before, therefore was not elate on any Advancement of *Fortune*; but he likewise found a Time to persuade *Madelain* to accompany him to *England*, and *share* it with him.—As she consented to his generous Proposal, it is not surprising that they *sealed* the Agreement in the *most solemn Manner*.

HE was now out of the House of *Madame Commode*, and constantly visited *Mademoiselle Fardé*. This good Creature was much more liberal of her *Favours* than he expected; but *Jack* being of a free communicative Temper, *Miss Madelain* shared in her *Bounty*. He soon was sensible of his Situation,

Situation, and applyed to his Friend *Pensé*, who, with a Smile, said, ‘ This Affair has ended with strict *poetical Justice*, and let it there remain. Drop these *fine Ladies*, and make your Court to a *Surgeon*.’

POOR *Conyers* was greatly mortified.—— The Reflections of his *Mind* were not *lightened* by the Pains of his *Body*. He found he had not only acted *imprudently*, but *wickedly*; and, once more, began to *repent*, that is, to dread a sharper Punishment; for he had that Sort of uneasy *Foreboding* in the Soul, that many *feel*, but what none can *describe* or account for.

HIS Intimacy with *Pensé*, for almost two Years, had grown into a strict Friendship. —To this sensible Man, he discovered his present Situation, and almost his whole Life, and received such Consolation and Comfort, that greatly alleviated his Sorrow. —They were now in the *Tuilleries*, and the Surprise of *Conyers* was extream, when Mr. *Pensé* began to speak in *very good English*. —‘ ’Tis but just, *my dear Conyers*, said he, to repay your Confidence in me, by giving you some Account of myself, which I shall fairly do, and in few Words.

‘ I was born, continued he, in London, of French Protestant Parents, and my real Name is *Villars*. My Father was a Mer-

cer,

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 193

cer, and bred me to the Business; but, it seems, my idle Inclinations led me more to *Plays, Gaming-Houses, and Horse Races*. —My Father thought, that a prudent *Wife* would take off my Wildness, and provided me with as good a one as ever Man was blessed with. —We commenced in Trade, and had tolerable Business; but *Diversions*, or what they call *innocent Recreation*, was strong in my weak Head. I was often at the *Play-Houses*, and a constant Member of two or three notable *Clubs*. —I sometimes tryed my Fortune at a *Masquerade*, where my Disguise saved my *Reputation*, but not my *Purse*. —I kept a Brace of good Geldings, and frequently ventured Fifty or an Hundred Pieces at *Epsom, Tunbridge, and other Races*. —My poor dear *Girl*, with gentle Words, and Tears in her Eyes, has remonstrated the Injury I did my *Credit*; — That I lost not only my Money to *Sharppers*, but my *Youth and Time*, which never could be recall'd. —I laugh'd at her sober Follies, but she never replied, but, —Well, well, I hope my dear *Tom* will think before it is too late."

NOTWITHSTANDING my idle Extravagancies, my dear *Wife* managed the Shop so well, that my Circumstances rather in-

creased than diminished.—The Folly of appearing *rich* in the Eyes of the World, is a sure Way of being *poor* in Reality.—This Folly I had, and without considering my *Force*, I took a House and Garden at *Dulwich*, kept my *Chair* and more Servants; and, according to Custom, went there on *Saturdays*, and returned on *Mondays*; but to my Shame I speak it, I did worse, much worse, for I kept a *Whore*.—Oh, Mr. *Conyers*! could my Example, could the Compunction of Mind I now feel be a *Warning* to Mankind, I should have some Pleasure in being a *Sacrifice* for their Use!—Well, Sir, these Matters took their *natural* Course. I began to think People asked for their Money more frequently than they were wont.—I was pestered with *Duns*.—I practised all the *low Arts*, and Contrivances to silence their Importunities.—My *Plate* and *Silks* often visited the *Pawn-brokers*, and sometimes I was privately *arrested*.—My Mind was on the *Rack*. I suffered the Torments of the *damn'd*; and all this, for *Follies* and Imprudencies, that, in the highest Enjoyment, afforded but an *insipid Pleasure*.—Good God! what exquisite *Misery*! Though my Temper was soured, my *dearest Girl* bore my *Peevishness*

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 195

ness with a peculiar Sweetness of Manners.
—So far from reproaching my Conduct,
she had laid down a *rational Plan* for re-
trieving all.—No doubt her Trouble
was great, but it was *internal*, and her de-
licate, tender Nature *sunk* under the
Weight, and she—*died in my Arms!*—
Ob Conyers!—Poor *Pensé* could utter no
more, for his Heart swell'd, and the round
Drops chac'd one another down his manly
Cheeks.—Conyers was much in the same
Situation, but at last he said from *Shake-
spear*,

'Thy Heart is big, get thee apart and
weep:
'Passion I see is catching; for my Eyes,
'Seeing those Beads of Sorrow stand in
thine,
'Begin to water.'

They took two or three silent Turns in
the Walks, and in about a Quarter of an
Hour *Pensé* had so much recovered as to be
able to proceed.

'To the Loss of my *Wife* was added the
'Infidelity of my Servants, which my Care-
'lessness made an easy Matter.—Finding the
'Impossibility of re-establishing my Cre-
'dit, I secreted to the Value of *Five Hun-*

‘dred Pounds, and leaving my Shop and
 ‘Effects to the Mercy of my Creditors,
 ‘took Shelter in Paris,—I had but one
 ‘Comfort in all my Misfortunes, for I had
 ‘no Child to share the Afflictions of a guilty
 ‘Father.

‘In this City I have chiefly resided for
 ‘Fifteen Years, and get a seeming Liveli-
 ‘hood by lending Money on Pledges, but
 ‘the British Minister is my principal Sup-
 ‘port. He has employed me on many
 ‘Occasions, and to give him Intelligence
 ‘of every Occurrence these Ten Years past.
 ‘Four Years ago I went to London on his
 ‘Affairs, where I met those two worthy
 ‘Gentlemen, Fanfaron and Maquereau.—
 ‘The French look on me as one of them-
 ‘selves.—I live quietly, and as a Gentle-
 ‘man, and believe I am not suspected.’—
 Conyers return’d him many Thanks for his
 candid Relation, and assured him of his in-
 ‘violable Secrecy.

THEY were now talking of indifferent
 Matters, when Pensé turn’d suddenly and
 said, ‘Pray what is the Motto to the Or-
 ‘der of the Bath?’—Conyers, though sur-
 priz’d at the Question, answer’d, ‘TRIA
 ‘JUNCTA IN UNO.’—‘Then, reply’d Pen-
 ‘sé, observe those three Gentlemen by yon-
 ‘der Tree in such earnest Conversation,
 ‘and

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 197

and then you will see the *Motto* in Reality. — One, continued he, is an *English Non-Juring Parson*; the other is a *Irish Man* of the *Society of Jesus*, and the Third is a *Scotch Man* of the *Episcopal Church*. — Those three, and many others of the same Stamp, have *Pensions* here, and at different Times reside in *London*, and divert themselves, and frighten the credulous People by numberless *Pamphlets* and *Paragraphs* in *News-Papers*, full of the *Decay of Trade*. — *The Weakness and Wickedness of the Ministry*, be they whom it will. — *The Danger of our Liberties by Fribery and Corruption*. — *The dreadful Consequences of a Standing Army*, and many other popular Subjects. — The *Scotch Man* is a Master of his Trade, and keeps up the Credit of his Books by, very ingeniously, answering them himself, which furnishes him an Opportunity of replying to himself. — They really are Men of Learning and strong Parts, and meet with great Encouragement from the *Enemies of England*.

I SHALL not, said Conyers, interrupt their pious Meditations, for I am call'd to Mr. Villeneuve, who, I fear, waits, for my Appetite informs me it is near Dinner.

ner-time.—Few Ceremonies suffice amongst Friends, and they parted, but promis'd to meet soon again.



C H A P. XIX.

*If Dame Partialty but holds the Glass,
Fall sure, in ev'ry Virtue we surpass.
Change but the Mirror, and let Prudence
speak,
We'll blush at Error, and our fond Mistake.*
ANONIMOUS.

FOR some Time past, Mr. Villeneuf had frequently made *Conyers* of his Party, and was not disgrac'd by his Behaviour. This Day a select Company din'd at an eminent Citizen's.—Chearfulness and good Humour added the true Relish to the Entertainment; but when the Servants were withdrawn, the Conversation fell on particular Subjects.—‘As no Man, said Monsieur *St. Martin*, can judge so impartially of his own Country as a *Stranger* of Understanding, I should be glad Mr. Villeneuf would give us his Opinion of France, with Freedom, and his accustom'd Sincerity.’—Many Apologies were made, and Compliments returned, till at last Mr. Villeneuf consented, provided that the Question

‘stion was fairly stated.—‘I cannot suppose,
 ‘said he, you mean to have my Opinion on
 ‘what regards State Affairs.’—‘No, no,
 ‘reply’d the other, we only beg your
 ‘Thoughts of the People, their Politeness,
 ‘their Manners, their Dress and their Happi-
 ‘ness, or otherwise.’—‘Tis a difficult Task
 ‘you have assigned me, said Villeneuf, and will
 ‘require your Patience: But as great and
 ‘little—long and short—strong and weak,
 ‘are made such, only by Comparison, I
 ‘hope you will permit an alternate Account
 ‘of England, under the several Articles.’
 —The Company approv’d of his Method,
 and he began.

‘Few People on Earth are blessed with
 ‘such a Fund of Spirits and natural Gaiety
 ‘of Temper as the French; and yet few
 ‘Nations are more cramped in the natural
 ‘Exercise of it. They laugh, they sing,
 ‘they dance, and seem content. The Pub-
 ‘lick are constantly supplied with Amuse-
 ‘ments, and Policy has so contrived, as to
 ‘make Glory and War be thought a ration-
 ‘al Recreation. All are disregarded but
 ‘those who serve the King in his Troops;
 ‘his Majesty’s Name is never mentioned,
 ‘but with the profoundest Respect. We
 ‘never see his Portrait hung out as a Sign,
 ‘in Paris, because it would be treating

the *Monarch* with too much Freedom, but the *Sign* of the *Holy Ghost*, and all the *Saints* are dispersed through every Street. A King is always the Head of the most childish Games, and at Cards, the *Best* is honoured with that Title.—Such Principles are propagated with great Art, and the Religion of the Country admitting *Auricular Confession* and *Absolution*, an *Absolute Monarch* can, with Ease, direct the Current of Opinion.—Men of Learning and Judgment must go with the Stream, for it falls from too high a Fountain to be resisted, whatever their private Sentiments may be. Besides, Two or Three Hundred Thousand *Orators* well armed, will always carry Demonstration and Conviction. In *England*, where the Constitution admits the full Enjoyment of *Property*, and where *Property* is proportionably divided amongst all the Inhabitants, one would imagine they should be more chearful than the *French*, but the Fact is otherwise; for this very *Property*, and the *Liberty* of employing it, has the contrary Effect. They have the *Blessing*, but a *Jealousy*, and the perpetual Dread of losing it, throws *Thorns* on their *Pillows*, and, like the Miser, they *starve* in the midst of *Plenty*.

Plenty. They employ *Watchmen* for their *Security*, yet are in constant Fear of being *plundered* by them.—This is the Rise of all the Clamour against an *Handful* of *Troops*.—The Religion of *England* teaches *Duty* and *Submission* to the *King*, and those in Authority under him, but some imagine, that the *Liberty* of *England* gives the People a Right to *abuse* all; not considering, that by *lessening* and *ridiculing* the just Power and Authority of their *Governors*, they *lessen* their own *Weight* and *Consequence* in the *World*.

FRANCE has propagated the Notion of *Military Honour* to such a Degree, that they are become a Nation of *JANISARIES*, and perhaps must be treated as such,—that is, they must, *Right* or *Wrong*, be frequently employed. *Commerce* and *Traffick* flourish in Peace.—*Riches* and *Plenty*, *Learning* and *Knowledge* are the Consequences, as well as *Pride* and *Luxury*. Men naturally become fond of these *Sweets*, and will not quietly forego them. They will find out their own *Strength* and *Power*. They will expect a Freedom of *Action*, as well as *Thought*, and *absolute Monarchy* will fall before them.—RICHELIEU knew this.—

He broke and divided the Power of the Nobility, not like Henry the Seventh of England, amongst the People, but added all to the Dignity and Power of the Crown.—MAZARIN did the same, and LOUVOIS, FOUQUET and COLBERT completed the Project, and the long Reign and Ambition of LEWIS confirmed it. The King of GREAT-BRITAIN is the Fountain of Honour; but the Monarch of this Kingdom is not only the Fountain of real, but the Creator of imaginary Honours. A trivial Cross dangling at a Button-hole, gives a French Gentleman such a Spirit of Honour, as to intreat a General to permit him to mount a Breach. In England, it must be a valuable Consideration that can persuade most Men even to do their Duty.

THE Fashions of the two Nations are on different Footings. Here, in whatever Manner the King or those about him are pleased to wear their Swords, or dress their Hair, it instantly becomes the Practice of all Paris. Every Man from the Duke, to the Porter, has his Hat cocked and his Coat cut nearly in the same Manner. London affords more Variety.—There every Man dresses according to his Fancy. Some have Coats be-

low

' low the *Knees*, and *Breeches* down to the
 ' Middle of the *Leg*. Others mount their
 ' *Breeches* to the *Thighs*, and raise their
 ' *Skirts* to their *Waists*. Some *Shop-*
 ' *keepers* dress like *Privy Counsellors*, and
 ' some of *high Rank* may be mistaken for
 ' *Coach-men*.—I am ignorant who had the
 ' Honour of inventing *Weepers*, when in
 ' Mourning, but I think I may venture to
 ' affirm our Manner of wearing them an-
 ' swers the End of Ornament, and keeps
 ' the *Shirt* from being *blacken'd* by the *Coat*.
 ' To wear them on the Top of the *Sleeve*,
 ' can answer no End.

' THE *English Ladies* rely on their na-
 ' tive Charms, nor want the Assistance of
 ' *Paint* to heighten their Complexions.
 ' Whether the *French Ladies* really stand in
 ' Need of Art, I know not, but their Con-
 ' duct seems to imply it.—Whatever good
 ' Sense the *French* are Masters of, this is
 ' certainly not the most glaring Instance.

' In *France*, *Politeness* is not always good
 ' *Manners*, neither is the *Bluntness* of an
 ' *Englishman* always a Mark of *Sincerity*.
 ' The *Lye* is more frequently given in
 ' *France*, than is generally imagin'd, but
 ' the *Pardon* that is begg'd, and the *Excuse*
 ' that is demanded, (*Je demand Excuse*;
 ' *Pardonne moi*) softens the *Negative*, which,
 ' with

with the Addition of sundry significant
Gestures, Custom has made That genteel,
 which frequently is the Reverse.—In *Eng-*
land, these Customs are accounted super-
 fluous, and they *deny* or *contradict* in plain
 Terms, even without the Assistance of the
 rude Monosyllable.

I MAYE been often told, "*I must own.*"
 (Il faut avouer) "I confess I do not un-
 derstand the Phrase.—If *I must believe*, I
 am depriv'd of the Liberty of thinking
 for myself, and my Arguments must
 cease, when I am pinn'd down to the
 Reasons of my Antagonist. In *England*,
 the Freedom of judging is held more
 sacred.

THE Theatres of the two Nations were
 different. The Tragedies and Plays of
 the *English Shakespear* gave Rise to those
 of *France*. His Imagination was not con-
 fin'd by the Rules of *Aristotle*, as, per-
 haps, he thought he had as good a Right
 to *Alter*, as the other had to *Make*. If
 the *English*, by following new *Models*,
 are more regular in *Unity, Time* and *Place*,
 I am sorry to say, their *Fire* is not so
 bright, nor will their *Heat* last so long.
 —*Monsieur de Voltaire* and *l'Abbé le Blanc*
 take great Pains to shew the Absurdity
 of some of our Authors, in transporting
 the

' the Audiente to different Kingdoms, and
 ' continuing the Scenes of one Play for
 ' many Years, but they do not tell us, that
 ' in Tragedy or Comedy, where we are to
 ' suppose an *easy, natural* Conversation, it
 ' is *unnatural* to make the Parties speak in
 ' *Rhyme*. They insist, that the Action
 ' should be confin'd to twenty-four Hours;
 ' if so, I apprehend it is unnatural to
 ' have it represented in three. If twenty-
 ' four Hours Business can be shewn in so
 ' short a Time, we may as well have twen-
 ' ty-four Years.—The *Abbé* complains of
 ' our murdering on the Stage; and says,
 ' that a Man, not understanding our Lan-
 ' guage, must take us for a barbarous Peo-
 ' ple, delighting in Blood. Should a Man,
 ' not understanding *French*, see the Stage
 ' in Tears, and in the utmost Agony of
 ' Grief, must he not wonder what has oc-
 ' casioned it? The Truth is, neither of the
 ' Stages are made for those who do not
 ' understand the Language, but I really
 ' think every Stranger, or *Frenchman* of
 ' Sense, must be shock'd at the *unnatural*
 ' *absurd* Entertainment of a *Speaking Har-*
 ' *lequin* with a *patch'd Coat, and a black*
 ' *Face*.
 ' THE *English* are full *loose* in their Mo-
 ' rals, but I really think, *Libertinism* reigns
 ' here

here in a much higher Degree. The French have a Way of varnishing their Vices, and making them more dangerous and catching than our awkward Manner can arrive at.——When an *Englishman* swears by his *Maker*, it is shocking, but when the *French*, with Eyes and Hands lifted up, cry out, *Sacred God!* (*Sacré Dieu!*) it is little regarded, as it is the common Expression of every Ten Minutes. The *French* have another Phrase, which is but too commonly us'd, even before *Ladies*, and what some *Ladies* are as familiar with. This Phrase serves to shew *Pleasure* or *Anger*, according to the Tone or Manner of speaking.—How often are the Words, *Fou-re*, *Fou-u*, *Bou-re*, *Bou-ffe*, pronounc'd in the *politest Assemblies*, and pass'd over as if no Idea was annex'd to them?—I am ignorant of any Rules that establish such Indecencies, except the strong Law of a bad Custom. I am much pleas'd that *Voltaire*, and *le Blanc*, could not mark these amongst our other *Follies*; but they totally forget them when they mention their own. The *Abbé* very justly censures the *Looseness* and *Ribaldry* of some of our Comedies, but he omits to inform us, that no Nation ex-

cels France in the Multitude of abominable and filthy Books.

INFORMERS against the Breach of the Laws, are absolutely necessary in every civiliz'd Government. The Informer, when his Motive springs from Conscience, and the Good of his Country, is a most valuable Subject, and merits the Regard of Mankind. But to be inform'd against, and hurried to the Bastile, or banish'd in an Instant by a *Letter de Cachet*, without knowing the Accuser or the Crime, may, for aught I know, be very good Policy, but I am sure it is not Justice.—In England, let the Motives of Information be what they will, the Informer is, not only, not *screen'd* and *shelter'd* from his Enemies, but is given up to the Reproach and *Invectives* of an enrag'd Populace. Laws are made, and Punishments assign'd for Transgressors, but our *Pox Populi* decrees a severer Treatment to the Discoverer, and saps the very Foundation of Laws.

With regard to the Happiness of the French or English, no Mortal can judge. It must be left to their own Decision; that is, each will give the Preference to themselves, for each have that natural Prejudice and Partiality to their own Country,

Country, that persuades them into an Opinion of their *peculiar Felicity*. — Did not Mankind deceive themselves, by imagining an *ideal Happiness*, they would be miserable in *Reality*. — Deform'd Persons have generally a large Share of *Vanity* and *Self-Opinion*. They are infinitely happy, when their Mirror discovers *Beauty* and *Charms* which the World do not find out. Such a Conduct is justify'd by the wise Scheme of *Providence*, as it gives Ease and Comfort to their Lives, which otherwise would be almost insupportable. — Perhaps the same Argument may be apply'd to *Kingdoms*.

Thus, Gentlemen, I have given short *Hints* of my private Opinion, taking Things in a *general Light*, but I know there are many Exceptions. — The *Wise*, the *Good*, the *Honest* of both Nations, have equal Sentiments, and speak one *common Language*. — Both Nations have their *peculiar Virtues* as well as Vices. — In a Word, if the People of *one* were less a Dupe to *Glory* and *arbitrary Power*, and the *other* less a Prey to *extravagant Liberty*, I apprehend, *both* would have more Content. — But to be *perfectly happy*, is not given to *human Nature*.

THE

THE Company express'd much Satisfaction at Mr. *Villeneuve's* Discourse, particularly at the Manner he conducted it. — At last one of the Gentlemen said, ' I know *England*, and some of their Laws. I know the Nature of their *Parliament*, and the Power of the *Crown*. I know the vast Benefit of their *Juries*, and the good Effects of their *Habeas Corpus* Act. My Knowledge but increases my Astonishment, that a People, enjoying a *Liberty* and *Freedom* unknown to all other Nations on Earth, should repine at their Situation, and take Pains to imbitter the blessed Waters of Peace and Plenty. Since all Things, as you say, rise or fall by Comparison, what Happiness would the *English* enjoy, did they but turn their Eyes on the Miseries of other Kingdoms ?' As *Frenchmen*, reply'd another, we ought not to be angry at their Conduct ; for, were they truly sensible of their Happiness, and all united to their real Interest, what Power could stand before them ? No doubt, our *Ministry* know this too well, to neglect any Opportunity of dividing them, nor is it a difficult Task ; for the *Liberty* of the Country, and the unbounded Licence of the *Press*, easily furnishes Tools to work with.' — ' I am afraid,

‘ afraid, Sir, said *Villeneuf*, your Conjecture,
 ‘ is but too well founded, yet I must hope,
 ‘ Time will open our Eyes, not by fu-
 ‘ pressing the *Press*, but by despising the
 ‘ *Invectives*, the *Slander*, and the vile *Insu-*
 ‘ *muations* it too frequently throws out.

‘ THE Conversation insensibly became
 ‘ more general, and their different Opinions
 ‘ were given with Freedom and good Hu-
 ‘ mour. *Conyers* had his Share, and made
 ‘ himself very agreeable by sprightly and
 ‘ cheerful Turns.—‘ Come, come, said *Adon-*
 ‘ *sieur St. Martin*, talk as you will, I think
 ‘ it is given up, that we live with *Gaiety*,
 ‘ *Mirth* and *Cheerfulness*, and that is *Live-*
 ‘ *ing*. The Want of this, I believe, is the
 ‘ Reason that *Suicide* and *MADNESS* are
 ‘ much more common in *England* than in
 ‘ *France*.—‘ Pray, Sir, said *Conyers*, let
 ‘ me be permitted to take off a little of the
 ‘ Imputation, and account for the *seeming*
 ‘ Difference from other Reasons, than what
 ‘ *Monsieur le Blanc*, and other *French Au-*
 ‘ *thors* have given.

‘ *MANKIND*, continued *Conyers*, are pretty
 ‘ much the same in every *Clime*. Our
 ‘ *frantick Disorders* are conspicuous to the
 ‘ World.—If *France* be equally liable to
 ‘ them, the Nature of their Government
 ‘ casts a *Veil* over the Misfortune.—With

‘ us,

' us, if a poor Wretch hangs or drowns
 ' himself, the News-writers immediately
 ' give the Circumstances and his Name to
 ' the whole Kingdom.—Such an Affair in
 ' Paris is seldom known beyond the Di-
 ' strict he liv'd in.—As to Madness, we
 ' cannot insist on a Parity in Numbers.—
 ' We have publick and private Mad-houses
 ' in Abundance, and many unhappy Crea-
 ' tures are expos'd to publick View.—
 ' Perhaps France has less Need of these
 ' Edifices, when 'tis consider'd they have,
 ' at least, an hundred Thousand of both
 ' Sexes in Monasteries and Convents.—As
 ' these Seminaries take in the several Degrees
 ' from the most Austere to a Life of easy
 ' Inaction, may we not naturally suppose,
 ' that Numbers of the Inhabitants take
 ' Shelter into those Orders, that have the
 ' nearest Affinity to the Degree of Enthusi-
 ' asm and Madness with which they are pos-
 ' sess'd?—Of this, the many thousand Vo-
 ' lumes of Lives of Saints, many of whom
 ' never existed, but in the Brains of Monks,
 ' is a convincing Proof.—If we meet Num-
 ' bers in different Habits walking the Streets,
 ' and seemingly exercising the Function of
 ' right Reason and Understanding, who can
 ' count those confined to their Cells, or to
 ' the Limits of their Garden? I am not
 ' singular

singular in my Conjecture, for the famous *Monsieur d'Aubigny*, about the Year 1600, writes this Epigram.

HUGUENOTS, fâcheux & Austeres,
Qui blamez tant les Monasteres,
— A la Pareille, dites nous
Où l'en pourroit loger les Fous?

— *Ill-natur'd CALVINISTS, who scold
At MONASTERIES, and what they bold;
Without their Aid, pray tell us plain,
Where could we all the MAD maintain?*

THE Epigram furnish'd the Company with a good deal of laughing Chat, though they did not deny but there was some *Truth* in the Question. — Time puts an End to all Things, as it did to this Conversation. — The usual Compliments and Bows being made on all Sides, each separated to their Places of *Repas*, which affords me and my Reader an Opportunity of doing the like.

never existed, but in the Brain of a Monk, as a convincing Proof. — If we meet Nuns, but in different Habits walking the Streets, and seemingly carrying the same burden, who can count those confined to their Cells, or the Ladies of their Garter? — I am now

CHAP.



CHAP. XX.

*What God, alas! will Caution be
For living Man's Security,
Or will insure his Vessel in this faithless Sea?
Where Fortune's Favours, and her Spight,
Roll with alternate Waves, like Day and
Night.*

COWLEY.

NEXT Morning Mr. Villeneuf found himself much out of Order, yet he could not avoid mentioning what, with Design, he had omitted in the Conversation of Yesterday.—‘God forbid, said he, that
‘persecuting Spirit should ever prevail in
‘England, yet I should imagine, *Self-pre-*
‘*servation* ought at least to keep us upon
‘our Guard against the Encroachments of
‘POPERY; for, though *we* are not their
‘*Enemies*, because they are *Papists*, yet they
‘are certainly *our’s*, because we are *Pro-*
‘*testants*.—We suffer them in *England* to
‘*purchase Estates*; and the Influence Pro-
‘perty carries with it, is sometimes too
‘visible.—They are likewise permitted to
‘*sell* their *Estates*, but the *Hugonots* in
‘*France*

' France may purchase, but cannot sell.—
 ' We allow our Subjects to attend the Ro-
 ' mish Chapels of Foreign Ministers, but
 ' what Frenchman dare visit our Ambassa-
 ' dor's Chapel at Paris?—Without forcing
 ' the Consciences of Men, I think we might,
 ' and ought to take some Example from
 ' our Neighbours.—Sending Protestant
 ' Youths of both Sexes, to be educated in
 ' the Colleges of Jesuits, or in the Convents
 ' of Nuns, is such a monstrous, such an ab-
 ' surd Practice, that, as no Name can be
 ' given, so no Punishment can be equal to
 ' the Crime.'

' THIS, Sir, reply'd Conyers, has often
 ' surpris'd me, but there is another Matter,
 ' equally astonishing.—I know what was
 ' formerly understood by a Nonjuror. I
 ' know that a scrupulous Conscience might
 ' refuse the Oaths to King WILLIAM, when
 ' he had before taken them to King JAMES,
 ' but I cannot conceive what a Nonjuror is
 ' in these Days.'——' And you will, said
 ' Villeneuf, be more amazed, when I tell
 ' you, he is one of those rank Weeds that
 ' the best Land is most subject to. A Non-
 ' juror is a Person that avails himself of
 ' that Liberty, and Constitution of England,
 ' which his Principles, and the Study of his
 ' whole Life, labours to destroy.—He denies

' the

‘ the *Validity* of the Foundation of our
 ‘ *Laws*. — He calls himself a *Protestant*,
 ‘ and yet acts on *Papish* Tenets. — How it
 ‘ is possible, such a Being can be suffer’d
 ‘ in our State, is past my Comprehension.
 ‘ — If he refuses the *Oath* of Allegiance,
 ‘ which I wish was more frequently ten-
 ‘ der’d, what *Security* has the Government
 ‘ for his Conduct? And ought he not to
 ‘ be *expell’d* a Society, to which he *avows*
 ‘ himself an Enemy? — If he must be Re-
 ‘ sident, why is he not serv’d like the *Jews*
 ‘ in *Germany*, and oblig’d to wear a *Badge*
 ‘ of Distinction.’

ON this Subject Mr. *Villeneuve* gave many Hints, but *Conyers* prevented his enlarging too much; and, as he saw his Countenance frequently change, he perswaded him to lie down. — All the Morning he complained of a violent Head-Ach, and Pain in the Back. — All Precautions were taken, and the best Physicians employ’d, but all prov’d ineffectual, for this good, this *valuable* young Gentleman *died* the fourteenth Day.

POOR *Conyers* was in the utmost Affliction, for he lost his *Brother*, his *Friend*, his *Master*, and his whole Support. — For some Time he was not able to attend his own Interest; but the good Nature of Mr. *Pensé* shar’d his Sorrows, and directed his Conduct.

duct.—By the Will of Mr. *Villeneuve*, he found himself possess'd of Sixty Pounds, with all the Books and wearing Apparel he had in *France*. *Pensé* advis'd the selling the Books and all the Cloaths, except the Shirts; which done, he had about *One Hundred and Fifty* Pounds to begin a new Life.—*Pensé* knew perfectly his Situation, and many Projects were thought on to put this Sum to a proper Use; but, as neither of them could contrive how he might *live* on it, they pass'd them over without fixing, but *Pensé* promis'd to think for him.

WHILST their Imaginations were busily employ'd in forming Plans for his future Conduct, an Accident happen'd which I am almost asham'd to mention. I once intended to have suppress'd this Accident, but my strict Adherence to *Truth*, obliges me, though with Reluctance, to make it a Part of this History. Besides, as all the Memoirs and Papers that serv'd in compiling this *great Work*, are now deposited in the *Cotton Library*, for the Perusal of the Curious, and to vouch the Authenticity and Impartiality of this Performance, with what Face could I *omit* or *gloss over* a material Circumstance, and make my Veracity doubtful to the Publick. If *some* have taken

a contrary Method, I am determin'd to keep mine Integrity.

CONYERS did not always dine at the same Hotel, for different Companies afforded him different Remarks. At one of these Ordinaries, he had made a Sort of Acquaintance with a genteel young Man, of about his own Age, without inquiring into his Character. The Conversation happen'd to turn on the Folly and Absurdity of *Gaming*, and this Gentleman laid open the Subject and the Schemes of *Sharppers*, in so clear and convincing a Manner, that charm'd Conyers.—After Dinner, they took a Walk together, and renewed the Subject.—‘ Few Men, said the Stranger, understand *Play* better than I. Formerly I was a *Fubble* to it, but when I became a Master, and might have won back the Money I had lost, though I don't much want it, my Friends and Relations got round me, and oblig'd me to renounce *Gaming* for myself. I now assist some Friends, and but last Night I won two hundred Pieces for the Gentleman in Blue, with Gold *Brandenburghs*, that din'd with us. This I frequently do, and am of Use to some honest Fellows.’—‘ I should imagine, said Conyers, that a Man who constantly plays, must sometimes be liable to Quarrels, Disputes, and many o-

'ther Difficulties.'—'I grant you, reply'd
'the Gentleman, such Affairs happen in
'poor low Company, but the Assemblies
'I frequent, are compos'd but of People
'of Rank and Fortune. Most of them
'incog. so no one takes Notice, or seems to
'know another, but all are on the same
'Footings.'

OUR Hero listen'd with great Attention,
and, by his many Questions, seem'd de-
sirous to venture a small Matter, which
perchance might double his Fund. The
two hundred Pieces won last Night, ran
strangely in his Head, and his Imagination
put him already in Possession of such a
Sum. Like a *Fish*, he went round and
round, and often nibbled at the Bait, till at
length his eager Desires surmounted his
Fears, and he swallow'd the *Hook*.

WHEN *Conyers* propos'd visiting the
Temple of Fortune, the other made some
few Difficulties, but was at last prevail'd
on to lend him his Skill. In Pursuance to
the Plan of Operation, *Conyers* gave him
Forty Louis, and put *Twenty* more into his
own Pocket. It was too soon to begin the
Project; and, to divert the Time and raise
their Spirits, the Gentleman propos'd a
Bottle of *Champaign*. They finish'd two,
and *Conyers* found himself extremely elate,
and

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 219

and prognosticated vast good Fortune. He was like *Alnaschar* the famous *Glass Man*, for he had rais'd his Thoughts, and built the Edifice of *Grandeur*, but others had the Honour of *kicking* it all down.

THEY arriv'd at the Temple, where the *Priests* were assembled, and very earnest at their *Devotions*.—*Conyers* was fix'd at a Table with good Company, where he won and lost, but much wonder'd his Friend did not appear and assist him. He grew a little uneasy, but when he enquir'd, the Gentleman was not to be found, neither did any one know his Name. *Conyers* was unwilling to suspect him, and pursu'd his Fortune singly.—As no Man knows his own Courage till he is try'd, so *Conyers* knew not his *Passion* for Play, until he was at a Gaming Table.—His twenty Pieces being near expir'd, he ventur'd to ask, *If any Gentleman would give him Credit till next Morning, in case he lost.* With great Politeness they all agreed, *there was no Difficulty in confiding in a Gentleman of his Appearance.*

THE Play continued, and the *Dice* flew about with the usual Vehemence.—The *fickle Goddess* held the changing *Balance*, and joy'd to see such true, such fervent Zeal in all her Votaries.—The *Rites* and *Ceremonies* being finish'd, *Conyers* began to

examine the *Mythology*. He now discover'd that the *Doctrine* was extremely erroneous, for he had not only lost *all* his ready Money, but was indebted above *Fifty Louis d'Ors*.—The small Remains of the Night was not employ'd in the most agreeable Reflections, neither was the Morning usher'd in with happier Thoughts, for the Crime of last Night star'd him full in the Face, in the Shape of *three Gentlemen* with Demands of Money. Whilst employ'd in discharging these *Debts* of Honour, Mr. *Pensé* enter'd, which put him in the utmost Confusion. *Pensé* began to imagine that his Friend had taken up the Business of *lending Money* on *Pledges*, but a little of their Conversation soon convinc'd him of his Error.

WHEN the three Gentlemen had retir'd, our Friends stood silent, and gaz'd on each other for some Time.—‘Well Sir, said *Pensé*, I find the *Prudent*, the *Wise*, the *Sagacious* Mr. *Conyers* is beholden to *Sbarpers* for making his Fortune, and giving him Experience.’—*Conyers* blush'd, and, with some Hesitation, told his melancholy Tale; but concluded, with heartily cursing the Falshood of the *French*.—‘Very fine, cry'd *Pensé*, very fine, indeed. You have been bubbled by *Pickpockets*, and you

‘damn

‘ damn a whole Nation ; but the Truth is,
 ‘ you ought to quarrel with your own *Fol-*
 ‘ *ly* and *Imprudence*, and I hope you will
 ‘ so effectually do it, as for ever to banish
 ‘ them your Company.—*Gaming, continued*
 ‘ *Pensé*, is the most ruinous of all Vices.
 ‘ It is——

As an *Historian*, I must be extremely
 angry with one HENRY FIELDING, who
 has wrote the Memoirs of a *profligate Fel-*
low, whom he calls TOM JONES.—This
 Man has done me great Injury, and I am
 apt to believe has seen the *Materials* of this
 History ; for in one of his Volumes, he has
 not only copy’d the very long Discourse
 Mr. *Pensé* made on *Gaming*, but has rak’d
 together all that the *Wiseſt* have ſaid, or
could ſay on that Subject ; ſo that he has
 very *unfairly* depriv’d me of the Benefit of
 a Dozen or Twenty Pages, which I muſt
 ſtrike out, or be thought a Plagiary.—
 This is not the only Place where the ſaid
 FIELDING has curtail’d my Reputation and
 cramp’t my Genius.—Without ſaying more
 on this *barbarous* and *ungentleman-like* Uſage,
 I muſt inſiſt, that the good natur’d Public
 will believe, I ſhould have had *more Re-*
ſlections, and have been as fertile in *Wit* and
Humour as the ſaid *Fielding*, had he not

cruelly and *enviously* forestall'd my Invention.

CONYERS was all Attention to Mr. *Pense's* Harangue, and most faithfully promis'd to shun Temptation and avaricious Thoughts.

— The Mischief is done, *said Pense*, so
 ' I shall upbraid no more. I had a Scheme
 ' for your Service, but doubt your con-
 ' senting to it. I shall not flatter you, for,
 ' *Why should the Poor be flatter'd?* But
 ' what I have to say is my sincere Opinion.

— You are, *continued he*, a very hand-
 ' some genteel young Fellow, you have
 ' Learning and Understanding. You have
 ' cultivated your Talents by the Additions
 ' of polite Accomplishments; and the Ex-
 ' cellency of your Voice, and your good
 ' Nature, make you belov'd by all. My
 ' *dear Conyers*, it is no Crime to be con-
 ' scious of our Perfections, the Folly lies in
 ' being vain of, or over-rating them.——

' With your Endowments, and a prudent
 ' Management, you may make your For-
 ' tune, and be happy.—A Man must *scoop*,
 ' before we can justly say, he *rises*. In a
 ' Word, I wish you would act the Part of
 ' a *Servant*.—You will be maintain'd and
 ' cloath'd. By your Address, I know you
 ' will acquire Esteem; and, as there are
 ' Secrets in all Families, no doubt but
 ' some

JACK CONNOR, *now* CONYERS. 223

‘ some may pass through your Hands. Out
‘ of these, and sundry Accidents that un-
‘ avoidably happen, you may scheme some
‘ civil Employ, and establish yourself in
‘ the World, as many *worthy Men* have
‘ done, not blest’d with half your Capaci-
‘ ty.’—*Jack* listen’d, but made no Reply.

—‘ There is, *said Pensé*, another Argu-
‘ ment in Favour of my Project, and a
‘ strong one, for I do not see what else you
‘ can do.’—This last Reason got the Better
of Pride, and *Conyers* consented.

—‘ Now, *said his Friend*, to convince you
‘ I have had you in my Thoughts, I can
‘ promise you a Service with an *English*
‘ Lord, now returning to *London*; he is
‘ rich, extremely good humour’d, but not
‘ the *brightest* Genius in the World.—He
‘ keeps an *English* *Wench*.—I need not de-
‘ sire you to endeavour to have her Favour.’

At Dinner they met again, when *Pensé*
inform’d him that my *Lord Weakhead* with
Pleasure consented, as he wanted one to take
Care of his *Wardrobe*, and write his *Letters*.

—‘ I would not, *continued he*, have you
‘ always fix’d to a particular *Service* or *Fa-*
‘ *mily*; for, except your Judgment shews
‘ you a Probability of succeeding in your
‘ *chief* Design, shift about, and try another
‘ Soil; but be sure to take Care of the

‘ little Money you have left, lest you should
‘ be too long unemploy’d.’

NEXT Morning they waited on Lord Weakhead, who would not agree, until his *Dulcinea* had approved. In some Time the Lady made her Appearance, and was so good to say, ‘ she believ’d the Fellow would do well enough.’ His Lordship told Conyers the Duty he expected from him, and the Lady added some for herself.—He was to have thirty Pounds a Year, and some *Perquisites*, to enable him to be decent.

In three Days they set out for *England*.—The Friends parted with great Regret, and took a most tender Adieu. *Pensé* gave a Hint, that in all Likelihood a *War* would soon break out, and begg’d of Conyers never to write to him.





C H A P. XXI.

—Fie, fie upon her!

There's Language in her Eye, her Cheek,
her Lip:

Nay, her Foot speaks; her wanton Spirits
look out

At every Joint, and Motion of her Body:
Oh, these Encounterers! so glib of Tongue,
They give a coasting Welcome ere it comes;
And wide unclasp the Tables of their
Thoughts

To every ticklish Reader: Set them down
For sluttish Spoils of Opportunity,
And Daughters of the Game.

SHAKESPEAR'S *Troilus & Cressida*.

JACK was soon settled in a Family-way
in London, but found a mighty Difference
between his last and present Master.
My Lord had a fine House, and a Number
of Servants were maintain'd at a vast Ex-
pence; yet the Whole was conducted in so
slovenly a Manner, that nothing was in
Order, and something was always wanting
to compleat the intended Elegance.—Ma-
dam Haughty ruled all, and govern'd with

a Power as uncontroll'd as it was extensive. She frequently school'd his *Lordship* in such Terms, that made *Conyers* conceive an utter Aversion for her. Some Times she had violent Fits of Jealousy, and on those Occasions my *Lord* was never permitted to approach, neither could any Rhetorick, except that of a *Purse*, persuade her into any tolerable Temper.—Her male Acquaintances were *Singers*, *Fidlers*, young *Fops*, and a Couple of worn-out *Sharps*. Her female Friends were *Milliners*, *Mantua-Makers* of small Repute, and some *Nymphs* of her own Order. For these a plentiful Table was kept, and the Incense of Praise was constantly perfuming on the Altars of the *Goddes's Haughtiness*. Tho' the House was perpetually crowded, yet properly speaking, *Lord Weakhead* saw no Company.

MADAM HAUGHTY had a strong *Levée* almost every Morning; and, because she had been in *France*, and heard something of the Conduct of their Ladies of Quality, she frequently received their Visits in Bed. *Conyers* always made the Tea, and, with a Footman, attended the Duty of the Table. One Morning, when the Company were pretty numerous, *Jack* was busy employ'd in this Office, but happening to go into the Lady's Dressing-Room, he found a Bottle

with a Label, on which was wrote *Mouth Water*; and, as his Gums were swell'd with a Cold, he innocently used this Water as a Gargle. Whilst he was filling out the Tea, his Lips shrunk up, and his Mouth almost clos'd. The Company could not forbear smiling at the Oddity of his Face, which was quite distorted. Madam, at last perceived the Queerness of his Phiz, and, with a Laugh, ask'd him, What was the Matter? When he attempted to answer, his whole Face was in Convulsions; but, as he could not articulate a Word, he ran to the Dressing-Room, and produced the Bottle. *Haughty* burst into a violent Laugh, and whisper'd a Lady near her, who communicated the Secret to a Third, and in a Moment all present were in the utmost Mirth; and a thousand Witticisms were thrown out, till *Conyers* was oblig'd to quit his Station, and seek Refuge in his Chamber, where, with Patience and warm Water, he brought his Features to their accustomed Regularity; but it was not till some Years after, he found out what had occasion'd his Disorder, and the immoderate Banter he suffer'd.

Mrs. HAUGHTY carry'd her Ridicule so far, that it rais'd his Resentment, and determin'd him to watch her Motions more narrowly.

narrowly. In the mean Time he could not avoid making some serious Reflections on the Conduct and Situation of *Lord Weakhead*. He thought that the Life of a *Man of Quality* was to be employ'd in shewing good Examples to the World; and, with some Sighs, compar'd the Behaviour of his present Master to that of *Lord Truegood*. — He was surpriz'd how a *Peer* could run from the Dignity his *Ancestors* had purchas'd, and act below the Character of the meanest Mechanic. He was astonish'd that a *Nobleman*, who might almost command the best Society, and a Lady of the first Family, where good Sense and Honour would grace his Table, should renounce these rational Comforts, and amuse himself with the Dregs of Mankind, and a *Woman* of a most abandon'd Life. He was at last convinced, that his *poor Lord* had all the Plagues the worst Wife could give, without any one of those Pleasures she might sometimes bestow.

THIS *Lady* hath discover'd, that Delicacy and Tenderness were not the Charms most admir'd by my *Lord* in a Mistress, but that his Constitution was to be govern'd only by absolute Power. The more she seem'd to hate and despise him; the fonder he grew. Her insolent Security was such, that

that she scarcely made a Secret of her Infidelity, so that *Conyers* caught her one Morning *beating Time* to the Musick of a dirty Fidler. She colour'd a little, at being so fairly discover'd; but, with a matchless Assurance, propos'd his taking a Part in the *Concert*. *Conyers*, with a Smile of Disdain, answer'd, He had too good a *Taste*, to be charm'd with a *common vulgar Ballad*. Her Rage is not to be express'd, she swore like an old Dragoon; and in this Temper he quitted her in Contempt.

AMONGST the many who paid Court to my Lord and Madam Haughty, Mr. *Sangfroid*, a young Surgeon of *French* Extraction, was pretty constant. He had a particular Regard for *Conyers*, and was the only Person who found out his Value and Merit. *Sangfroid* was a Man of Sense, and whose Conversation was seriously diverting, and his speaking *French* extremely well, made *Conyers* fond of being often with him. To this Gentleman he told his Story, and begg'd his Advice. 'I see, said *Sangfroid*, 'you are not perfectly acquainted with this 'Part of the World. I have sometimes 'interfered between a *Gentleman* and his 'Wife, and have made up mighty Quarrels occasion'd by *Lap-Dogs*, *Parrots*, 'and the like; but I never meddle between

a Gentleman and his *Mistress*. It is of
 too sacred and delicate a Nature, neither
 can my Probe search to the Bottom of
 the Wound; and, as I perceive that a
 Mortification must of Necessity ensue,
 why should I give my Patient unnecessa-
 ry Pain? However, *continued he*, don't
 repine at being dismissed this Service, but
 live with me until I can provide you ano-
 ther. *Conyers* return'd him many Thanks,
 and that Evening accepted his kind Invi-
 tation, for my *Lord* very gravely paid him
 three Months Wages, and gave him a Dis-
 charge.

Mr. *SANGFROID* received him with
 great Kindness, and apologiz'd for not hav-
 ing it in his Power to be more constantly
 with him, but he never fail'd at Dinner,
 and seldom in the Evenings. In these Con-
 versations *Conyers* took Care to ingratiate
 himself with his new Friend, and display'd
 his Learning and Accomplishments in so
 agreeable a Manner, as not a little surpriz-
 ed the Surgeon, who confess'd he merited
 an happier Fate: But, *continued he*, it
 shall not be my Fault, if something don't
 turn out to your Advantage.

Conyers pass'd his Time in a very sa-
 tisfactory Manner, for *Sangfroid* entertain'd
 him with Histories of sundry Families, but
 with

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 231

with such Humour, as created Abundance
of Mirth and most useful Observations;
which last, Jack constantly added to his
Collection.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

C H A P. XXII.

*Hail thou! who ne'er as yet was sung
By any Bard, or old or young,
Enchanting Riot! God of Drink!
(Whatever ancient Poets think.)
Thou to the World, chief Foe or Friend,
Making some mount, and some descend,
Inspire my Verse.*

ANONIMOUS.

ONE Evening our Friends had agreed
to go to a favourite Play, where Mr.
Sangfroid met several of his Acquaintance.
I see, said he to Conyers, a Knot of choice
Spirits in the third Row; should they
ask me to a Tavern, I must desire your
Company; for, though it will be Time
thrown away, it will not be lost. I
cannot, reply'd Conyers, rightly under-
stand your Distinction, but command
me. That young Gentleman, continu-

' ed the Surgeon, in a white Fustian Frock,
 ' and checquer'd Flannel Waistcoat, with
 ' the Hat of a Stage Coachman, is Sir Ni-
 ' cholas Royster of Yorkshire, who inherits
 ' good four thousand Pounds a Year. He's
 ' not yet of Age, but borrows Money e-
 ' nough, by insuring his Life. That eld-
 ' erly Youth just by him, with a red Face,
 ' is Squire Morise, formerly of High Hall
 ' in Gloucestershire. That fine Seat, and
 ' fifteen hundred a Year round it, has been
 ' long purchased by Mr. Punctual, a Ban-
 ' ker in the Strand, on which the Squire
 ' has two hundred a Year Life-Rent. That
 ' genteel young Man on the other Side, is
 ' one Mr. Fitz-Simons of Ireland, where, I
 ' imagine, he has a good Fortune, for he
 ' is extremely generous. He has Cham-
 ' bers in the Middle Temple, and for these
 ' three Years has study'd very closely. A
 ' little beyond him you see a portly fierce
 ' Gentleman in Scarlet, with a Point d'E-
 ' spagne Hat so cock'd, that it frights the
 ' Orange Wenches. He is called Major
 ' Noisy, and, I have been told, was for-
 ' merly a Lieutenant in the Army, but was
 ' oblig'd to sell out and retire on Ensign's
 ' Half-pay; but the Knight is his Friend.
 ' — I think, said Conyers, you apply the
 ' Word fierce to the Major; now, as I ap-
 ' prehend,

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 233

‘prehend, it is derived from the *French*
 ‘Word *fier*, which means *proud* and *saucy*,
 ‘I beg you will give him some other
 ‘Epithet, for I observe he is extremely fa-
 ‘miliar with the Orange Ladies, who seem
 ‘to attack him with equal Freedom.’—
 ‘Your Observation, *said Sangfroid*, I be-
 ‘lieve is right, but really the Major is far
 ‘from being *proud*; but how *fier* may an-
 ‘swer to *saucy*, I hope to convince you:
 ‘However, they are all my Friends and
 ‘Customers; and the Plague of my Pro-
 ‘fession is, I must not only keep them
 ‘Company, but agree to every Thing they
 ‘say, when in Company.’

THE Play was scarcely finished, when
 the Major gave a loud Hem, and having
 fix’d *Sangfroid*’s Eyes, call’d out, —*The*
King’s Arms, and received a Nod of Con-
 sent.—*Sir Nicholas* and his Company got
 first to the Tavern, having pick’d up two
 special City Sparks. When Mr. *Sangfroid*
 and *Conyers* arriv’d, they found the *Major*
 and the rest very loud at the Larder. With
 great Difficulty Supper was order’d, and
 the Master, Mr. *Ryan*, conducted them into
 the *Rose*.—As an Historian, I am com-
 pell’d to attend, but, *courteous Reader*, if
 thou’rt not charm’d with Discord of harsh
 Sounds,—If a Tavern Scene delighteth not
 thy

thy Heart, or, if thou findest thyself not disposed for a Conversation with such Company, go not thou in with me, but pass on to some other Part of this delectable History.

—THE Instant the Major enter'd the *Rose*, he cry'd out, 'Z——ns! what a Room has the Rascal put us into?—Here—' You Son of a W——re, shew us into the ' *Roomer*, this smokes like Hell!—*Ryan* was all Obedience, and, as he conducted them back, the *Knight* could not avoid saying, 'Ay, ay, let the *old Soldier* alone; 'D——me he'll keep 'em all in Order.'—The usual Salutations began, and Mr. *Sangfroid* introduced *Conyers* to each, by their Titles.——'Sir, said the Major, give me 'your Hand. D——n all these Compliments; you seem, Sir, to be a Gentleman, and a Man of Honour, and D——me but we're all oblig'd to *Young Bolus* 'for your Company.'—*Conyers* just began to return the Compliment, but the Major interrupted him, saying,—'Sir, You are 'a very pretty sensible Gentleman, and ' (*ringing the Bell as loud as he could*) we'll 'take a hearty Bottle together, and know 'me for your Friend.—Here—You Ostler '—D——me, where is the Wine.'——'Please your Honour, said the Waiter, the 'Wine

‘ Wine your Honour always chuses is on
 ‘ the Table.’ — ‘ D’ye prate, Puppy?
 ‘ said he, to Kennel, down this Instant, —
 ‘ Avaunt!’ — The Waiter retir’d with a
 Smile, and then he began, ‘ Come, Boys,
 ‘ — Come Lads, sit down and be D—d,
 ‘ and take your Wine in Peace and Quiet-
 ‘ ness.’

THE Company were moving to their
 Places, when Mr. Morise open’d with an
 hoarse Voice, — ‘ D—n that old Firelock,
 ‘ what a Clatter he makes; curse him,
 ‘ he’ll never be a *Conjurer*, for he wan’t
 ‘ born dumb.’ — This witty Stroke occa-
 sion’d a prodigious Laugh, which lasted
 with many Additions, till all had taken
 their Seats.

I HOPE it will not be expected I should
 set down minutely and in Order every single
 Word and Repartee during the first half
 Hour’s Conversation. The Task would be
 too arduous even for the renown’d Author
 of *Pamela* and *Clarissa*, whose Patience no-
 thing could equal, except that of his Rea-
 ders. — Old *Bunyan* would have been at a
 Loss, and the celebrated Mr. *Cleveland*
 would have found it impossible; how there-
 fore can I, a weak, ignorant Modern, pre-
 tend to attempt what such vast Geniuses
 must have omitted. All I am able to do,

is to beg the *learned Reader* to supply my Defects, by imagining, or, if he can, writing about thirty Pages of the most *fashionable Oaths*, and refin'd *Bawdy Jokes* his Wit can put together. Should his Thoughts not be sufficiently elevated for so *sublime* a Subject, let him take the *Memoirs* of a *Lady of Pleasure*, whose Author, as he undoubtedly merits, certainly ought to be preferr'd to the highest Post on *Hounslow*, or some other convenient *Heath*.

WHILST the Supper was laying, Mr. *Sangfroid* whisper'd his Friend, 'that Sir *Nicholas* had pawn'd his Honour they would have no Whores in Company that Night, for I hope, *added the Surgeon*, to amuse you in a better Manner.'—Supper over, they had just set down to fresh Bottles when Mr. *Ryan* enter'd. 'Please your Honours, *said he*, here's the *Gazette*, and great News in it, will your Honour, *giving it to the Major*, be pleas'd to read it, for 'tis bespoke in the next Room.'—I read it! cry'd *the Major*, 'No, not I by G—, read it yourself and be d—d.'—*Ryan* began, and read of a powerful Squadron fitted out at *Brest*, and that forty thousand French had Orders to march to Germany, and the like Number to the Frontiers of *Flanders*. That the *Queen of Hungary* was

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 237

was levying a large Army in Bohemia, which would be ready to take the Field early in the Spring.——He was proceeding, when the Major jump'd up, drew his Sword, and flapping it on the Table, ' Now, cry'd he, we shall have a War, ' D—n my Blood ' but we shall. Now the Scoundrels will ' court me to shew them the Way to *Flan-* ' *ders*, and the *Prig Officers* who will hardly ' give me a Bow, shall come Cap in Hand, ' for they can't make me less than a *Lieu-* ' *tenant Colonel*. Z—ds! How I long to ' be at it, and then, *Sir Nicholas*, D—me, ' *Sir Nicholas*, but you shall go with me, ' and be my Ensign, and fight by my Side, ' D—me if you shan't.——Not so fast, ' said the Knight, for, D—me if I do. No, ' no, I know a Trick worth two of that, ' for, as the Gentleman said to Night in ' the Play, *I've four thousand a Year of as* ' *good fighting Land as any in Europe*; so I ' suppose if we have a War I shall pay my ' Club, and you and your Honour and ' Glory may go fight and be d—d for *Sir* ' *Nicholas*. ' Then, cry'd the Hero, stay ' at home and be d—d, and mind your ' *Hounds* and your *Horses*. Z—ds, when ' I was of your Age, '—Why, said Sang- ' froid, when you were of *Sir Nicholas's* Age, ' what

what mighty Matters did your Honour do? Come, tell us, my dear Man of War.

‘ I was, *said the Major*, the eighth Son
 ‘ of fourteen, for we were always a fine
 ‘ Bucking Family. My Father, *Justice*
 ‘ *Noisy*, ’tis well known, had two thousand
 ‘ a Year in *Cornwall*, and gave his Children
 ‘ as much Learning as they would take.
 ‘ Your *Latin* and *Greek* was not my Turn,
 ‘ and the Fool my Master flogg’d me
 ‘ damnably before he found it out, which
 ‘ happen’d by an odd Accident, for when
 ‘ I was about Fifteen, the Son of a B——h
 ‘ was at his old Tricks with his *Birch*, but
 ‘ d——me if I didn’t take him such a Knock
 ‘ over the Noddle with the Poker, that
 ‘ down dropt Old *Ars in presente*, and the
 ‘ best of the Joke was, that the Scoundrel
 ‘ was a *Parson*. The old Justice laugh’d
 ‘ heartily, and prais’d my Spirit, so I
 ‘ thought I *bad him on*. I wanted d——ly
 ‘ to get to *London*, but my Chap was as
 ‘ close fist’d as the Devil, and not a Stiver
 ‘ would he part with to buy me a Commis-
 ‘ sion, which was all my Pride. The old
 ‘ Fool at last married a young B——h for
 ‘ Love, and used me like a Dog. D——me
 ‘ thought I but I’ll be reveng’d, and you’ll
 ‘ split your Sides with laughing when I
 ‘ tell you how I contriv’d it.—D——n my
 Blood

JACK CONNOR, *now* CONYERS. 239

‘ Blood if I didn’t make Love to my Mo-
‘ ther, and fairly Cuckol’d *Old Square-toes*.’
‘ Bravo, Bravo, cry’d *Sir Nicholas*, and
‘ Bravo, cry’d all the Rest.’ Well, said
Sangfroid, so when you had Cuckol’d your
Father you—‘ Z—ns, Mr. *Purge*, cry’d
‘ *the Major*, sure I can tell my own Story.
‘ —Why, when I had done him that Jobb,
‘ D—me, thought I, but I’ll do you ano-
‘ ther; so one Morning I made free with
‘ a Purse of *Fifty Guineas*, and, as the De-
‘ vil would have it, the same Day he found
‘ *Madam* and I fairly planting his Horns.
‘ —Z—ps! how he stared, and swore
‘ and rag’d like any *Free-man in Bedlam*.
‘ I walk’d off, my Dears, and left him that
‘ Bone to pick the best Way he could.—
‘ Well, as I was saying, I walk’d off, and
‘ took the Road to *London*. As I had
‘ Money in my Purse, I thought I had all
‘ the World in a String. In a Week I
‘ got acquainted with some *fine Ladies*, and
‘ very fond of me they were, for D—me
‘ but I was as fine a Lad as ever trod the
‘ Ground, and five Foot Seven in my
‘ Stocking Feet. The dear B—hes soon
‘ made me known to some Gentlemen of
‘ Quality, so that in about a Month I
‘ knew *Drury-Lane* and *London* as well as
‘ if I had been bred and born in’t; but
‘ D—me

' D—me if I know to this Day how it was,
 ' but in six Weeks I'd but a single Guinea
 ' left.—Now some Lads would have
 ' *snivel'd* and *cry'd*, and begged *Pardon*,
 ' and so forth; not me by G—d. I kept
 ' up my Heart like a Man, and as I could
 ' not purchase a *Red Rag*, I bravely re-
 ' solved to earn one with my Sword, so I
 ' went to the Parade, and *took on* in the
 ' First Regiment of Guards.—The Com-
 ' pany greatly applauded his Courage and
 ' Resolution, and he proceeded—' A Tri-
 ' fle, a Trifle, Gentlemen. Boys of Spirit
 ' will always, *sooner or later*, strike out
 ' their own Fortunes.—Well, this was in
 ' the Year 1711, which all the World
 ' knows was about the Middle of that *red*
 ' *hot War*.—To cut short my Story, we
 ' landed near *Lisle*, which my Glorious
 ' Master the Duke of *Marlborough* was Be-
 ' sieging, and the same Day I begged to
 ' mount the *Trenches*.—Hot Work, hot
 ' Work my Boys, for there *was* we ex-
 ' posed on the *Top of a Ditch* to the Fire
 ' of the Enemy for four Hours *Endways*.
 ' —Come, Gentlemen, drink about, Sor-
 ' row is dry, and d—me but I'm choaking
 ' with Thirst.—They drank, but whilst
 ' the *Knight* and Mr. *Morise* were asking some
 ' Particulars of the Siege, *Conyers* found
 ' Time

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 241

Time to say to his Friend,—‘ This Fellow
‘ was never an Officer, and I verily believe
‘ was never in any Army except as a Sut-
‘ ler’s Servant.’—Just then the *Major’s*
Voice was distinct.—‘ Lord, Lord, said
‘ *he*, why there it is. People that stay at
‘ Home and see nothing, must have strange
‘ Notions. To be sure ’tis terrible enough
‘ at first, D—me if it isn’t, but when a
‘ Man is us’d to it for four or five Cam-
‘ paigns as I was, ’tis a mere *Flea-bite*.—
‘ Well, as I was saying, having cut a Pas-
‘ sage through the *covered Way*, and with
‘ fixed Bayonets mastered the *Half Moon*
‘ of the *first* and *second Parapets*, and a
‘ Breach being made in the *Glacis* by our
‘ Engineers, I boldly mounted, and the
‘ whole Army following, the poor Devils
‘ of *French* surrender’d the Town.—The
‘ *Gazette* did me Justice, and the Noble
‘ General made me an *Ensign*. At *Blen-*
‘ *heim* the next Campaign, I did my Duty,
‘ got a few Wounds and a *Company*, and
‘ the same Year a *Majority*.—You know
‘ the rest. My old Dad *kick’d up*, and
‘ like an unnatural Son of a Whore as he
‘ was, left me a Shilling. A d—d *Peace*
‘ being made, and a Boy put over my
‘ Head, I quitted the Service, and have
‘ been on *Half-Pay* ever since, but now—
Vol. I. M ‘ D—n

‘ D—n my Blood they shall beg and pray
‘ before they catch me in *Flanders*.——

‘ So drink about my Boys, I’m alive,

‘ D—me.’

THE Bottle and Wit went briskly round,
till *Sangfroid*, clapping *Sir Nicholas* on the
Shoulder, ‘ There, *said he*, there’s a Fel-

‘ low of Mettle: I think I see him routing

‘ a whole *French* Army; I wish he’d write

‘ his *Memoirs*, they’d sell d—d well.

‘ What would you give, *Sir Knight*, to be

‘ able to say as much as the *Major*?’—

‘ Give, *reply’d Sir Nicholas*, D——me,

‘ I’d not give Six-pence. To be sure the

‘ Fellow may have seen more, for he’s old

‘ enough to be my *Grandfather*, but d—n

‘ my Blood, I’ve done as much for my

‘ Time, as any *He* in *Christendom*.’——

Impossible, Impossible, *said Sangfroid*.——

Judgment, Judgment, *cry’d the Knight*,

and in a Quarter of an Hour, Silence was

proclaimed, and he began.

‘ WHY, lookee, Gentlemen, I was but

‘ Nineteen, as I may say, *last Grass*. My

‘ good Father *Sir Joseph*, and my *Lady*

‘ *Mother* were very tender of my Youth,

‘ and gave me all the Education a Gentle-

‘ man of my *Fortune* requir’d. At ten

‘ Years old I could *read*,—no body better,

‘ —and the same Year I rode one of my

‘ Father’s

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 243

' Father's Horses, poor *Merry Pintle*, and
 ' won the Sweep Stakes at *Wakefield Races*.
 ' D—me if I didn't —Z—ns! I thought
 ' the old Gentleman would have leapt out
 ' of's Skin for Joy. —Next Day, my
 ' Bucks, I ran old *Sly Boots* against *Squire*
 ' *Mason's Bay Mare* *Miss Slammekin*, a Bye
 ' Match for Fifty Guineas, I Weight for
 ' Inches. Honest *Sly-boots* had well nigh
 ' distanc'd the Mare, when he lost all Four,
 ' and canted me twenty Yards over his
 ' Head. There I lay, and I was taken up
 ' for dead, tho' I only broke my left Arm
 ' and two of my Ribs. —No more by
 ' G—— When I recovered of my
 ' Wounds, all my Friends said that *Young*
 ' *Nick* was fairly entred. —Come Bucks,
 ' drink about. —Well, next Year, D—me
 ' if I didn't out-ride our Huntsman in a
 ' Fox Chase, and made him hellishly Jeal-
 ' ous; but in leaping a double Ditch, I
 ' got a Tumble, and my Head fell foul of
 ' a d—d Stump of a Tree, and laid it
 ' open. See Gentlemen, see, (*pulling off*
 ' a little black Wig) here it is, you may put
 ' your Fingers in't, but, D—me, I soon
 ' hors'd for all that, and call'd out *Fowler*,
 ' —*Ringwood*, —*Ho.* —Then he display'd
 all the Eloquence of *Field Language*, and
 the Company joining in the Cry, the *Guar-*

lian of the Night forgot the Hour, and
 imagined himself in *Lopping Forrest*.—At
 Length *Sir Nicholas* found Time to pro-
 ceed.—‘ All the Tenants *was* rock sure I’d
 ‘ be a clever Fellow; but when I began to
 ‘ kill their *Dogs*, and break their *Nets*, the
 ‘ Scoundrels complain’d to *Sir Joseph*, and
 ‘ my good *Lady Mother* gave me a swing-
 ‘ ing Lecture about good *Nature* and *Hu-*
 ‘ *manity*, and such Stuff; but when I was
 ‘ *Sixteen*, I shew’d them other Game, for
 ‘ D—me if I didn’t get their Daughters
 ‘ with Child by Dozens, and at last I *tipt*
 ‘ the same Favour to her *Ladyship’s* Maid.
 ‘ *Sir Joseph* curs’d and swore, and my *La-*
 ‘ *dy* cry’d and pray’d like *Hell* and the
 ‘ *Devil*; but what did I care?—I knew
 ‘ they cou’dn’t *swear* or *pray* me out of
 ‘ the *Estate*, do their worst; so because
 ‘ they wou’dn’t let me take my Swing at
 ‘ Home, I *touch’d* the Steward for a Brace
 ‘ of Hundreds, and wish’d ’em all a good
 ‘ Night.—My dear *Father* at last relented
 ‘ his hard Usage of me, and about four
 ‘ Months ago he took a Leap in the Dark
 ‘ to *Kingdom come*; and so I’m in *Mourn-*
 ‘ *ing* for him, as you see.’—A loud Laugh
 ensued, and the Bottle took its Course, and
 then he continued—‘ My Guardians, for
 ‘ I’ve enough of ’em, won’t allow me to
 ‘ live

'dive like a Gentleman, but D—me they
'are bit, I won't starve in a Cook's Shop,
'not I, for, my Bucks, here I am *safe*,
'and by the Help of my Friend yonder,
'pretty *saund*. Now, Gentlemen, I think I've
'been in more Dangers than if I had fought
'twenty Battles in *Flanders*, and D—me
'I'll lay Fifty Guineas I've more Wounds
'than his Honour the Major.'

EVERY Body agreed, and poor *Noisy*
stood a whole Volly of Wit.—'Truce,
'Boys, Truce, cry'd the Major, Why
'what the Devil, all upon Roger!—*Fitz-*
'simons, do dear *Rogue*, tell us some of
'your foolish Exploits, and keep Sir *Ni-*
'cholas in Countenance.'——'I'd do as
'much for you, said *Fitzsimons*, with all
'my Heart, but it seems you have no Oc-
'casion, for the Devil himself can't put you
'out of Countenance.'——This encreased
the Laugh, till *Sangfroid* cry'd out, 'Well,
'Gentlemen, I must own the Major has
'said a good Thing once in his Life, and I
'second the Motion; to Order Gentlemen,
'to Order, Mr. *Fitzsimons* is up,—bear
'him, bear him.'—All the Cry now was
bear him, so *Fitzsimons* was obliged to com-
ply, and he began.

'My History, Gentlemen, is very short.
'—My Family is pretty considerable in

Ireland, where my Father kept a good
 House, and lived in the true old hospita-
 ble Manner, but still gave his five Sons
 such Accomplishments as the Country
 afforded. We knew *Latin* and *Greek*,
 but *Dancing* and *Fencing* much better.
 At last the good Man died, and I, as his
 eldest Son, took Possession of the Estate,
 charged with my Mother's Jointure, and
 Portions for younger Children. To
 do the best I could for a large Family, I
 entered the *Temple*, and stinted myself to
 One Hundred Pounds a Year. I have
 many Relations in *London*, and some of
 Fashion, who introduced me into the po-
 litest Company of both Sexes, where I
 soon found I had a Genius for *Play*, and
 improved my Talent.—But, Gentlemen,
 the Ladies, the Ladies are kind, for I
 court them in such a Manner that few can
 withstand my Rhetorick.—‘Z—ns,
 cry’d the Knight, I’d give a Thousand
 Pounds for that Secret.’—‘You may
 have it much cheaper,’ reply’d *Fitzsimons*,
 for when I am with a Lady I like, or
 whose Eyes speak a certain Language, I
 watch the first Opportunity, and

Usher the New Acquaintance, &c.

‘D—me,

‘ D—me, cry’d *the Major*, If I know what
 ‘ you mean. I know well enough a Man
 ‘ may be ushered to the *King’s Bench*, or
 ‘ the *Poultry*, or the *Round House*, and the
 ‘ like, where a Man may make *new Ac-*
 ‘ *quaintances* enough, but D—me if ever
 ‘ I heard of ushering a new Acquaintance
 ‘ to a Lady, but by a *Pimp*.’ — ‘ Why you
 ‘ old B——h, cry’d *Sir Nicholas*, don’t
 ‘ you know that new Acquaintances are
 ‘ *New Gaineds*, and that little *Fitz* *Silly*
 ‘ tipt the Lady half a Score? — D—me
 ‘ after all, ’tis the *only best* Argument in
 ‘ the World.’ — ‘ Right, right, *Sir Ni-*
 ‘ *cholas*, said *the Surgeon*, ‘fore Gad you
 ‘ have hit it.’

‘ THE *Knight* is so sharp, said *Fitz-*
 ‘ *simons*, there is no hiding Things from
 ‘ him. — If the Lady accepts my little
 ‘ *Rouleau* I am sure of her immediately.
 ‘ If she refuses, and afterwards permits my
 ‘ Visits, I try her again, and seldom have
 ‘ Occasion to repeat the Dose. From this
 ‘ I have the Advantage of being of her
 ‘ Family, as often as I please; and if it
 ‘ encreases not my Revenue, it at least
 ‘ prevents a Decrease by another Channel.
 ‘ — This, Gentlemen, is my Amusement,
 ‘ but my grand Resources are the *Chocolate*
 ‘ *Houses*. — When *Salkeild*, and *Cook*,

and *Ventris*, and *Littleton*, begin to grow dry and stupid, I turn about and converse with my good Friend *Monsieur de Moivre*, on the *Doctrines of Chances*. — Perhaps, said Mr. *Morise*, that same Mr. *De* — what d'ye call him, may be a pretty Fellow; I don't know him; but for *Salkeild* and the rest, I've seen 'em drunk and sober enough, and by the L — d they are stupid Mortals. — That may be, said the Major, for D — me if I know any of 'em; but, dear *Morise*, not to interrupt you, I've often heard some of your *Tip-top* People say that your *Littleton* is a d — d clever Fellow; — but I beg Pardon; and, my dear *Fitz*, don't let us talk of Religion; D — n your *Doctrine*, and finish your Story.

With all my Heart, said *Fitzsimons*, for two Words will do it. — In short, Gentlemen, I am Master at *Piquet*, and could teach *Whist* to Mr. *Hoyle*. I care not how the World goes, for one Lord pays for my *Chariot*, another keeps my *Servants* and *Horses*, and many of different Titles contribute to my Family-Expences. — Thus, Gentlemen, I live, and live well, tho' the good old Gentlewoman keeps her Jointure.

Z — NS,

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 249

‘ Z—ns, cry’d *Sir Nicholas*, you’re a
 ‘ happy Fellow, but I am the most un-
 ‘ lucky Dog in the World.—There’s *my*
 ‘ *Mother* now,—D—me, she has no more
 ‘ *Nature* in her than a Stone ; for, if she
 ‘ lov’d her *only Child*, or my poor defunct
 ‘ *Father*, to be sure she’d have contrived
 ‘ some Way or other to have paid him a
 ‘ Visit by this Time.—But no Matter, for
 ‘ whether her Jointure falls in or not, by
 ‘ G— I’m determin’d next Bout to be
 ‘ *Knight of the Shire*, if it costs me Twen-
 ‘ ty Thousand Pounds.’

THE highest Encomiums were ready to
 fall on *Sir Nicholas*, when Mr. *Morise* rose
 in an Extacy, crying out, ‘ D—me I must
 ‘ kiss the dear Boy.—Do, dear *Sir Nick*,
 ‘ stand for the County, and here I am that
 ‘ will support you with all my Interest,
 ‘ and be your Manager ; for by the L—d,
 ‘ no Man in *Europe* understands that Mat-
 ‘ ter better.’——‘ I thought, said Mr. *Sang-*
 ‘ *froid*, your Estate lay in another Coun-
 ‘ ty.’——‘ You thought, reply’d *Morise*,
 ‘ Psha, D—it, why Man, all the World
 ‘ knows I’ve stood for Twenty Boroughs
 ‘ and Counties, and was a Member too in
 ‘ the *Queen’s Time* ; but that D—d new
 ‘ Ministry threw me out, and I’ve been
 ‘ fighting them ever since ; but next P—t,

'I think I have a Borough pretty sure.'—
 'Ay, ay, Master Morise, said the Major,
 'let it alone till then, and then you may
 'think on't, for that will be your Share.'—
 'Why, you dirty Scoundrel, cry'd Morise,
 'do you upbraid me in my Misfortunes,
 'that has kept you from starving?'—
 'Patience good Mr. Morise, said the Ma-
 'jor. Starving! Ay, ay, I'd—me if you
 'kept me like yourself, I should starve
 'indeed.'—Morise lost all Temper, and
 whilst he discharged a thousand hard
 Names, and not a few Glasses on the Ma-
 jor, the Warrior practis'd his own Lesson
 of Patience, and received them with great
 Meekness, still crying out,—*Mr. Morise,*
Mr. Morise,—don't rouse the angry
Lyon—Morise drew his Sword, but
 some held him, and some the Major, whose
 Sword, by this Time, was unsheath'd.—
 The Storm was violent. The Major's
 Voice was Thunder, and Morise's the Echo
 to it.—Mr. Ryan and the Waiters entered,
 which added not a little to the Harmony.
 —Now might be heard Oaths, Impréca-
 tions, Prayers and Intreaties rushing instan-
 dy out; but no Mortal could distinguish or
 assign a Reason.

At last the Noise of War seemed to sub-
 side, and gentle Peace began to spread her
 Pinions.

Pinions. The mangled Limbs of *slaughtered Bottles* and *Glasses* were decently interred, and the purple Stream, that covered Half the Plain, was now swallowed up by the neighbouring Sands. All Preliminaries being adjusted, Tranquillity was proclaimed, and three Bottles called for, to sacrifice to Love and Friendship. — Bumpers went briskly round, and their Zeal was so fervent to establish a *right Understanding*, that some of the Company began to lose their own.

‘Z—ns, cry’d the Knight, what Fools were we to quarrel amongst ourselves, when the *common Enemy* is at Hand? — D—me, my Bucks, let’s sally forth and *beat the Watch!* — ‘Glorious Thought!’ said the Major, and let’s beat up the *Bawdy-Houses.* — ‘I’m with you, cryed Merise, by the L——d ’tis the *most finest Fun* in the Universe. — To pay—a Bill this Instant, and let’s to Business.’ — All seemed to join, and whilst the Bill was preparing, Sir Nicholas settled the Operations.

The Reckoning was *Three Pounds Eighteen Shillings*, and each Man put his Hand to his Pocket. — The Major laughed, and swearing he had changed his Breeches that Morning, and forgot to shift his Money, added,

added, 'Tis no great Matter, for my
 ' Servant is an honest Fellow; however,
 ' Sir Nick, tip me a Guinea till I see you
 ' next.'—The Knight readily comply'd,
 and Mr. Conyers saying, 'It is just our
 ' Half Guineas a-piece,' threw one on the
 Table.—*Morise* whispered somewhat to
Sir Nicholas, who immediately cryed out,
 ' Z—ns, that's true, D—my B—d if the
 ' Gentleman pays a Farthing in my Com-
 ' pany.'—*Conyers* begged to be excused;
 but the other insisting on paying the Whole,
 threw four Guineas to the Waiter. Mr.
Morise took the Half Guinea, intreating
 Mr. *Conyers* to put it up; which he per-
 emptorily refusing, 'Well, said *Morise*,
 ' 'tis only so much the more for the Wai-
 ' ter;' however, in a Mistake, he slip't it
 into his own Pocket.

'Twas past three o'Clock, and the Quiet
 of the Neighbourhood was to be invaded,
 the Company in the Street, each encour-
 aging the other in the Expedition.—But
 my Duty calls me another Way, for Mr.
Conyers took the first Chair, and got safe
 to his Lodgings, without sharing in the
Honours or *Danegrs* of this glorious Action,
 and his Friend very soon followed his Ex-
 ample.



C H A P. XXIII.

*O that I had my Innocence again !
My untouch'd Honour ! but I wish in
vain :*

*The Fleece that has been by the Dyer
stain'd,
Never again its native Whiteness gain'd.*

WALLER.

SANGFROID was rous'd about Six
that Morning, by a thundering Rap at
the Door. At Ten he return'd, and gave
Conyers the Sequel to the Evening's Enter-
tainment.—‘ There has been fine Work,
‘ *said he*, and our Heroes have furnish’d
‘ me Employment. It seems they began
‘ their Attack on the Watchmen a little
‘ too precipitately, so were instantly out-
‘ number’d. The Battle lasted but a short
‘ Time, and in the Hurry, the Major and
‘ Mr. Morise got off to a Bagnio, but most
‘ miserably cut in the Head and Face. —
‘ The Valour of the young Knight not
‘ permitting him the proper Use of his
‘ Legs, he was taken Prisoner, and con-
‘ ducted to the Citadel of the Parish, vul-
‘ garly

‘garly term’d the Round-House. He is
 ‘tolerably bruised, and has another ho-
 ‘nourable Mark planted just over his Eye.
 ‘Some of the Watch are slightly injur’d,
 ‘but as they will make the most of it,
 ‘this Affair, perhaps, may be made up
 ‘at the trivial Expence of an Hundred
 ‘Guineas.

‘But, said *Conyers*, what became of
 ‘the other Gentleman? For methinks Mr.
 ‘*Fitzsimons* is a Man of more Understand-
 ‘ing than to embarque in such an Exploit.’
 —‘He (*answer’d the Surgeon*) slipp’d off
 ‘with me, and whisper’d, “He had no
 “Idea of Fighting, where nothing but the
 “Reverse of Honour or Credit could
 “possibly be obtain’d.”—As for the City
 ‘Blades, all I hear of them is, that they
 ‘play’d their Parts very well for some
 ‘Time, but had so much Prudence as not
 ‘to be taken.’

‘I AM heartily glad, said *Conyers*, that
 ‘some have been properly punish’d; for
 ‘their Conduct is so absurd, that nothing
 ‘can extenuate it, but imagining them Lu-
 ‘natick.’—‘In truth, said *Sangfroid*, the
 ‘Watchmen treated them as such, and
 ‘blooded them severely.—But what think
 ‘you of their Humour?—‘Humour!
 ‘reply’d *Conyers*, Faith I find none, but
 ‘for

‘for Ribaldry, Folly, and Nonsense, I
 ‘thank my Stars, I never heard nor saw
 ‘more in my whole Life. I was quite si-
 ‘lent, and bore all their Extravagancies
 ‘with some Patience, except their horrid
 ‘Swearings, which really made me shud-
 ‘der.’—‘And yet, *said his Friend*, such
 ‘is the general Run of Tavern-Conversa-
 ‘tion.’—‘I am sorry for it, answer’d Con-
 ‘yers; but wonder what Joy, what Plea-
 ‘sure Men can take, especially old ones,
 ‘in Riot and Excess! Company, and too
 ‘much Wine, may sometimes lead Men
 ‘into a thousand odd Frolicks, but a cool,
 ‘deliberate System of Ignorance, Debau-
 ‘chery and Impiety, is what I can by no
 ‘Means account for. Dean *Swift*, indeed,
 ‘was not so much astonish’d at seeing Men
 ‘wicked, as at their not being ashamed of
 ‘it.’—‘That, *said Sangfroid*, is really the
 ‘most surprizing Circumstance; but of
 ‘our Companions, I can only say, as *Killi-*
 ‘*grew* did of Lord *Wharton*, “they would
 “not swear at that abominable Rate, if
 “they thought they were doing God Ho-
 “nour.” Many Observations pass’d, till
 the Surgeon told him, they would dine To-
 morrow with a Lady on the *Surry* Side,
 where possibly he might be more happily
 and more agreeably entertain’d.

NEXT Day they took Boat. The Lady, said Sangfroid, we are going to visit, was formerly call'd POLLY GUN, but lately POLLY CANNON, and has been what the World calls, *One of Us*. She has had her Share of Variety, but managed so cleverly, as to have an Income of about Two Hundred Pounds a Year. She is now about Forty-five Years of Age, preserves a Portion of Beauty, and has for these Four last Years retir'd from the Town, and lives a most regular and modest Life. She has been often in Keeping, but had always a Settlement by Way of Life-Annuity. I transact all her Affairs, and am on such a Footing, that I hope to persuade her to give you her History. You'll be pleas'd with her Conversation, for she is extremely well-bred, and of a lively and chearful Turn.

THEY row'd up the River about Six Miles, Comyers still enquiring into more Particulars, which furnish'd Sangfroid with an Opportunity of describing her Person, her OEconomy, her Happiness, and other Articles, till they landed. A Quarter of an Hour brought them to her House: It was small, but most neatly furnish'd, with a Garden in nice Order. The first Salutations over, Mrs. Cannon fell into the easy and

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 257

and familiar Stile. She very agreeably rally'd the Magnificence of her Palace, the Elegance of the Apartments, and the Spaciousness of the Saloon. As she went through the few Rooms, she made very merry Remarks.—‘ Now, Gentlemen, *said she*, this is my Bed-Chamber, and contains somewhat scarcely to be found in any other.’—‘ I must own, Madam, *said Conyers*, I never saw so truly a clean, neat, and charming an Apartment in my Life, but the *Bed* strikes my Imagination the most.—What Joy, what Content must Repose and Slumber find in it!’—‘ Oh, very fine, *said she*; but tho’ your Guess is very true, permit me to set you Right in the Main.—This *Bed*, *continued she*, I made myself, and have for these Four Years constantly slept in it as happily as I wish or desire; but few Beds can boast, like this, of being never employ’d but merely to sleep in.’—*Sangfroid* laugh’d, and *Conyers* smil’d.—‘ You may laugh, Gentlemen, *said she*, yet Faith it is Fact.—But now let us go to the Library.’ She then conducted them into a pretty contriv’d Closet, and shew’d about Three Hundred Volumes of History, Poetry, and Books of Divinity.—‘ I doubt not, *said she*, but some great
‘ Per-

258 The HISTORY of

Personages may have a larger Collection, but perhaps they cannot say with me, that they have read all their's more than once over.—Yonder are the *Classicks* in good *English*.—You may examine them, if you please; for, I assure you, they are not in *Wood*, and design'd for Ornament only.—*Conyers* and the Surgeon found something to say on every Volume, nor did she fail in very pertinent Replies.

She then led them to her Garden:—

Here, said she, is the fair Flower in its Lustre! What Pity to crop its growing Sweetness, then cast it like a loathsome Weed away.—Pity, indeed, Madam, said *Conyers*; but to transplant, to cherish it in your fair Garden, where the Sun always shines, has been your careful Employment; but however, to let it wither and perish on the Stem, without smelling its Fragrancy, is, perhaps, a Crime almost as bad. For my Part, I should enjoy its Perfume, and endeavour to keep it in constant Blow.—Yes, yes, said she, I never knew a young Fellow that did not imagine he'd make an excellent Gardener.—But here comes my Maid, and I prophecy Dinner is ready.—As they

they walk'd to the House, the Surgeon gave her a Whisper.

THE Repast was plain, but so neat, and enliven'd by such Good Humour and Chearfulness, that Conyers declar'd he never had so high an Entertainment. — Sangfroid put her in Mind of the Promise she made him.

— Since, said she, your Friend Mr. Conyers is so curious, I shall give him a History, of which I make no great Secret.

~~the History of the Wickedness and Vice of the~~

~~that they were not to be good~~

~~to instruct their dear Polly. I own I was~~

~~the constantly visit'd me to Church twice~~

~~the had found to good a friend~~

~~not to outwittedly rigid as I expected~~

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THE STORY of

POLLYGUN,

OTHERWISE

POLLYCANNON.

WHO, or what were my Parents, is of no Consequence, only I must say they were People of Substance and Reputation, and most tenderly bred and educated me. I grew up like other Wenches; and at Fourteen, the flattering World had talk'd me into Beauty. Perhaps I really was so, but am sure I thought

' thought it. About this Time, one Mr.
 ' *Tarrier*, and his Lady, took a furnish'd
 ' House in our Neighbourhood. The good
 ' Gentlewoman was mighty religious, and
 ' never fail'd at the Parish Church. She
 ' took a great Liking to my Father's Pew,
 ' and, by many little Civilities, was much
 ' regarded by our Family. She invited us
 ' to Supper, and was invited in Return.
 ' In a Word, her Conversation was so pious
 ' and godly, and she inveigh'd so much
 ' against the Wickedness and Vices of the
 ' present Age, that my poor Parents be-
 ' came so fond of, and intimate with her,
 ' that they intreated she would be so good
 ' to instruct their dear *Polly*. I own I was
 ' not much pleas'd with my Tutors, for
 ' she constantly trail'd me to Church twice
 ' a-Day. My good Mother thank'd God
 ' she had found so good a Friend; but I
 ' soon discover'd that Madam *Tarrier* was
 ' not so outrageously rigid as I expected;
 ' for she sometimes persuaded them to
 ' permit me to a Play. The pious Lady
 ' always chose a Comedy, and in some
 ' Parts, where I was ignorant of the Joke,
 ' she very kindly explain'd, perhaps more
 ' than the Author meant.

' In this Manner we lived for about Half
 ' a Year, and the good Woman had got

such

such an Ascendancy over my Mother, that I believe she would have trusted me with her even to *America*. She frequently took me to visit her Uncle near *Grosvenor-Square*. He was a very polite, rich old Gentleman, and so kind to me, that I was always sure of some pretty Present, or a Guinea or two to buy Ribbands. At one, and the last of these Visits, Madam *Tarrier* took the Opportunity of leaving me with her Uncle, that she might attend her Devotions at a neighbouring Church. I thought she staid a little too long, and began to be impatient. The old Gentleman endeavoured to pass away the Time with a Chat fitting my Years, but at last I could not refrain crying most bitterly. — What need I amule you with unnecessary Particulars? — The *She Devil* had left me with an *He one*, and I was undone.

THE first Month of my Confinement, for I was constantly watch'd, was dreadful to my Imagination. I most affectionately lov'd my Father and Mother, and felt their Sufferings at the Loss of an only Child. I wept almost Day and Night, but must say the old Gentleman was extremely tender and fond, and did all in his Power to make my Life easy.

He

‘ He bought me Books, we read by Turns, and he gave me that Sort of Taste and Relish for them, which I now find of infinite Use. I play’d on the Harpsichord, and sung well; but he had a Master to perfect me and amuse my leisure Hours. I insensibly began to be better pleas’d with my Station, and in Twelve Months was quite reconciled to it.

‘ WHAT an Animal is Man! — As I grew happy and fond of the Wretch, his Affections cool’d, and he entirely changed his Conduct. At last he upbraided me with Infidelity (which was impossible) and proved his Assertions by my injuring his Health. He storm’d and flew into a violent Passion; and calling his Man *Jenkins*, “Here, said he, take this fair Lady, get her a Lodging and a Surgeon, which I shall pay; but since she has found out a *Trade*, all she can expect of me, is to *set her up*.” —

‘ Without giving me Time to reply, he stepp’d into his Chariot and vanished. — I was struck dumb; and tho’ my Heart was ready to burst, no friendly Tear assisted me. Poor *Jenkins* was in great Perplexity; but one of the Maids having pack’d up all my Linen and Cloaths, of

‘ which

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 263

‘ which I had Abundance, and very fine;
‘ he was obliged to execute the Orders of
‘ his Master, and conducted me to the
‘ Door, where an Hackney Coach stood
‘ ready to receive me.

‘ As I was passing the Hall, I don’t
‘ know what persuaded me to open the
‘ Parlour Door; but what was my Asto-
‘ nishment, when I saw Mrs. Tarrier, and
‘ a charming young Creature, in close Con-
‘ versation!—I stood motionless, but in
‘ Agony, and with uplifted Eyes, I just
‘ utter’d—*Infamous Woman!* and fell in a
‘ Swoon.—The Servants too charitably
‘ brought me to myself, and Jenkins rather
‘ carried, than led me to the Coach.

‘ WHEN we got to the Lodging he had
‘ provided for me, I flew to the Bed and
‘ abandon’d myself to Tears, Sighs, and
‘ the most melancholy Reflections.—Good
‘ God! said I, is there no *Law*, no *Justice* for
‘ the Injuries done me? Must I suffer in Si-
‘ lence, and must triumphant Villany go un-
‘ punished!—Is the Nature of *Woman* so
‘ harden’d, and the Conscience of Man so
‘ steel’d, as not to feel the utmost Remorse
‘ for this *worse than Rape*?—Bitter, very
‘ bitter were my Words, and Jenkins try’d
‘ all Means to assuage the Violence of my
‘ Passion. At length I became more calm;
‘ and

and he promised to wait on me in the Morning. The Woman of the House obliged me to eat a little, and was very civil and tender.

NEXT Day *Jenkins* came and brought a Surgeon. When alone he began to question and examine me in the delicate Manner, and then declared I was injured in a high Degree.—'T would be tedious to mention all this Affair; let it suffice; that I was perfectly recover'd in two Months.—As I could not accuse myself of a real Crime, I resolv'd, if possible, to return to my Parents, not doubting but they would receive me, and revenge my Wrongs. With proper Caution I persuaded my Landlady to make some Enquiry after them; but, Good Heavens! What were my Sufferings whilst she gave me the following Account.—“I have done, Madam, *said she*, what you have desir'd, and find that the Family I enquir'd after, had a beautiful Daughter who was stolen from them about a Year ago by a Bawd, who, as a Neighbour, got into their Favour, but decamp'd the Moment she finished her horrid Work. The poor Mother was so griev'd at the Loss of her Child, that she fell into a Decay, and died in Half a Year. The
 “ Father,

“Father, with Difficulty, got the better
 “of his Afflictions, but sold all his Effects,
 “and went Abroad, but where I could
 “not learn. I assure you, Madam, that
 “Family are greatly pity’d by all the
 “Neighbours.”—“My Situation is not to
 “be described.—Now, *said I*, the worst
 “has happen’d.—My dear Mother is dead,
 “—My Father gone,—and I must be
 “abandon’d to the Fate of a Prostitute!—
 “But what signifies what becomes of me?”

“JENKINS just then enter’d, and, after
 “some Chat, told me my Lodgings and
 “Surgeon were paid; “and now, *Polly*,
 “said he, your old Friend sends you these
 “Fifty Guineas, and advises you to take
 “Care of yourself.”——“I took the Mo-
 “ney, but vented on the old Villain every
 “Name, and every Imprecation my Rage
 “could suggest.”——“Come, come, *said*
 “*Jenkins*, of what Use is all this? You
 “must now think of providing a Mainte-
 “nance; and if you’ll be advis’d by me,
 “perhaps Things may go better than you
 “imagine. You are certainly a fine Girl,
 “and some Gentlemen would think them-
 “selves happy in your Acquaintance. If
 “you’ll give me leave, I’ll engage you
 “shall not want two or three very liberal
 “Friends.—You understand me.”——“I

‘ was really in such a Temper of Mind;
 ‘ and thought my Situation so desperate;
 ‘ that I did not reflect on the Misery I was
 ‘ going to plunge my self into, but con-
 ‘ sented to be guided by him and fell into
 ‘ his Project with a Sort of Stupidity that
 ‘ I never could account for.

‘ JENKINS got me noble Lodgings pro-
 ‘ perly situated and gave me his Instruc-
 ‘ tions; but, like other Dealers, I gave
 ‘ him a Sample of the Goods. He had the
 ‘ Benefit of a Subscriber for Six Copies,
 ‘ by having the Seventh *Gratis*. He was
 ‘ a notable Broker, and sent many good
 ‘ Customers to my *Ware-house*. — In Six
 ‘ Months POLLY GUN began to be famous,
 ‘ and my Lodgings were sometimes the
 ‘ Scene of Quarrels and Noise, especially
 ‘ at Night. In short, *Disgraces bad knock’d*
 ‘ *too frequently at my Door*, and the Neigh-
 ‘ bourhood oblig’d me to shift my Quar-
 ‘ ters.

‘ In three Years I believe I had thirty
 ‘ different Apartments, good and bad;
 ‘ just as the Ballance of Trade was *For* or
 ‘ *Against* me. ’Tis an odd Sort of Fund;
 ‘ for when *Stock* was *low*, I mounted to a
 ‘ Second or Third Story; when *high*, I
 ‘ descended to the First Floor. I had not
 ‘ seen *Jenkins* for some Time, so presume

‘ I . . . he

' he was instructing other Wenchies whom
 ' his Master had made as wretched as my-
 ' self. — By this Time some of my Cloaths
 ' were worn out, and many had visited the
 ' Pawn-Brokers. — I was frequented but
 ' by Lovers of the trifling Order. — I had
 ' not saved a Shilling, and wanted many
 ' Necessaries in my Profession, besides be-
 ' ing indebted a Month's Lodging. In
 ' this Distress my Maid persuaded me to
 ' be acquainted with the Porters of two or
 ' three noted Taverns. — To these Places
 ' I was frequently sent for, and now took
 ' the Name of POLLY CONNOR. The
 ' Novelty of my Face, my Conversation,
 ' which was always decent, my Voice, and
 ' my Youth and Complexion, furnish'd out
 ' a good or rather a bad Livelihood. The
 ' Porters were fond to promote my Interest,
 ' as I greatly promoted theirs. I am not
 ' THESE Gentlemen always charg'd a
 ' Shilling for my Chair hire to the Tavern,
 ' and another if I return'd alone to my
 ' Lodgings, tho' I was oblig'd to walk. If
 ' I got a Guinea, their Fee was a Crown,
 ' besides some other Dues, which I shall
 ' not mention. In short, these Fellows
 ' make a vast Income out of the Industry
 ' of poor young Ladies.

' EVEN this Sort of Life at last fail'd me;
 ' for my Face grew too familiar, which
 ' is an unpardonable Crime amongst Gen-
 ' tlemen; and my biting the Porters out
 ' of their just Poundage, and refusing
 ' some certain Compliances which they re-
 ' gard as their Prerogative, they left me to
 ' pick my Teeth in my Chamber, and ne-
 ' ver invited poor *Polly Cannon* to a good
 ' Supper.

' I COULD not starve.—With some In-
 ' terest, I was inlisted under the Banners of
 ' a famous Lady near *Covent-Garden*. Not
 ' to be too minute in my Relation, I shall
 ' only say, I did tolerably well there for
 ' some Time; but a Quarrel between one
 ' of the Nymphs and I, obliged me to
 ' shift the Scene, and make a Piece of the
 ' Furniture of a *Coffee-house*.—As aban-
 ' don'd as I was, I could never *swear* or
 ' *drink*. The Want of this last Qualifica-
 ' tion, made me soon discharg'd the Man-
 ' sions of Drunkenness, and threw me, for
 ' Subsistence, into the Arms of the *Pub-
 ' lick*.

' WHY should I pretend to describe what
 ' no Mortal can exactly do? What Joy
 ' can you receive in my speaking *Variety of*
 ' *Wretchedness*? Or in a Tale, whose *light-
 ' est Word would barrow up thy Soul!*—

' Cold,

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 269

' Cold, Famine and Pestilence were my
' constant Companions.——I breath'd, but
' *devoutly wish'd* every Moment might be
' my last. ROWE justly paints my Mi-
' sery.

' *To know no Thought of Rest; to have*
' *the Mind*

' *Still ministring fresh Plagues, as in a Cir-*
' *cle,*

' *Where one Dishonour treads upon and-*
' *ther:*

' *What know the Fiends beyond it!*

' HEAVEN help the unhappy Creatures
' groaning under this fatal Necessity, and
' forgive those who drove them to it!

' ONE Night as I took my Rounds, I
' touch'd a young Gentleman, and in the
' usual Phrase, ask'd for a Pint of Wine.
' He turn'd, and by the Assistance of a
' Lamp, examined me a little, and con-
' fented.——“ Perhaps, Child, *said he,*
“ you are more Hungry than Dry.”—On
' my telling him he guess'd right, he or-
' der'd a Supper.—Our Conversation be-
' came very diverting, and he was so good
' to say, I was much above the Common.
' He desired my Story, and I gave it him
' very naturally, but concluded, that as all

' poor Girls were fertile in Invention, I
 ' much doubted if he credited my Tale.—
 ' He look'd serious, but from pitying he
 ' became amorous, and pressed my going
 ' to a Bagnio.—Wretched as I am, *Sir*,
 ' said I, I cannot do a Wilful Injury. You
 ' are happy and in Health, but I am mi-
 ' serable every Way.—When he was con-
 ' vinced of the Truth of what I said, he
 ' took me in his Arms, and vowed he
 ' would never forget my Generosity.—
 ' Take, *said he*, these Five Guineas, and
 ' meet me To-morrow Morning in *Somer-*
 ' *set-Gardens.*"

' You may be sure I was punctual, and
 ' indeed he was exact. In fine, he carried me
 ' to the House of a Surgeon, where I re-
 ' mained until his Duty was over. My
 ' Friend, whose Name was *Loveit*, con-
 ' ducted me to a private Family, where,
 ' in a short Time, with good Living and
 ' tolerable Content of Mind, I recovered
 ' my former Spirits, my Complexion, and
 ' every Sign of Youth, for I was not yet
 ' quite One-and-Twenty.—If ever I lov'd
 ' a Man it was this dear Friend, and he
 ' merited all my Regard.

' WITH this Gentleman I lived near
 ' three Years, and as happily as my Situa-
 ' tion could admit of. I recover'd my
 ' Musick

“Musick and my Taste in Books, and
 “greatly improved in both.—One Morn-
 “ing at Breakfast he walked about the
 “Room, and seem’d very pensive. On
 “my enquiring the Cause, he sat down by
 “me and began thus.—“I hope, my dear
 “Polly believes I love her as I ought, but
 “all Things must have an End.—Don’t be
 “too much alarm’d, *said he*, on seeing my
 “my Tears,—I shall act with Honour,
 “and to your Satisfaction.—In two
 “Words, Polly, my Friends and my real
 “Interest compel me to marry.”—“Be
 “happy, Sir, *said I*, in the Choice of a
 “Wife, and may every Blessing attend you.”
 “—“What remains for me but Dispair, Anx-
 “iety and Madnefs.”—“Not so, my dear
 “Polly, *cry’d he*, for I hope a better Fate
 “attends you. Here are *One Hundred*
 “Guineas, and this Paper intitles you to
 “an Annuity of *Forty Pounds a Year*. Be
 “careful of these and be happy.”

“His Generosity charmed me, and by
 “Degrees he calmed my troubled Spirits,
 “and brought me to talk of parting with
 “more Coolness of Temper than I possibly
 “could have imagined.—“Since we must
 “separate, *said he*, take a little of my Ad-
 “vice. My Cousin, Captain *Mizen*, of
 “the *Superb* Man of War, has seen and

“ likes you. As he knows all my Affairs, he
 “ begs to be admitted to your good Graces.
 “ The Captain is an Old Bluff Tar, and
 “ tho’ not very polite and tender, yet he’s
 “ an hearty honest Fellow. If you con-
 “ sent, I will engage a Settlement of
 “ Thirty Pounds, besides your living as
 “ you have hitherto done.”—‘ Some Con-
 ‘ versation ensued, and at last I accepted
 ‘ the Proposal.

‘ THE Evening was ushered in by a
 ‘ Visit from Captain *Mizen*, who was intro-
 ‘ duced by Mr. *Loveit*. I received them
 ‘ with great Respect, and made many
 ‘ Compliments for the Praises bestowed on
 ‘ me by my Friend.’—“ S’blood, said the
 “ Captain, what’s all this *Jawing* for? I’ve
 “ done as Coz desired, and o’has the Pa-
 “ pers in’s Pocket. Now d’ye see, an it
 “ be too little, there’s twenty Pieces more
 “ to turn the Scale.—Now, Mistress, how
 “ say you? shall we make the Bargain
 “ and seal Lips.”—‘ *Loveit* smiled, but I
 ‘ was mute.’—“ Well, well, said he, Si-
 “ lence gives Consent, so Mistress, by your
 “ Leave.”—‘ He kiss’d most furiously,
 ‘ and then turning to *Loveit*, said, —
 “ S’blood Coz, she’s a well built Sloop,
 “ and will carry a huge deal of Cavas;
 “ I’m

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 273

“ I’m afraid I shall never be able to run
“ her fairly down.”

‘ WE had much of this Sort of Con-
‘ versation, but Mr. *Loveit* came to the
‘ Point, and his giving me another Annu-
‘ ty of *Thirty Pounds*, I own it prejudiced
‘ me greatly in Favour of Captain *Mizen*.
‘ A few more Words finished this Affair,
‘ and I became the Property of this *Man*
‘ of *War*, and parted with my Friend with
‘ Love and Regret.

‘ CAPTAIN *Mizen* visited constantly,
‘ but seldom before One or Two in the
‘ Morning, and frequently *Half Seas over*,
‘ as he called it. ’Twas difficult to ma-
‘ nage him in this *Trim*; but when quite
‘ drunk, was very tame and obedient, so
‘ I took Care to ply him with Port or
‘ Punch, and then *he turned in* with Ease.
‘ In the Morning he always begged Par-
‘ don, not in Words, but in a *pecuniary*
‘ Manner, that carry’d irresistible Persua-
‘ sion. I certainly hated him, and the *Re-*
‘ sistance I always made to his Caresses, ser-
‘ ved but to plague me the more with his
‘ Fondness. The Creature loved, and no
‘ *Caliban* could shew it more. I was his
‘ *Pinnacle*, his *Frigate*, and a Thousand
‘ tender Names, but on struggling he has
‘ cry’d out’ — “ That’s right! — *Yard-*

“*arm and Yard-arm.*—S’blood Poll, an
 “you blow me up, by the World I’ll clap
 “the broad R on you.”

“At last my true Love went to Sea, and
 “gave me a Reprieve for six Months.
 “The Experience I had, made me find out
 “the real Use of Money, and resolve to
 “save as much as I could. The Captain
 “returned with a fresh Cargo of that Com-
 “modity which his Love made less valu-
 “able. He was so generous, that I suffer-
 “ed his Embraces with great Freedom, but
 “discovered the lucky Secret, that this was
 “the only Chance I had of losing his va-
 “liant Heart. It seems he loved a smart
 “Engagement, and a Ship that would take
 “a good Deal of Drubbing before she struck.
 “An easy Conquest was to him of no Va-
 “lue. With this Knowledge I pretended
 “extreme Fondness; I hung on his Neck;
 “I kiss’d his Carbuncled Cheeks, and al-
 “most cryed when he left me. He seem-
 “ed pleased enough with my Behaviour,
 “but his Visits were less frequent, and in
 “six Months he forfeited his Articles, gave
 “me the Good-bye, and left me like a Turtle
 “all alone, to weep and mourn the Absence
 “of her Mate.

“My Landlady, Mrs. Wheedle, was a
 “Woman who understood the World. In
 “her

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 275

her younger Days she had been of personal Use to a Nobleman, who married her to his Footman, and procured him a very pretty Employ in the Revenue. Latterly, I believe, she served his Lordship in another Capacity. With these People I lived, and, all Things considered, was perfectly happy in the Friendship of Mrs. Wheedle. We went to Church, to Play-Houses, and were inseparable. In one of our Walks, I took it in my Head to enquire for my Old Friend near Grosvenor Square, of whom I had not heard for above six Years. Mrs. Wheedle went to the House, but found it inhabited by another Family. With some Difficulty I was informed, that the Old Gentleman's whole Fortune was swallowed up in the South Sea. That his Distress was so great, that it turned his Head, and had been supported by Charity in a Mad-house near Chelsea, where he died about a Year ago.—I had no great Reason to love his Memory, yet could I not help a few Tears, but guarded against calling his Fate a just Judgment.

LORD, said Mrs. Wheedle, what signifies it. If the Gentleman was a Friend in a Corner, thank God there be others in the World as good as he. Charity begins

‘ gins at Home, my Dear, but nothing is
 ‘ to be got by *Idleness*. I love to see a
 ‘ young Woman *Industrious* and *Careful*.
 ‘ ’Tis the most *recommendablest* Thing in
 ‘ Life.’—‘ I am no Enemy, *said I*, to
 ‘ Industry, but sure you would not have
 ‘ me hawk about my Goods, or stand at
 ‘ the Door and cry,—*Walk in Gentlemen!*
 ‘ *and behold the wonderful Works of Nature!*
 ‘ *Alive—Alive—ho!*—“ Certainly
 ‘ Polly, *said she*, you’re distracted!—Did
 ‘ ever any Body hear such Nonsense?—
 ‘ If you will be industrious, I know a
 ‘ Friend will give you Employment.”
 — ‘ Ay marry, *said I*, now you say some-
 ‘ thing; but will he *come down* handsome-
 ‘ ly? for you know I hate a Game that
 ‘ can’t afford paying the Cards.—“ Lord,
 ‘ Lord, Polly, *said she*, you’re strangely
 ‘ covetous! but I don’t blame you neither.
 ‘ —There’s ’Squire CARELESS now, the
 ‘ most *Charmingest* and most *Agreeablest* Man
 ‘ in Life, mayhap he may answer your
 ‘ Purpose.—What say to that, Polly?”
 — ‘ With all my Heart, *said I*, the Squire
 ‘ shall be welcome, but you know the Con-
 ‘ ditions.

‘ In a few Days Mr. *Careless* paid me a
 ‘ Visit, and, with great Ease and Familia-
 ‘ rity, fell into a Chat of a Settlement.—

“ I’m

“ I’m so unlucky my Dear, *said he*, to
 “ have my Estate so fix’d by Law, that I
 “ cannot touch it. My Income I spend
 “ like a Gentleman. *Pleasure* is my Reli-
 “ gion, and the *Ladies* are the Idols I a-
 “ dore. The Incense I burn is *Money*,
 “ and my Sacrifice is *Love*. Accept one
 “ and the other, and the *Priestess* below
 “ *Stairs* shall have Reason to be content.”

—“ I laugh’d at the Oddity of his Ex-
 “ pressions, but as his Incense had a *sweet-*
 “ *smelling Flavour*, I was persuaded of the
 “ Sincerity of his Devotions, and I became
 “ his *Titular Saint*.

“ His Visits were very irregular, but,
 “ tho’ always chearful, always good-hu-
 “ mour’d and generous, they seem’d ra-
 “ ther paid to dispose of, and *kill Time*,
 “ than to see the Object of his Love.—
 “ Mrs. *Wheedle* took Notice of this, and
 “ insinuated, *that vacant Hours might be*
 “ *employed to Advantage*.—“ There is Per-
 “ quisites, *said she*, belonging to all Em-
 “ ployments *in Life*, and since you keep
 “ an *Office*, I see no Reason why you
 “ shou’dn’t have ’em as well as others.”—
 “ If I keep an *Office*, *said I*, it is an Office
 “ of *Assurance*, or rather, that of an *Under-*
 “ *writer*; but where are the Perquisites
 “ you talk of? for I always admir’d your
 “ *Dou-*

Douceurs, or, as some call them, *yoitr-
Dowcers*.—“You’re a Mad-cap, *said she*,
“but let me alone to work for you.”

“THE good Woman was very skilful,
“and, at different Times, brought me ac-
“quainted with two or three elderly Gen-
“tlemen, who made ample Amends for
“the Roughness of their *Beards*, and their
“*Stinking Breath*. This *Revenue* was part-
“ly appropriated to my Friend’s private
“Recreation and mine, and the Remainder
“to the Sinking Fund.

“CARELESS sometimes met one of these
“Gentlemen in my Chamber, but seem’d
“quite indifferent about it. The Indolence
“of his Temper was such, that no jealous
“Thoughts had Power to give him Unea-
“siness. I once made an Apology for hav-
“ing a Stranger in my Apartment, and
“told him a well-contriv’d Lye.—“Bless
“me, Child, *said he*, why so many Words
“about a Trifle!—I know you are a *Wc-*
“*man*, and cannot help acting as such.—
“I know you have been playing the *Tru-*
“*ant*, but why should I be angry at the
“constant Practice of your Sex? No, no,
“my Dear, I am so happy, that no Wo-
“man can disappoint me.—You have all
“the same Turn, and a little *Cheating*,
“even at Cards, affords you infinite De-
“light.

“light.—The Pleasure of *Deceiving* has
 “something exquisite in it, but I am so
 “ill-natur’d as to disappoint you, and free-
 “ly indulge a Passion so natural to the
 “Ladies.”

‘I OWN he flung me more by his Indif-
 ‘ference, than had he storm’d and swore.
 ‘I said what was necessary on the Occasion,
 ‘but he took the Standish and wrote.—
 “Here, my dear *Polly*, said he, are my
 “Sentiments. Let’s say no more on the
 “Head, but *love* one another as *well as*
 “*we can*.”—He then began a very merry
 ‘Conversation, and embracing me ‘very
 ‘tenderly, took his Leave.—I long’d
 ‘to read his Paper, and found these
 ‘Words;

The Easy Lover.

Why should I pretend to have
Dear POLLY’s Heart entire?
What in her Power to me she gave,
And fann’d the am’rous Fire.

Then tell me not, ill-natur’d Soul!
To others she’s as kind;
Why should I her Bliss controul,
Since others hit my Mind?

No;

No; let us ramble, not repine,

Let both contented be;

*Her Soul's her own, her Charms are
mine,*

And that's enough for me.

‘ AT first I thought I had lost him for
‘ ever; but a Day or two convinc’d me to
‘ the contrary. We kept up a tender
‘ Correspondence for about a Twelve-
‘ month more; and my Perquisites regu-
‘ larly came in. At last his Extravagan-
‘ cies, and the Want of *common Attention*
‘ to his Affairs, drove him into such Dif-
‘ ficulties, that he was compell’d to give
‘ up many Amusements, and *Me* amongst
‘ the rest.—Mrs. *Wheedle*’s good Manage-
‘ ment prevented my too much regretting
‘ the Loss of *Careless*. She soon furnish’d
‘ me with *another and another, and the last*
‘ *Fool still welcome as the first.*

‘ I MUST reserve for another Opportuni-
‘ ty, my Travels to *Ireland* with a Lord of
‘ that Country, and to *France* with a *Scotch*
‘ Nobleman.—My living with a *Jew*, a
‘ *Methodist Preacher*, and sundry others;
‘ and the many Tricks I played in a Pro-
‘ gress of *fifteen Years*, would make a large
‘ Folio,

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 281

' Folio, and perhaps be as *useful* as MOLL
' FLANDERS.

' IN a Word, I found myself possessed
' of about *Two Hundred Pounds* a Year
' well paid, besides some *ready Money* and
' *Jewels*.—*Time* began to gather my *Roses*,
' and ruffle my *smooth Brow*. The few
' Charms that remained, I resolved to use
' myself. I had seen the *World*, and found
' it a *vain empty Nothing*.—I began to call
' to my Memory the Days of *Innocency*
' and *Happiness*.——I reflected on the
' Charms of *Religion* and *Virtue*, for their
' *Beauties* had not quite forsaken me.——
' I try'd their Power, and they have con-
' ducted me to this Mansion of *Peace* and
' *Tranquillity*.

' WHY are miserable Creatures call'd
' *Women of Pleasure*?——Poor Wretches!
' they know of none!—In their happiest
' Days, and in the highest *Keeping*, whom
' do they converse with?—In the Midst
' of *Gaiety*, they are in *Darkness* and Ob-
' scurity.—They walk with self-condemn'd
' and suspicious Looks, and just live like a
' Rat in the Wainscot.——When stript of
' their *Finery*, when discarded the *fertile*
' *Paddock*, and sent to graze on the *Com-*
' *mon*. What Horrors!——What Vile-
' nefs!

' I DO

' I do not pretend to be a Judge of the
 ' Charms of Matrimony, neither can I
 ' have a just Idea of the Pleasure Parents
 ' take in their Children, as I never was in
 ' either Situation; but this I can positive-
 ' ly affirm from my own Experience, that
 ' in the Midst of every Joy I was capable
 ' of receiving, as I certainly was of some,
 ' I had Reflections which I could not ac-
 ' count for, but which gave me infinite
 ' Anxiety.—To be necessitated to be *fond*
 ' where I was *quite indifferent*.—To *caress*
 ' him whom I *despised*.—To seem to *love*,
 ' and be all *Tenderness*, where I *bated*, and
 ' even *loath'd*.—In short, to *live*, if I may
 ' so call it, a MARTYR to my Reason and
 ' Understanding, is a Situation the most de-
 ' plorable *human Nature* can be reduced
 ' to.—As *Light* follow *Shade*, so *Trouble*
 ' and *Remorse* pursue the Vicious.—Who
 ' can fathom the Deep, or measure infinite
 ' Space! But Oh! who can describe the
 ' Joy, when the *Father of infinite Mercy*
 ' speaks *Peace and Comfort* to the *contrite*
 ' *Heart!*'

She ceased.—*Sangfroid* prais'd the Steadi-
 ness of her Resolution, but *Conyers* was
 lost in Thought.—' If, Madam, *said he at*
 ' *last*, your whole Life was shewn to the
 ' World, with the proper Observation of

‘ a skilful Hand, how useful, how instructive would it be!—You would serve as a
 ‘ *fix’d Star* to direct the Unwary in the
 ‘ Voyage through Life; or, should Storms
 ‘ or Tempests drive them into Error, to
 ‘ guide and pilot them into an Harbour of
 ‘ Safety.—*Vice* has its Charms, but place
 ‘ *Virtue* in Contrast, *How is it possible our*
 ‘ *Sense should stray?*’——‘ Your Remark,
 ‘ Sir, said she, is just; but *FRAILITY!* *thy*
 ‘ *Name is Woman*, or rather, it is the com-
 ‘ mon Name of all Mankind.—The whole
 ‘ World struggle and strive and fight for,
 ‘ what they call *Happiness*; but they ne-
 ‘ glect and despise the sure, the only Way
 ‘ of attaining it, which *Religion* and *Virtue*,
 ‘ free from *Enthusiastick Cant*, or *Hypocri-*
 ‘ *tical Demureness*, can alone point out.’—
 The Remainder of the Conversation was
 very serious; but Night coming on, they
 were obliged, unwillingly, to separate.

As they returned, Conyers could speak of
 Nothing but Mrs. Cannon. He admir’d
 her good Sense, her easy Turn of Mind,
 and her *Moral* and *Religious* Sentiments;
 but thought she still led but a melancholy
 Life.—‘ Quite otherwise, said Sangfroid,
 ‘ she has a sensible Servant for her constant
 ‘ Companion: She has her Books, her Mu-
 ‘ sick, and her Garden; which give her a
 ‘ rational

' rational Delight and Amusement: Be-
 ' sides, tho' her former Life is well known
 ' in the Village, her *Sincerity* and *Virtue*
 ' are so well vouch'd by her Conduct, that
 ' some of the best Families have lately vi-
 ' sited her, and she them. She told me
 ' the other Day, that to keep Company,
 ' and be rank'd with *modest Women*, was
 ' such a Pleasure, as almost made her di-
 ' stracted.'

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- III. A Map of the great Roads from London to all the
 of South Britain: with Towns lying on the Distance of 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, 90, 100, 110, 120, 130, 140, 150, 160, 170, 180, 190, 200, 210, 220, 230, 240, 250, 260, 270, 280, 290, 300, 310, 320, 330, 340, 350, 360, 370, 380, 390, 400, 410, 420, 430, 440, 450, 460, 470, 480, 490, 500, 510, 520, 530, 540, 550, 560, 570, 580, 590, 600, 610, 620, 630, 640, 650, 660, 670, 680, 690, 700, 710, 720, 730, 740, 750, 760, 770, 780, 790, 800, 810, 820, 830, 840, 850, 860, 870, 880, 890, 900, 910, 920, 930, 940, 950, 960, 970, 980, 990, 1000, 1010, 1020, 1030, 1040, 1050, 1060, 1070, 1080, 1090, 1100, 1110, 1120, 1130, 1140, 1150, 1160, 1170, 1180, 1190, 1200, 1210, 1220, 1230, 1240, 1250, 1260, 1270, 1280, 1290, 1300, 1310, 1320, 1330, 1340, 1350, 1360, 1370, 1380, 1390, 1400, 1410, 1420, 1430, 1440, 1450, 1460, 1470, 1480, 1490, 1500, 1510, 1520, 1530, 1540, 1550, 1560, 1570, 1580, 1590, 1600, 1610, 1620, 1630, 1640, 1650, 1660, 1670, 1680, 1690, 1700, 1710, 1720, 1730, 1740, 1750, 1760, 1770, 1780, 1790, 1800, 1810, 1820, 1830, 1840, 1850, 1860, 1870, 1880, 1890, 1900, 1910, 1920, 1930, 1940, 1950, 1960, 1970, 1980, 1990, 2000, 2010, 2020, 2030, 2040, 2050, 2060, 2070, 2080, 2090, 2100, 2110, 2120, 2130, 2140, 2150, 2160, 2170, 2180, 2190, 2200, 2210, 2220, 2230, 2240, 2250, 2260, 2270, 2280, 2290, 2300, 2310, 2320, 2330, 2340, 2350, 2360, 2370, 2380, 2390, 2400, 2410, 2420, 2430, 2440, 2450, 2460, 2470, 2480, 2490, 2500, 2510, 2520, 2530, 2540, 2550, 2560, 2570, 2580, 2590, 2600, 2610, 2620, 2630, 2640, 2650, 2660, 2670, 2680, 2690, 2700, 2710, 2720, 2730, 2740, 2750, 2760, 2770, 2780, 2790, 2800, 2810, 2820, 2830, 2840, 2850, 2860, 2870, 2880, 2890, 2900, 2910, 2920, 2930, 2940, 2950, 2960, 2970, 2980, 2990, 3000, 3010, 3020, 3030, 3040, 3050, 3060, 3070, 3080, 3090, 3100, 3110, 3120, 3130, 3140, 3150, 3160, 3170, 3180, 3190, 3200, 3210, 3220, 3230, 3240, 3250, 3260, 3270, 3280, 3290, 3300, 3310, 3320, 3330, 3340, 3350, 3360, 3370, 3380, 3390, 3400, 3410, 3420, 3430, 3440, 3450, 3460, 3470, 3480, 3490, 3500, 3510, 3520, 3530, 3540, 3550, 3560, 3570, 3580, 3590, 3600, 3610, 3620, 3630, 3640, 3650, 3660, 3670, 3680, 3690, 3700, 3710, 3720, 3730, 3740, 3750, 3760, 3770, 3780, 3790, 3800, 3810, 3820, 3830, 3840, 3850, 3860, 3870, 3880, 3890, 3900, 3910, 3920, 3930, 3940, 3950, 3960, 3970, 3980, 3990, 4000, 4010, 4020, 4030, 4040, 4050, 4060, 4070, 4080, 4090, 4100, 4110, 4120, 4130, 4140, 4150, 4160, 4170, 4180, 4190, 4200, 4210, 4220, 4230, 4240, 4250, 4260, 4270, 4280, 4290, 4300, 4310, 4320, 4330, 4340, 4350, 4360, 4370, 4380, 4390, 4400, 4410, 4420, 4430, 4440, 4450, 4460, 4470, 4480, 4490, 4500, 4510, 4520, 4530, 4540, 4550, 4560, 4570, 4580, 4590, 4600, 4610, 4620, 4630, 4640, 4650, 4660, 4670, 4680, 4690, 4700, 4710, 4720, 4730, 4740, 4750, 4760, 4770, 4780, 4790, 4800, 4810, 4820, 4830, 4840, 4850, 4860, 4870, 4880, 4890, 4900, 4910, 4920, 4930, 4940, 4950, 4960, 4970, 4980, 4990, 5000, 5010, 5020, 5030, 5040, 5050, 5060, 5070, 5080, 5090, 5100, 5110, 5120, 5130, 5140, 5150, 5160, 5170, 5180, 5190, 5200, 5210, 5220, 5230, 5240, 5250, 5260, 5270, 5280, 5290, 5300, 5310, 5320, 5330, 5340, 5350, 5360, 5370, 5380, 5390, 5400, 5410, 5420, 5430, 5440, 5450, 5460, 5470, 5480, 5490, 5500, 5510, 5520, 5530, 5540, 5550, 5560, 5570, 5580, 5590, 5600, 5610, 5620, 5630, 5640, 5650, 5660, 5670, 5680, 5690, 5700, 5710, 5720, 5730, 5740, 5750, 5760, 5770, 5780, 5790, 5800, 5810, 5820, 5830, 5840, 5850, 5860, 5870, 5880, 5890, 5900, 5910, 5920, 5930, 5940, 5950, 5960, 5970, 5980, 5990, 6000, 6010, 6020, 6030, 6040, 6050, 6060, 6070, 6080, 6090, 6100, 6110, 6120, 6130, 6140, 6150, 6160, 6170, 6180, 6190, 6200, 6210, 6220, 6230, 6240, 6250, 6260, 6270, 6280, 6290, 6300, 6310, 6320, 6330, 6340, 6350, 6360, 6370, 6380, 6390, 6400, 6410, 6420, 6430, 6440, 6450, 6460, 6470, 6480, 6490, 6500, 6510, 6520, 6530, 6540, 6550, 6560, 6570, 6580, 6590, 6600, 6610, 6620, 6630, 6640, 6650, 6660, 6670, 6680, 6690, 6700, 6710, 6720, 6730, 6740, 6750, 6760, 6770, 6780, 6790, 6800, 6810, 6820, 6830, 6840, 6850, 6860, 6870, 6880, 6890, 6900, 6910, 6920, 6930, 6940, 6950, 6960, 6970, 6980, 6990, 7000, 7010, 7020, 7030, 7040, 7050, 7060, 7070, 7080, 7090, 7100, 7110, 7120, 7130, 7140, 7150, 7160, 7170, 7180, 7190, 7200, 7210, 7220, 7230, 7240, 7250, 7260, 7270, 7280, 7290, 7300, 7310, 7320, 7330, 7340, 7350, 7360, 7370, 7380, 7390, 7400, 7410, 7420, 7430, 7440, 7450, 7460, 7470, 7480, 7490, 7500, 7510, 7520, 7530, 7540, 7550, 7560, 7570, 7580, 7590, 7600, 7610, 7620, 7630, 7640, 7650, 7660, 7670, 7680, 7690, 7700, 7710, 7720, 7730, 7740, 7750, 7760, 7770, 7780, 7790, 7800, 7810, 7820, 7830, 7840, 7850, 7860, 7870, 7880, 7890, 7900, 7910, 7920, 7930, 7940, 7950, 7960, 7970, 7980, 7990, 8000, 8010, 8020, 8030, 8040, 8050, 8060, 8070, 8080, 8090, 8100, 8110, 8120, 8130, 8140, 8150, 8160, 8170, 8180, 8190, 8200, 8210, 8220, 8230, 8240, 8250, 8260, 8270, 8280, 8290, 8300, 8310, 8320, 8330, 8340, 8350, 8360, 8370, 8380, 8390, 8400, 8410, 8420, 8430, 8440, 8450, 8460, 8470, 8480, 8490, 8500, 8510, 8520, 8530, 8540, 8550, 8560, 8570, 8580, 8590, 8600, 8610, 8620, 8630, 8640, 8650, 8660, 8670, 8680, 8690, 8700, 8710, 8720, 8730, 8740, 8750, 8760, 8770, 8780, 8790, 8800, 8810, 8820, 8830, 8840, 8850, 8860, 8870, 8880, 8890, 8900, 8910, 8920, 8930, 8940, 8950, 8960, 8970, 8980, 8990, 9000, 9010, 9020, 9030, 9040, 9050, 9060, 9070, 9080, 9090, 9100, 9110, 9120, 9130, 9140, 9150, 9160, 9170, 9180, 9190, 9200, 9210, 9220, 9230, 9240, 9250, 9260, 9270, 9280, 9290, 9300, 9310, 9320, 9330, 9340, 9350, 9360, 9370, 9380, 9390, 9400, 9410, 9420, 9430, 9440, 9450, 9460, 9470, 9480, 9490, 9500, 9510, 9520, 9530, 9540, 9550, 9560, 9570, 9580, 9590, 9600, 9610, 9620, 9630, 9640, 9650, 9660, 9670, 9680, 9690, 9700, 9710, 9720, 9730, 9740, 9750, 9760, 9770, 9780, 9790, 9800, 9810, 9820, 9830, 9840, 9850, 9860, 9870, 9880, 9890, 9900, 9910, 9920, 9930, 9940, 9950, 9960, 9970, 9980, 9990, 10000, 10010, 10020, 10030, 10040, 10050, 10060, 10070, 10080, 10090, 10100, 10110, 10120, 10130, 10140, 10150, 10160, 10170, 10180, 10190, 10200, 10210, 10220, 10230, 10240, 10250, 10260, 10270, 10280, 10290, 10300, 10310, 10320, 10330, 10340, 10350, 10360, 10370, 10380, 10390, 10400, 10410, 10420, 10430, 10440, 10450, 10460, 10470, 10480, 10490, 10500, 10510, 10520, 10530, 10540, 10550, 10560, 10570, 10580, 10590, 10600, 10610, 10620, 10630, 10640, 10650, 10660, 10670, 10680, 10690, 10700, 10710, 10720, 10730, 10740, 10750, 10760, 10770, 10780, 10790, 10800, 10810, 10820, 10830, 10840, 10850, 10860, 10870, 10880, 10890, 10900, 10910, 10920, 10930, 10940, 10950, 10960, 10970, 10980, 10990, 11000, 11010, 11020, 11030, 11040, 11050, 11060, 11070, 11080, 11090, 11100, 11110, 11120, 11130, 11140, 11150, 11160, 11170, 11180, 11190, 11200, 11210, 11220, 11230, 11240, 11250, 11260, 11270, 11280, 11290, 11300, 11310, 11320, 11330, 11340, 11350, 11360, 11370, 11380, 11390, 11400, 11410, 11420, 11430, 11440, 11450, 11460, 11470, 11480, 11490, 11500, 11510, 11520, 11530, 11540, 11550, 11560, 11570, 11580, 11590, 11600, 11610, 11620, 11630, 11640, 11650, 11660, 11670, 11680, 11690, 11700, 11710, 11720, 11730, 11740, 11750, 11760, 11770, 11780, 11790, 11800, 11810, 11820, 11830, 11840, 11850, 11860, 11870, 11880, 11890, 11900, 11910, 11920, 11930, 11940, 11950, 11960, 11970, 11980, 11990, 12000, 12010, 12020, 12030, 12040, 12050, 12060, 12070, 12080, 12090, 12100, 12110, 12120, 12130, 12140, 12150, 12160, 12170, 12180, 12190, 12200, 12210, 12220, 12230, 12240, 12250, 12260, 12270, 12280, 12290, 12300, 12310, 12320, 12330, 12340, 12350, 12360, 12370, 12380, 12390, 12400, 12410, 12420, 12430, 12440, 12450, 12460, 12470, 12480, 12490, 12500, 12510, 12520, 12530, 12540, 12550, 12560, 12570, 12580, 12590, 12600, 12610, 12620, 12630, 12640, 12650, 12660, 12670, 12680, 12690, 12700, 12710, 12720, 12730, 12740, 12750, 12760, 12770, 12780, 12790, 12800, 12810, 12820, 12830, 12840, 12850, 12860, 12870, 12880, 12890, 12900, 12910, 12920, 12930, 12940, 12950, 12960, 12970, 12980, 12990, 13000, 13010, 13020, 13030, 13040, 13050, 13060, 13070, 13080, 13090, 13100, 13110, 13120, 13130, 13140, 13150, 13160, 13170, 13180, 13190, 13200, 13210, 13220, 13230, 13240, 13250, 13260, 13270, 13280, 13290, 13300, 13310, 13320, 13330, 13340, 13350, 13360, 13370, 13380, 13390, 13400, 13410, 13420, 13430, 13440, 13450, 13460, 13470, 13480, 13490, 13500, 13510, 13520, 13530, 13540, 13550, 13560, 13570, 13580, 13590, 13600, 13610, 13620, 13630, 13640, 13650, 13660, 13670, 13680, 13690, 13700, 13710, 13720, 13730, 13740, 13750, 13760, 13770, 13780, 13790, 13800, 13810, 13820, 13830, 13840, 13850, 13860, 13870, 13880, 13890, 13900, 13910, 13920, 13930, 13940, 13950, 13960, 13970, 13980, 13990, 14000, 14010, 14020, 14030, 14040, 14050, 14060, 14070, 14080, 14090, 14100, 14110, 14120, 14130, 14140, 14150, 14160, 14170, 14180, 14190, 14200, 14210, 14220, 14230, 14240, 14250, 14260, 14270, 14280, 14290, 14300, 14310, 14320, 14330, 14340, 14350, 14360, 14370, 14380, 14390, 14400, 14410, 14420, 14430, 14440, 14450, 14460, 14470, 14480, 14490, 14500, 14510, 14520, 14530, 14540, 14550, 14560, 14570, 14580, 14590, 14600, 14610, 14620, 14630, 14640, 14650, 14660, 14670, 14680, 14690, 14700, 14710, 14720, 14730, 14740, 14750, 14760, 14770, 14780, 14790, 14800, 14810, 14820, 14830, 14840, 14850, 14860, 14870, 14880, 14890, 14900, 14910, 14920, 14930, 14940, 14950, 14960, 14970, 14980, 14990, 15000, 15010, 15020, 15030, 15040, 15050, 15060, 15070, 15080, 15090, 15100, 15110, 15120, 15130, 15140, 15150, 15160, 15170, 15180, 15190, 15200, 15210, 15220, 15230, 15240, 15250, 15260, 15270, 15280, 15290, 15300, 15310, 15320, 15330, 15340, 15350, 15360, 15370, 15380, 15390, 15400, 15410, 15420, 15430, 15440, 15450, 15460, 15470, 15480, 15490, 15500, 15510, 15520, 15530, 15540, 15550, 15560, 15570, 15580, 15590, 15600, 15610, 15620, 15630, 15640, 15650, 15660, 15670, 15680, 15690, 15700, 15710, 15720, 15730, 15740, 15750, 15760, 15770, 15780, 15790, 15800, 15810, 15820, 15830, 15840, 15850, 15860, 15870, 15880, 15890, 15900, 15910, 15920, 15930, 15940, 15950, 15960, 15970, 15980, 15990, 16000, 16010, 16020, 16030, 16040, 16050, 16060, 16070, 16080, 16090, 16100, 16110, 16120, 16130, 16140, 16150, 16160, 16170, 16180, 16190, 16200, 16210, 16220, 16230, 16240, 16250, 16260, 16270, 16280, 16290, 16300, 16310, 16320, 16330, 16340, 16350, 16360, 16370, 16380, 16390, 16400, 16410, 16420, 16430, 16440, 16450, 16460, 16470, 16480, 16490, 16500, 16510, 16520, 16530, 16540, 16550, 16560, 16570, 16580, 16590, 16600, 16610, 16620, 16630, 16640, 16650, 16660, 16670, 16680, 16690, 16700, 16710, 16720, 16730, 16740, 16750, 16760, 16770, 16780, 16790, 16800, 16810, 16820, 16830, 16840, 16850, 16860, 16870, 16880, 16890, 16900, 16910, 16920, 16930, 16940, 16950, 16960, 16970, 16980, 16990, 17000, 17010, 17020, 17030, 17040, 17050, 17060, 17070, 17080, 17090, 17100, 17110, 17120, 17130, 17140, 17150, 17160, 17170, 17180, 17190, 17200, 17210, 17220, 17230, 17240, 17250, 17260, 17270, 17280, 17290, 17300, 17310, 17320, 17330, 17340, 17350, 17360, 17370, 17380, 17390, 17400, 17410, 17420, 17430, 17440, 17450, 17460, 17470, 17480, 17490, 17500, 17510, 17520, 17530, 17540, 17550, 17560, 17570, 17580, 17590, 17600, 17610, 17620, 17630, 17640, 17650, 17660, 17670, 17680, 17690, 17700, 17710, 17720, 17730, 17740, 17750, 17760, 17770, 17780, 17790, 17800, 17810, 17820, 17830, 17840, 17850, 17860, 17870, 17880, 17890, 17900, 17910, 17920, 17930, 17940, 17950, 17960, 17970, 17980, 17990, 18000, 18010, 18020, 18030, 18040, 18050, 18060, 18070, 18080, 18090, 18100, 18110, 18120, 18130, 18140, 18150, 18160, 18170, 18180, 18190, 18200, 18210, 18220, 18230, 18240, 18250, 18260, 18270, 18280, 18290, 18300, 18310, 18320, 18330, 18340, 18350, 18360, 18370, 18380, 18390, 18400, 18410, 18420, 18430, 18440, 18450, 18460, 18470, 18480, 18490, 18500, 18510, 18520, 18530, 18540, 18550, 18560, 18570, 18580, 18590, 18600, 18610, 18620, 18630, 18640, 18650, 18660, 18670, 18680, 18690, 18700,